SONGS OF WORK AND WORSHIP

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from his friend

James Carter

Church of the Covenant

January 1, 1902

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SONGS

OF

WORK AND WORSHIP,

A Collection of Hymns and Tunes

FOR

Devotional and Evangelistic Meetings,

BY

JAMES CARTER.

A. S. BARNES & COMPANY,
NEW YORK.
1899.

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Printers and Binders,
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PREFACE.

This Book is designed to serve the needs of the Church Prayer-meeting and the Evangelistic Services which form an increasingly important feature of modern Church methods, and also for the meetings of Young People's Societies. Its purpose is to afford expression for a buoyant, devoted Christian life in its needs and aspirations.

By the exclusion of lyrics appropriate to installations, dedications, funerals, corner-stone layings, Sabbath morning, and other services for which the larger Church Hymn-book must provide, it has been possible in a book of restricted size to include, in addition to the sterling and precious hymns needful for the social service, a large number of lyrics marked by a quicker movement and a pleasing refrain. Care has been exercised in the retention of favorite tunes, and in the introduction of new music of a popular character, yet of somewhat higher grade than much in common use. It is assumed that our churches will welcome a more classical style of music, if it be attractive and easily mastered.

The editor desires to express his thanks to Dr. G. L. Prentiss for permission to use hymn 133, to Dr. Rossiter W. Raymond for hymn 138, to the family of Dr. Charles S. Robinson for hymn 158, to Mrs. Frank G. Mason for hymn 255, and to J. M. Black, Esq. for permission to use hymn and tune 241. He desires also to thank Dr. H. R. Palmer, Dr. J. E. Rankin, and the Century Company, for permission to use their copyright tunes.

JAMES CARTER.

THE MANSE,
CHURCH OF THE COVENANT,
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

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SONGS
OF
WORK AND WORSHIP.

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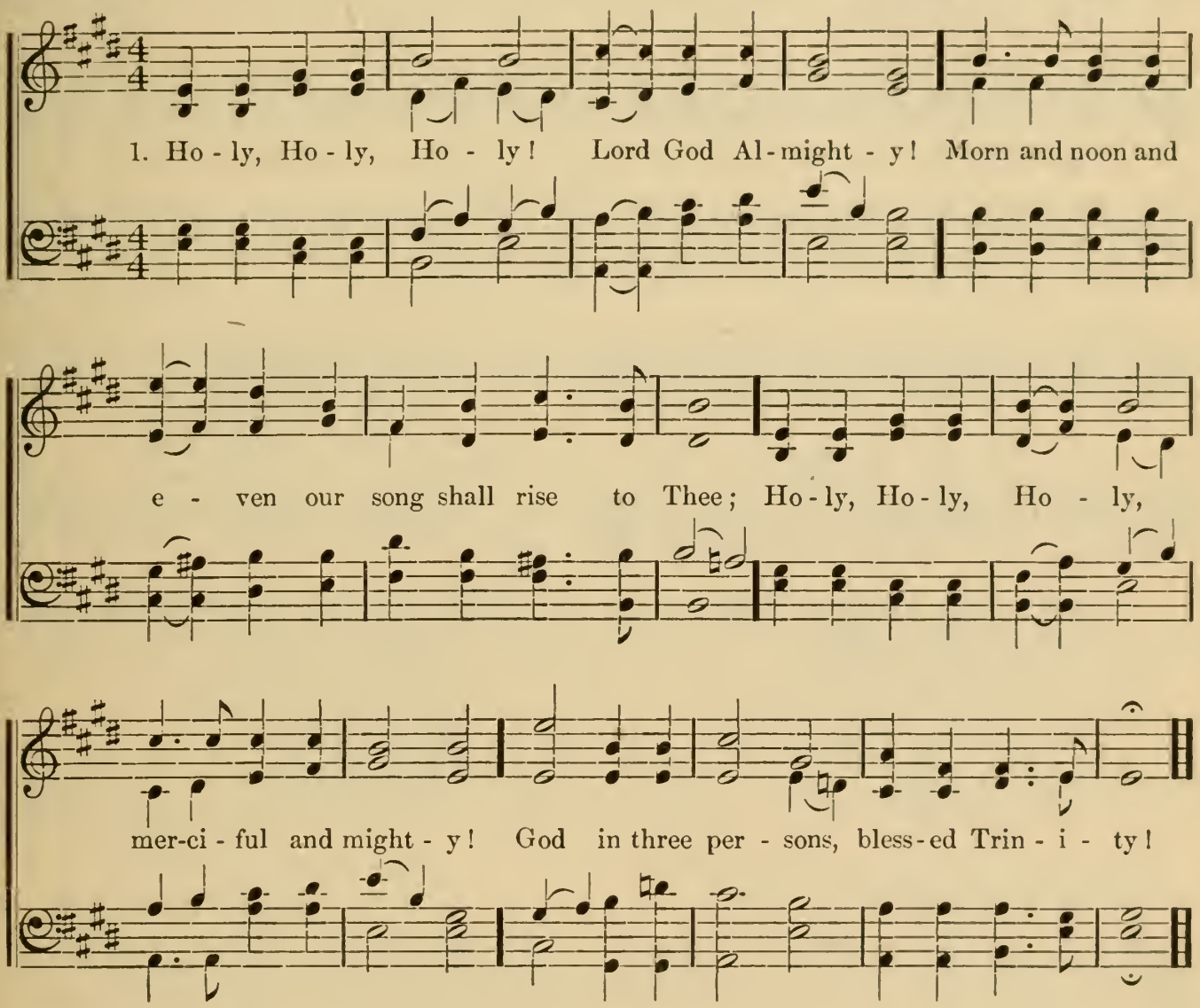
1 NICÆA.

Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1861.



2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

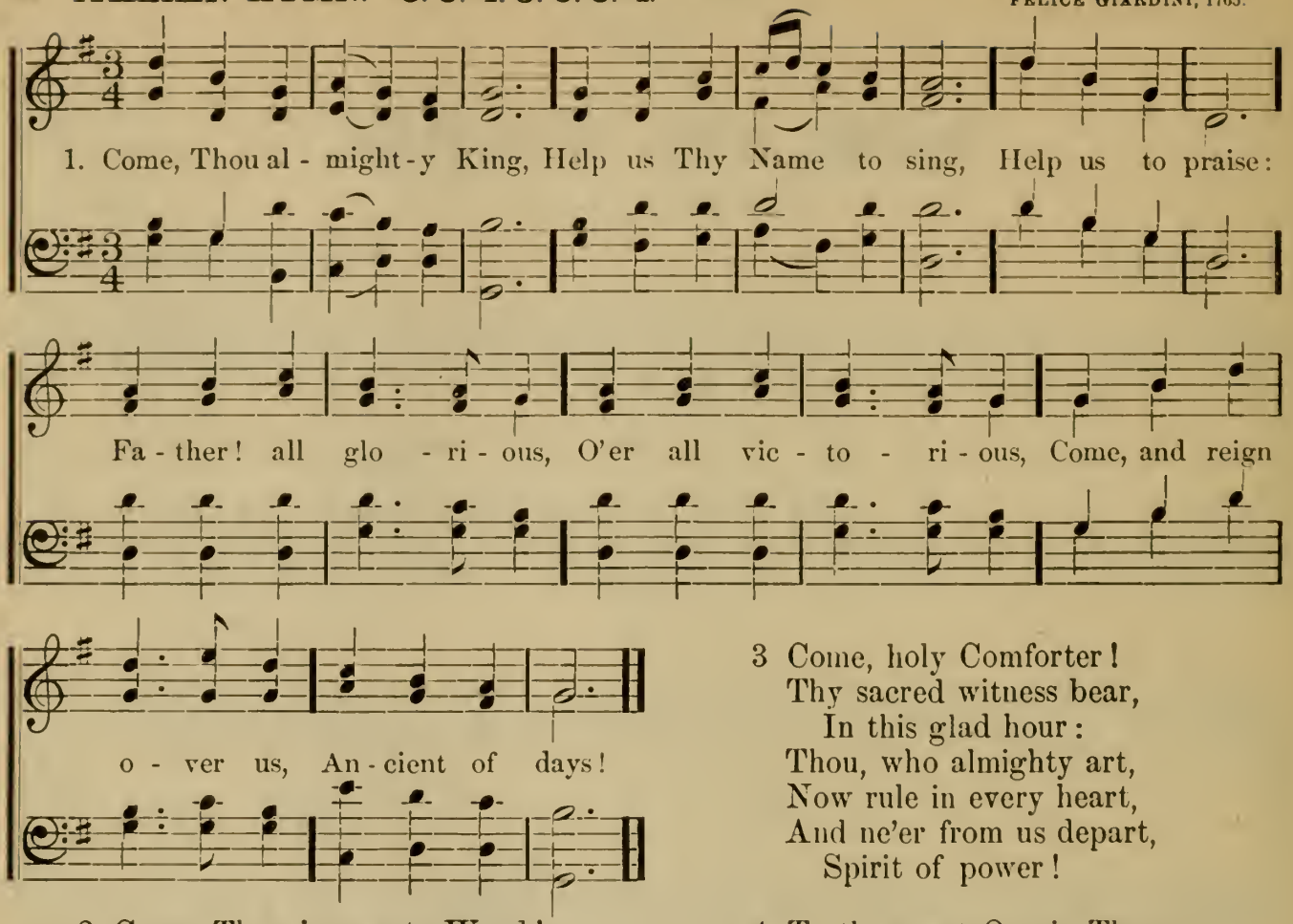
3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty;
God in three persons, blessèd Trinity!

Bp. Reginald Heber, 1827. Sl. alt.

2 ITALIAN HYMN. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

FELICE GIARDINI, 1765.



1. Come, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father! all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign
over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word!
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success:
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

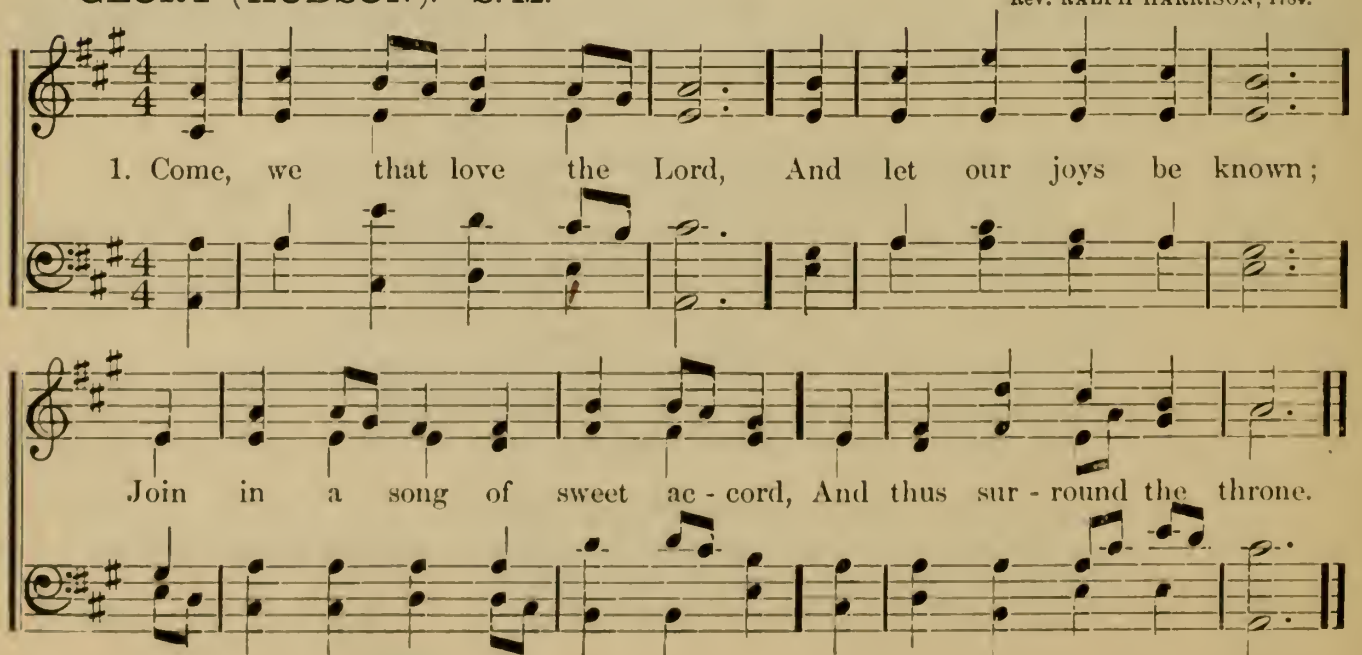
3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Author Unknown, c. 1757.

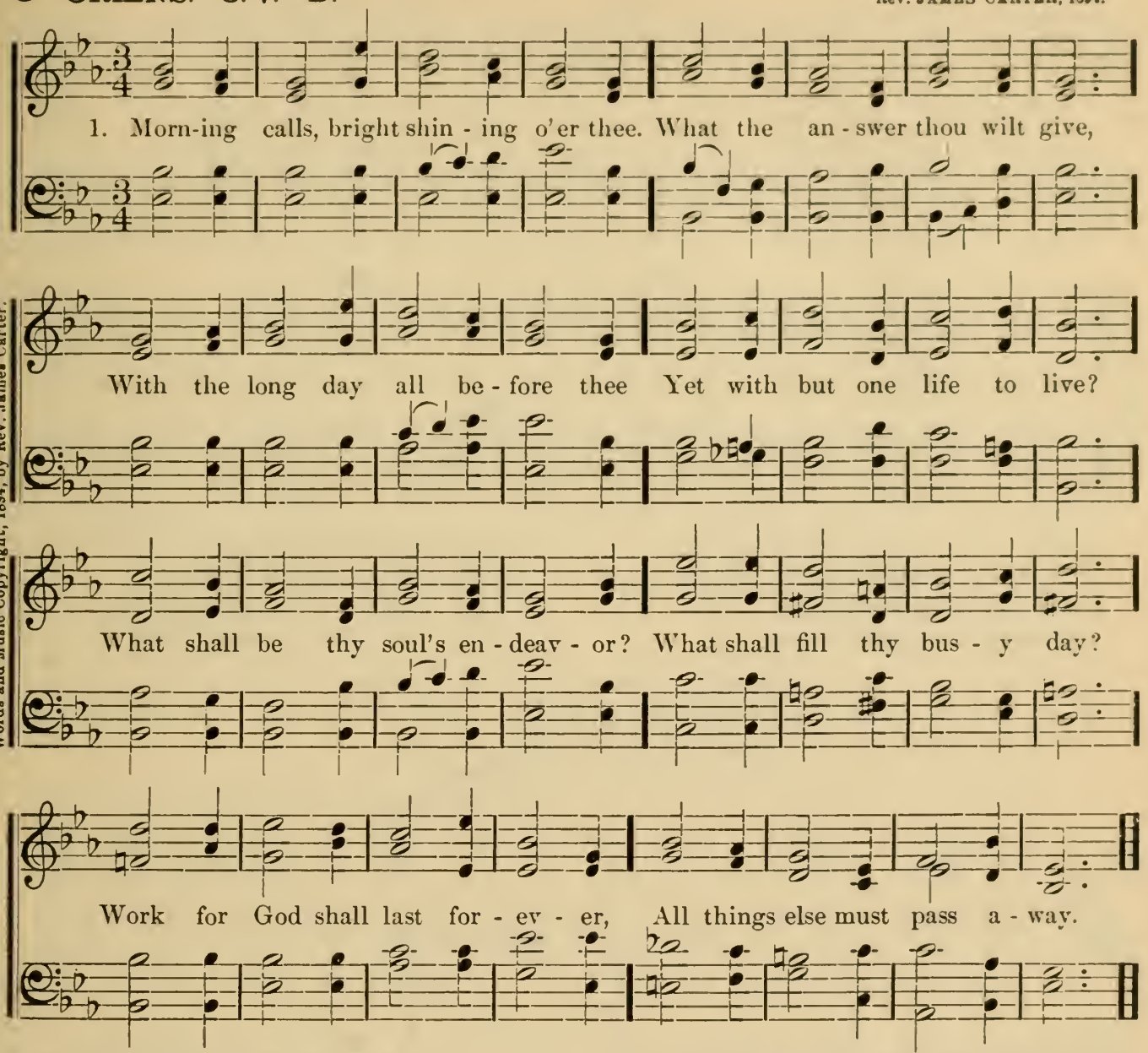
GLORY (HUDSON). S. M.

Rev. RALPH HARRISON, 1784.



3 ORIENS. 8. 7. D.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1894.



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2 Noon is calling o'er the raging
And the tumult of the strife.
What the warfare thou art waging?
What the conflict of thy life?
Is it but for earth's promotion? [sweet,
Heaven's "Well done!" will be more
Give to God thy heart's devotion;
Other service wins defeat.

3 Evening calls, the shadows lengthen;
Art thou weak and shorn of pride?
God alone such hours can strengthen,
Give thee light at eventide.
Morn and noon and eve,—Oh, hearken
In the lingering of the light,
Ere the deeper shadows darken,
And the coming of the night.

Emma Smuller Carter, 1894.

---

4 (GLORY). S. M.

1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

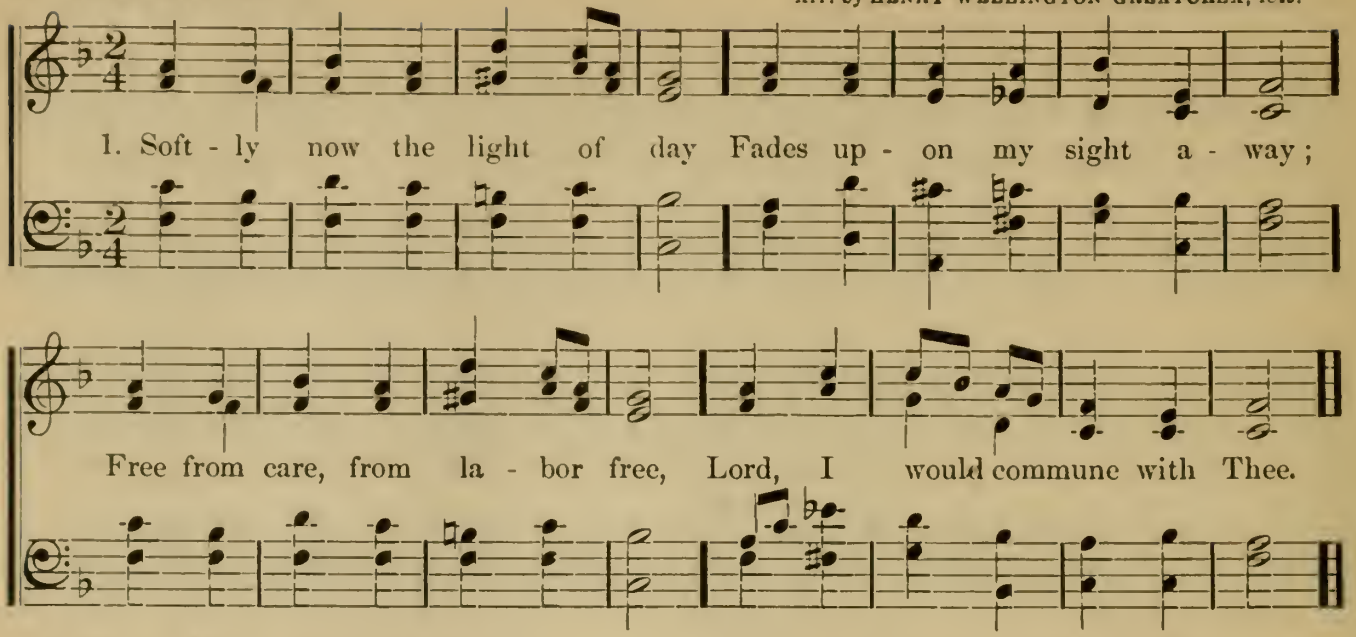
3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709. Ab. and sl. alt.

5 SEYMOUR. 7.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER, 1826.
Arr. by HENRY WELLINGTON GREATOREX, 1849.



2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

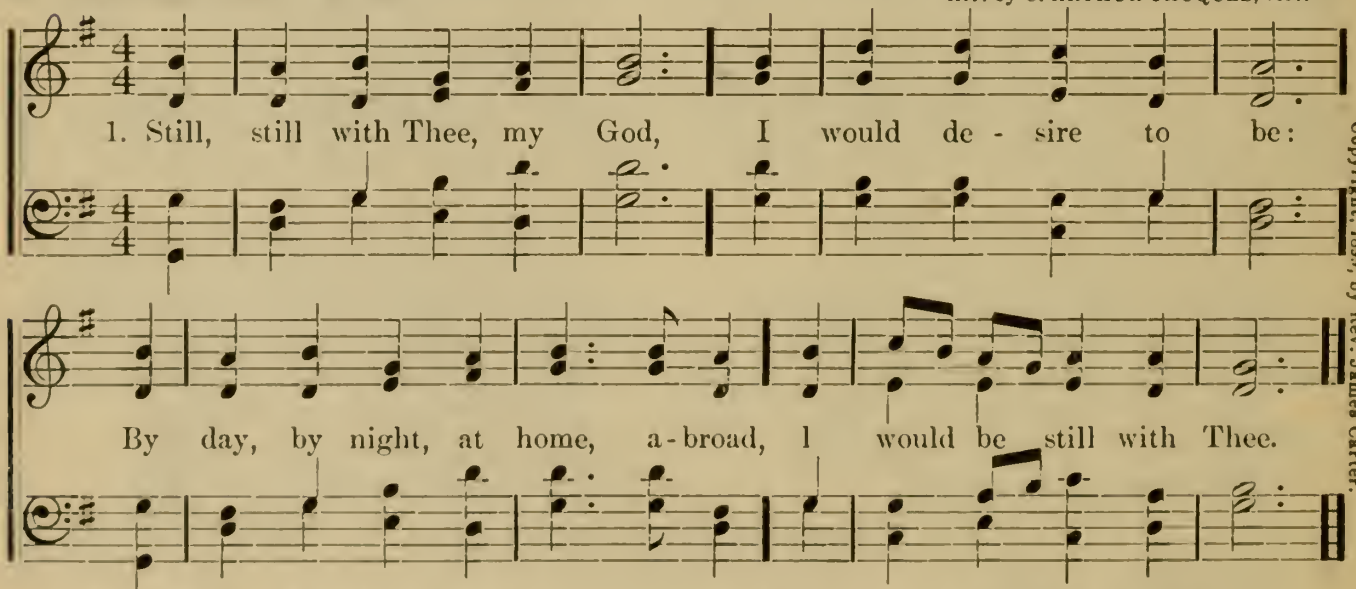
3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away:
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

Bp. George Washington Doane, 1824.

6 ARCADELT. S. M.

JACQUES ARCADELT, 1550.
Arr. by C. ARTHUR JACQUES, 1897.



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2 With Thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

4 With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting, as the rising, sun
With Thee my heart would find.

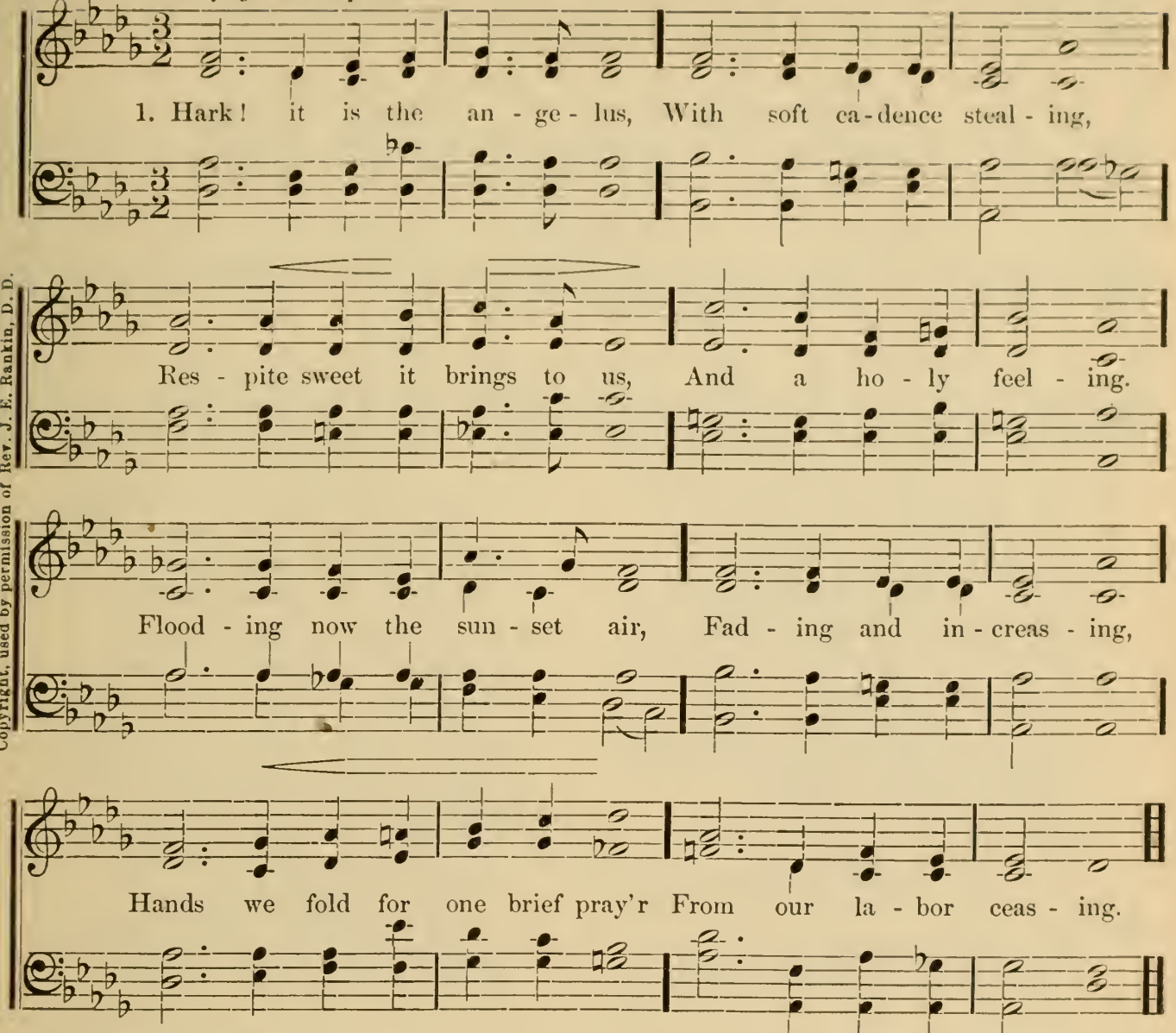
5 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

Rev. James Drummond Burns, 1856. Ab. and sl. alt.

7 ANGELUS.

Rev. RAYMOND DE WITT MALLARY, 1898.

Softly, with expression.



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2 Weary is earth's frequent lot,
Crowded beyond bearing;
Ah, what comfort in the thought!
God that lot is sharing.
Reassured, our toil we close,
Speedier for delaying;
Sweeter, sweeter night's repose
For this vesper praying.

3 And when sounds night's angelus,
All our labors ended,
Be the setting sun to us
As some vision splendid;
Then, hands folded as in prayer,
Washed in blood, forgiven,
Wafted down to meet us there
The sweet bells of heaven.

Rev. Jeremiah Eames Rankin, 1898.

---

8 (ARCADELT). S. M.

1 The day, O Lord, is spent;
Abide with us, and rest;
Our heart's desires are fully bent
On making Thee our guest.

2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round Thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

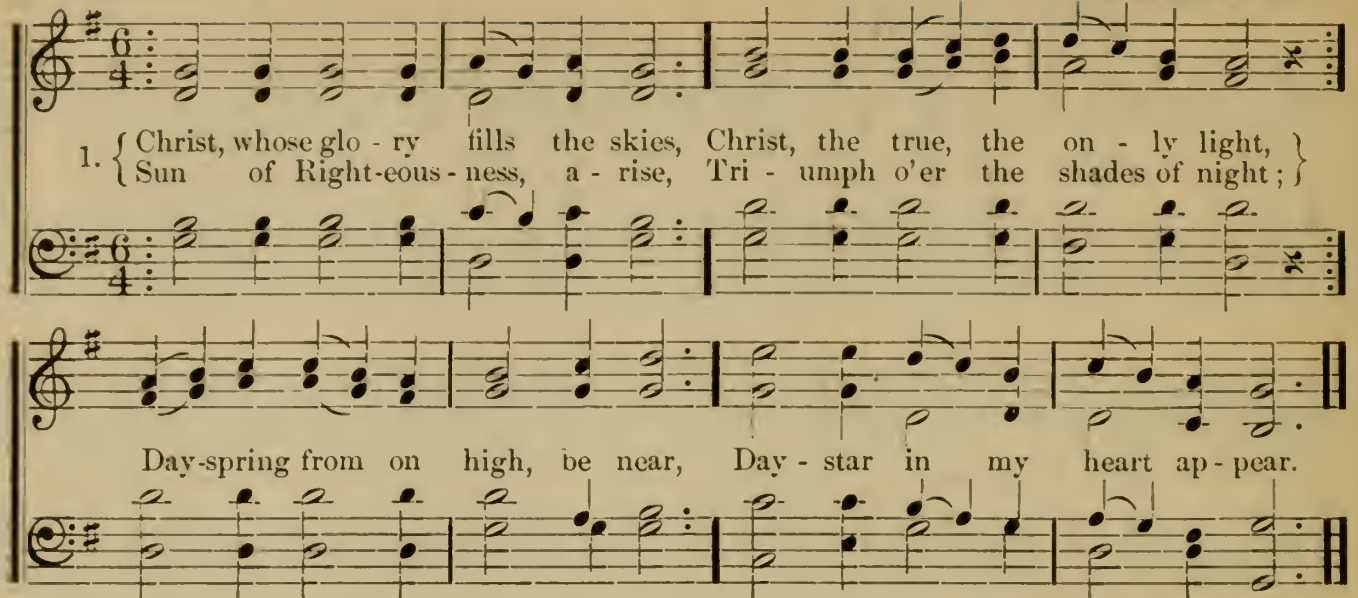
3 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore!

4 The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion, too,
Be with us from above.

Rev. John Mason Neale, 1842.

9 HALLE. 7. 61.

PETER RITTER, 1792.



2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If Thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine!
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740. Alt.

10

1 Now, from labor and from care,
Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord! I would converse with Thee:
Oh! behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

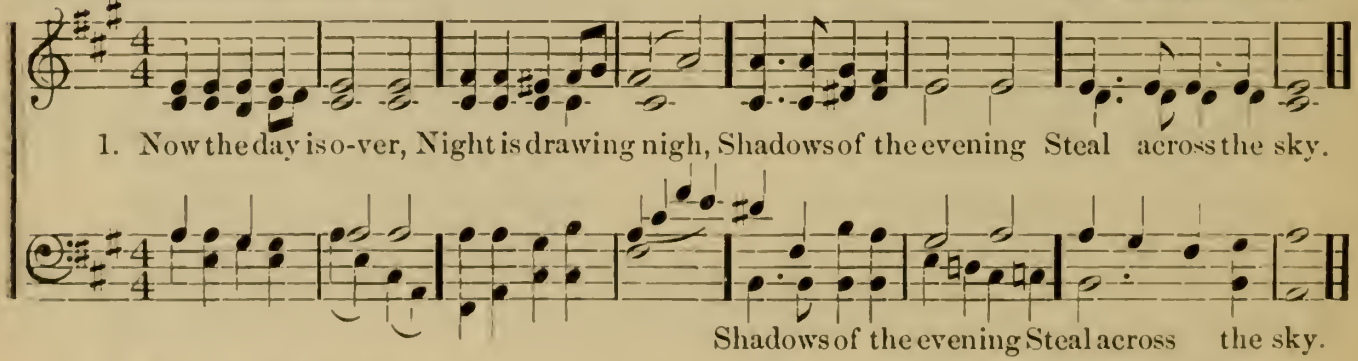
2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below,
But my Saviour's melting voice:
Lord! forgive—Thy grace restore,
Make me Thine forevermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power,—
Grateful notes to Thee I raise;
Oh! accept my song of praise.

Thomas Hastings, 1831.

11 MERRIAL. 6. 5.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.



2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailor tossing
On the deep blue sea.

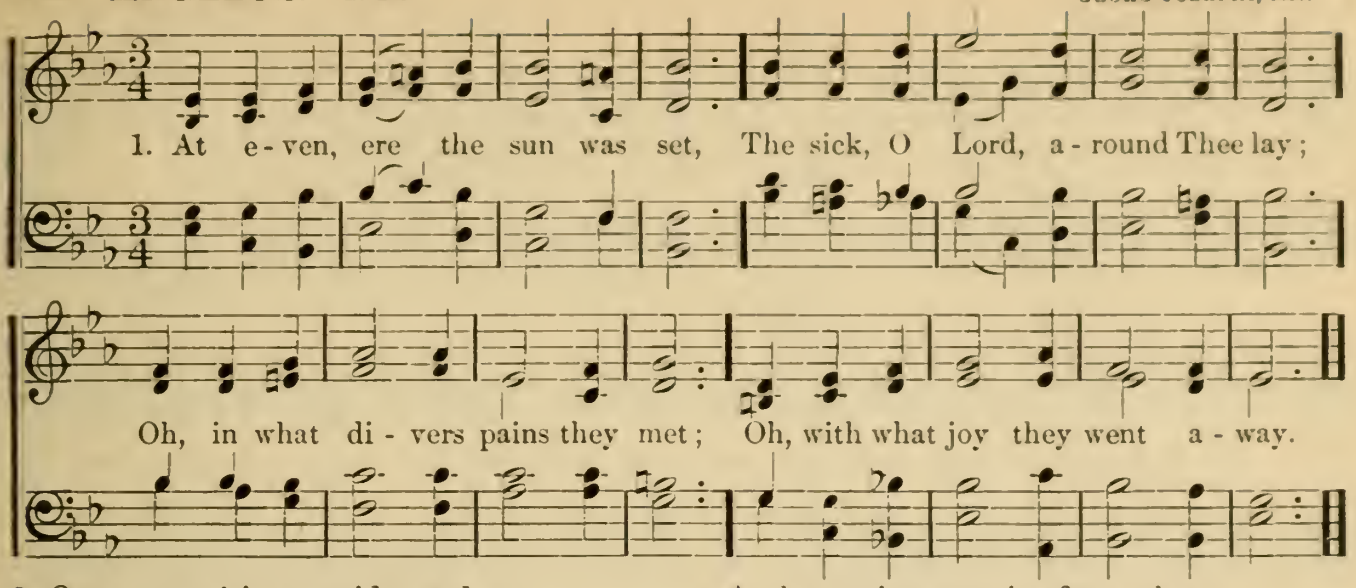
4 Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865. Ab.

12 ANGELUS. L. M.

GEORG JOSEPHI, 1657.



2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near:
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel,
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

5 And none, O Lord, has perfect rest,
For none is wholly free from sin:
And they who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan,
The very wounds that shame would hide;

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power,
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

Rev. Henry Twells, 1868.

13

1 My God, how endless is Thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distill like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command;
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

14

1 Thus far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far His power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

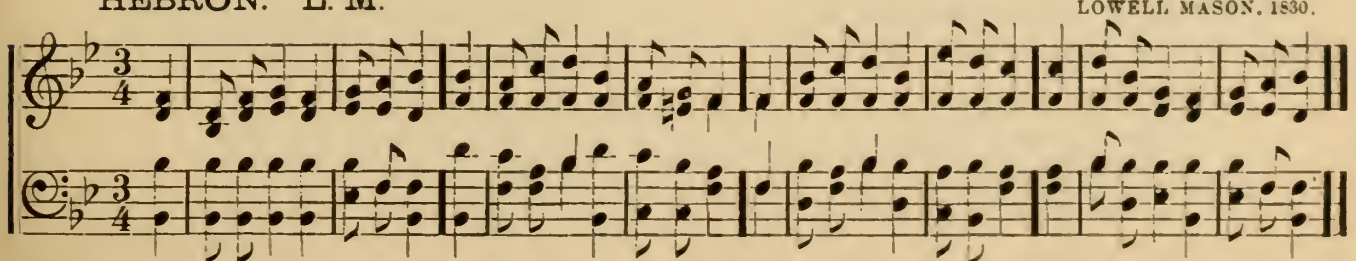
3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait Thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709. Ab.

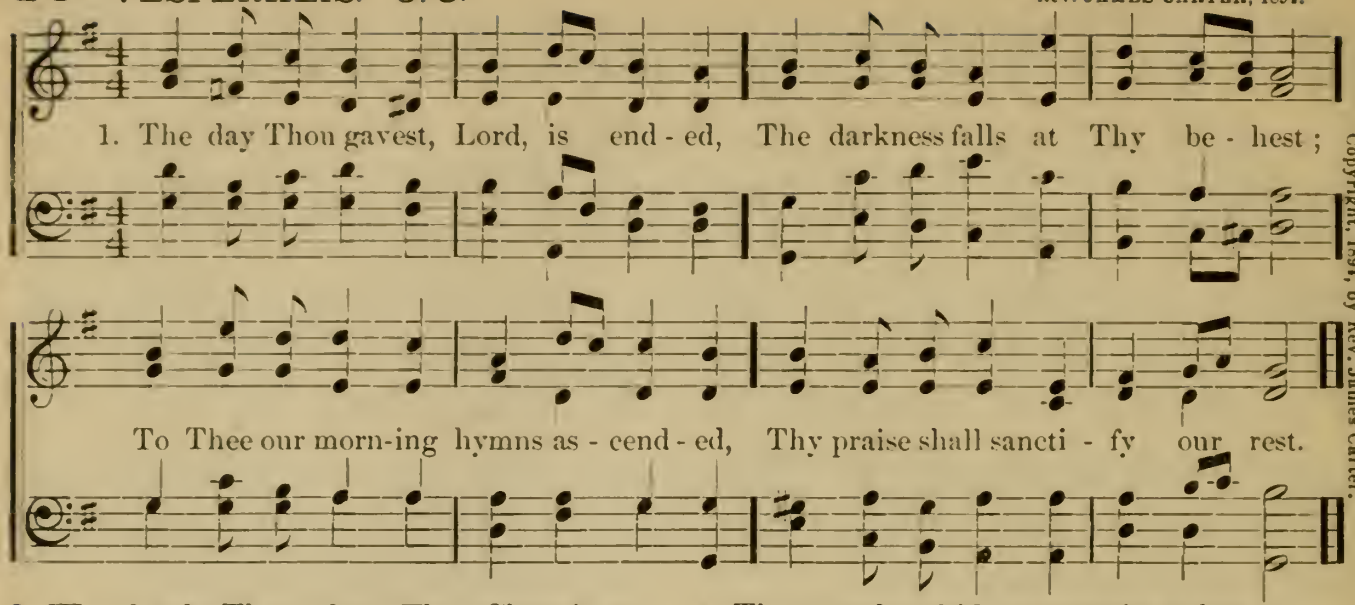
HEBRON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.



15 VESPERALIS. 9. 8.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1894.



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2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Thro' all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

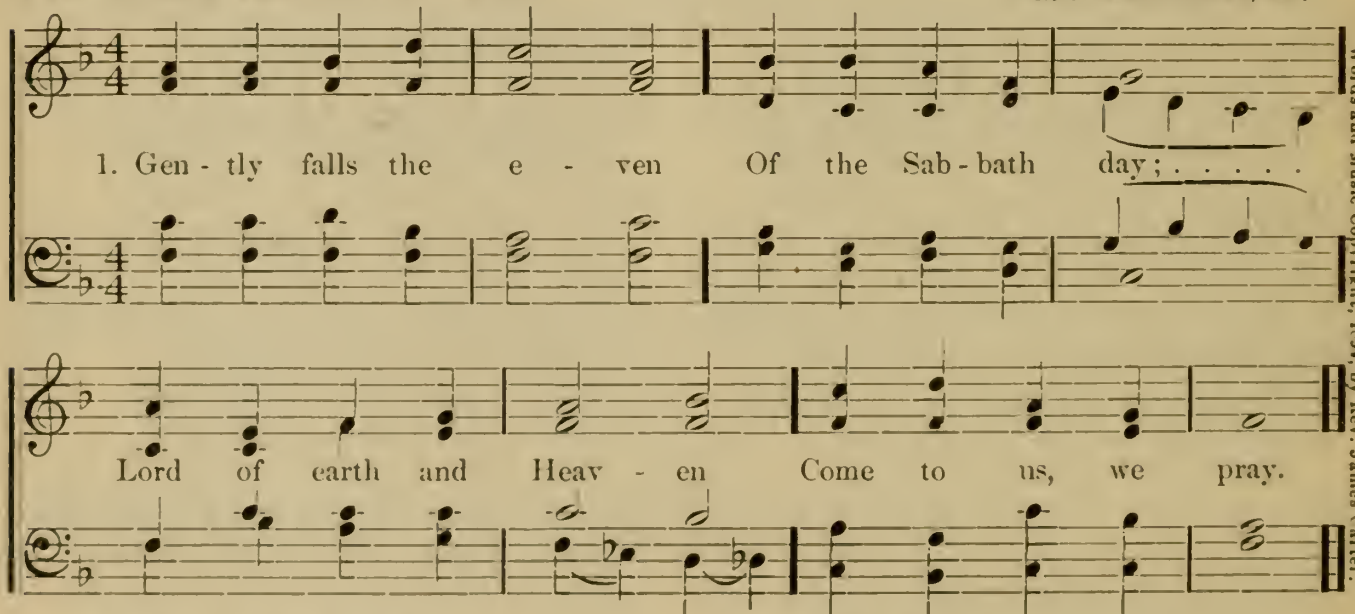
4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord; Thy Throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy Kingdom stands, and grows forever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1870.

16 HORA OCCIDUA. 6. 5.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1894.



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2 Here in meek confession
At Thy feet we bow;
Pardon our transgression;
Grant Thy blessing now.

3 Hush all evil passion;
Guard the sin-enticed;
Every spirit fashion
Like our Master Christ.

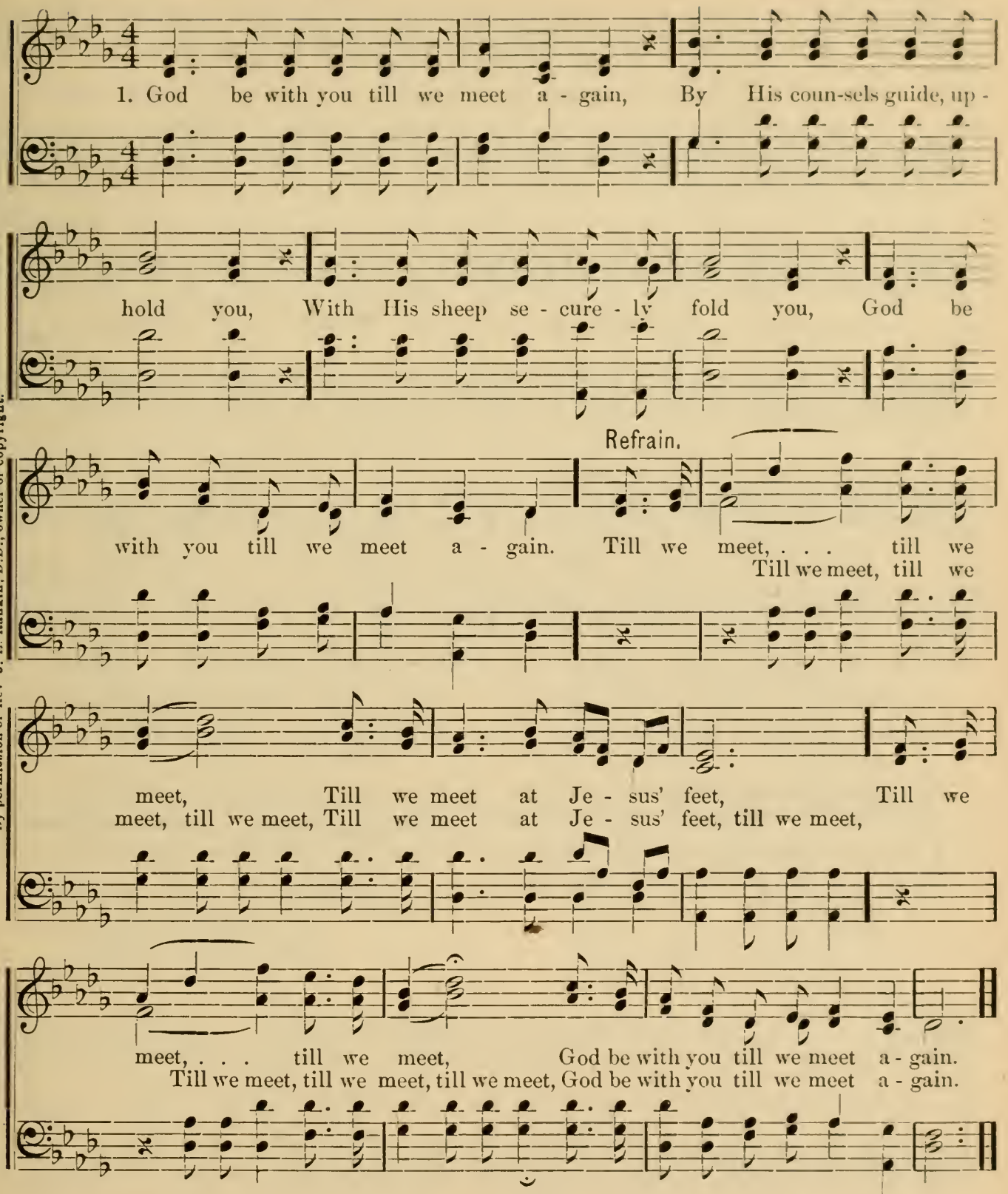
4 When temptations sift us,
Ere we yield or fall,
May Thy grace uplift us;
Bear us safe through all.

5 Till the dawn shall brighten
And the shadows flee,
May Thy love enlighten
Those who rest in Thee.

Rev. James Carter, 1894.

17 GOD BE WITH YOU.

WILLIAM G. TOMER, 1879.



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2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still divide you,
God be with you till we meet again.

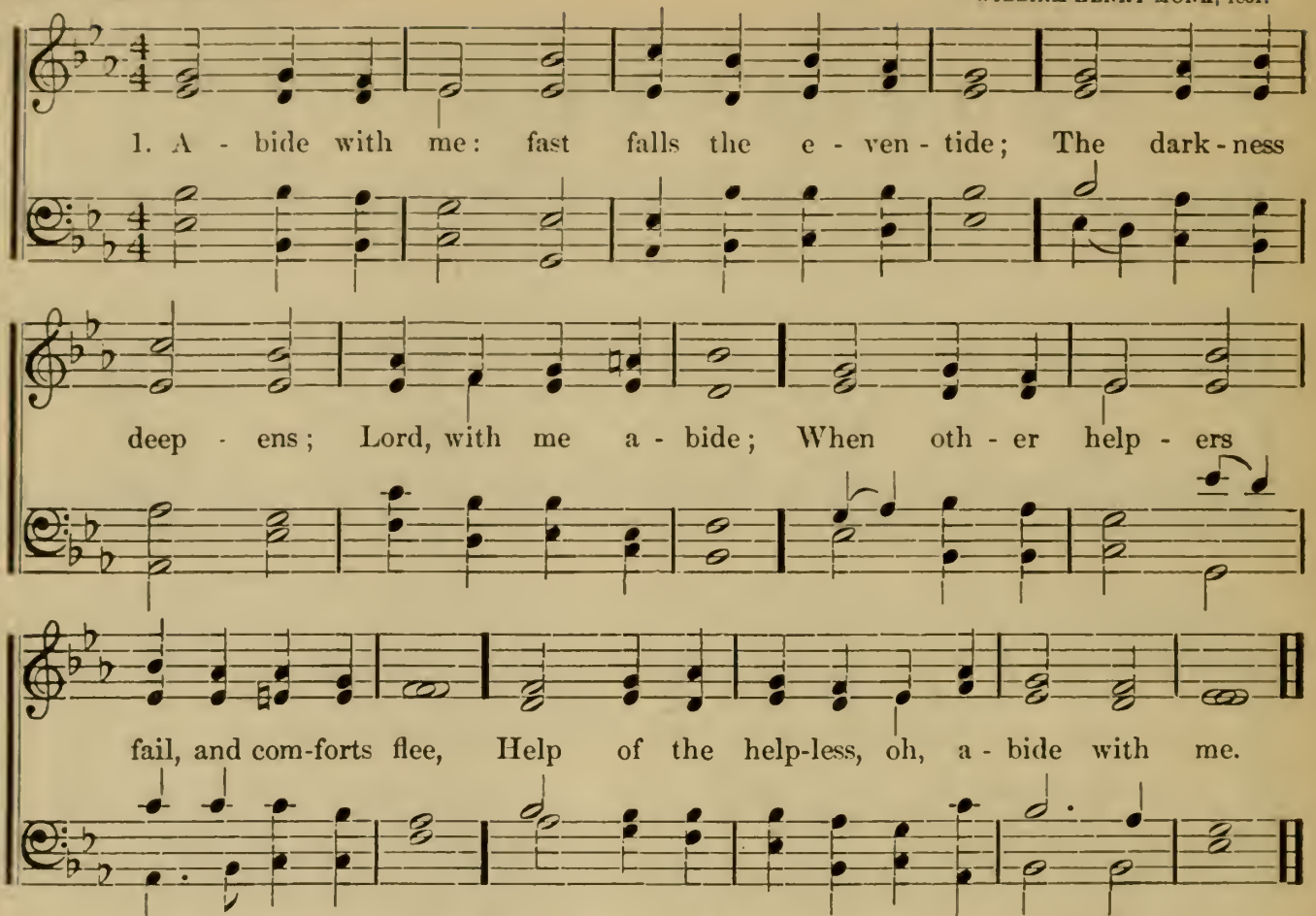
3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

Rev. Jeremiah Eames Rankin, 1879.

18 EVENTIDE. 10.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1861.



2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.

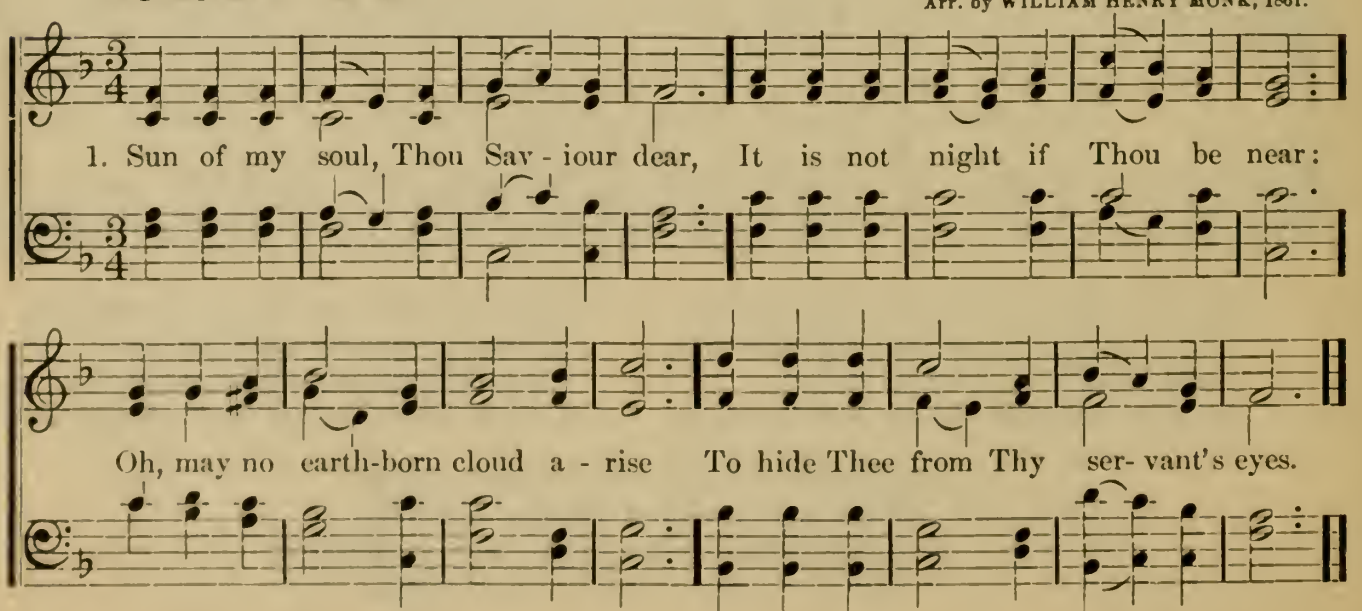
3 I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, 1847. Ab.

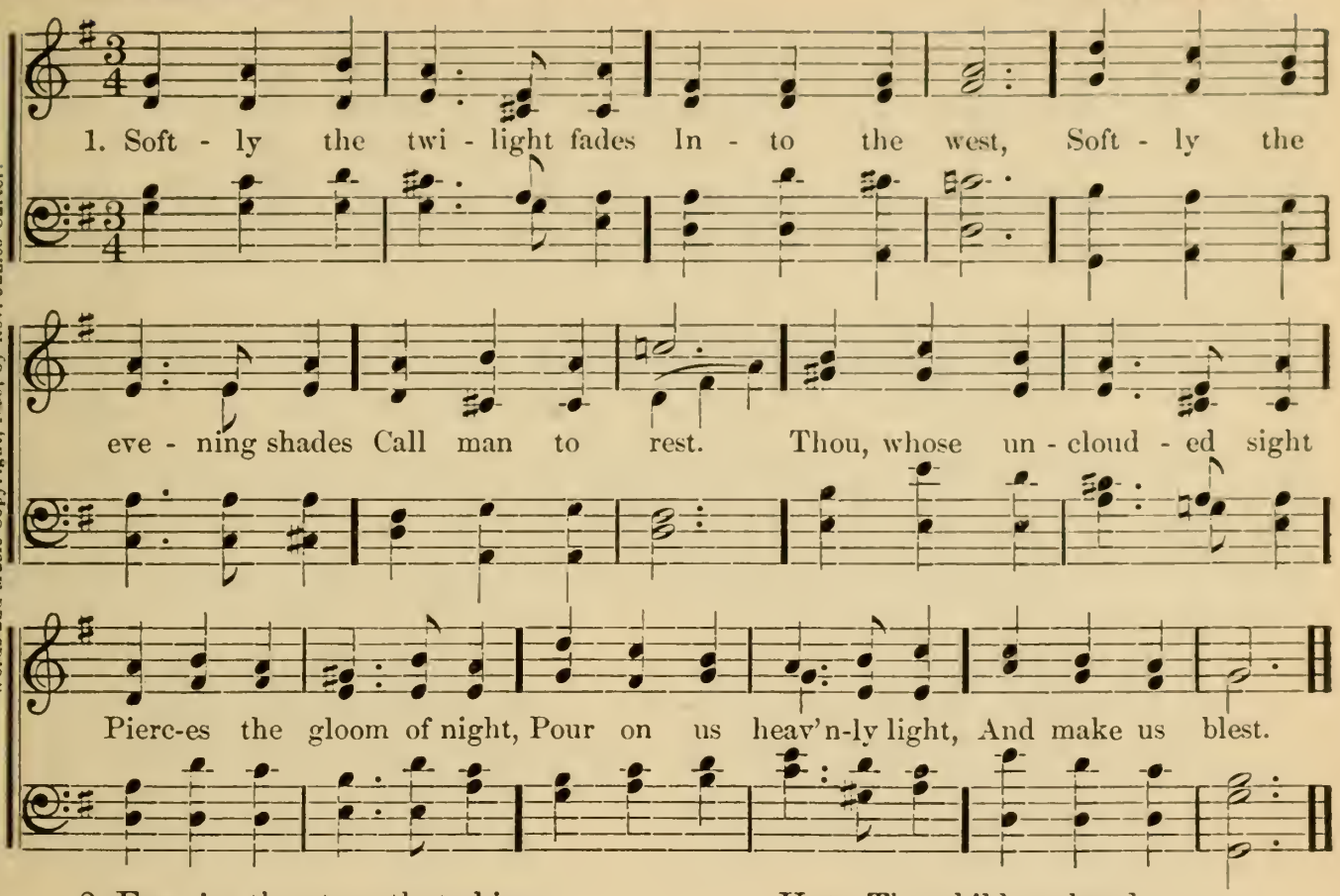
HURSLEY. L. M.

PETER RITTER, 1792.
Arr. by WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1861.



19 ROBINSON. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1898.



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2 Far o'er the stars that shine
Deep in our sky,
Worships that host of Thine,
Holy on high.
Lowly on earth are we
Who lift our prayer to Thee.
Hear Thou our humble plea:
Saviour be nigh.

3 Spirit, whose brooding love,
While nature sleeps,
Hovers in might above
The viewless deeps,
Unto Thy children bend,
Strength to our weakness lend,
Make us with joy ascend
Thy heavenly steeps.

4 Lord God, our dwelling-place
Age after age,
Protect us by Thy grace
From Satan's rage;
Bring us to that fair shore
Where Christ is gone before.
Thou shalt be evermore
Our heritage.

Rev James Carter, 1896.

---

20 (HURSLEY). L. M.

1 Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on the Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine;
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

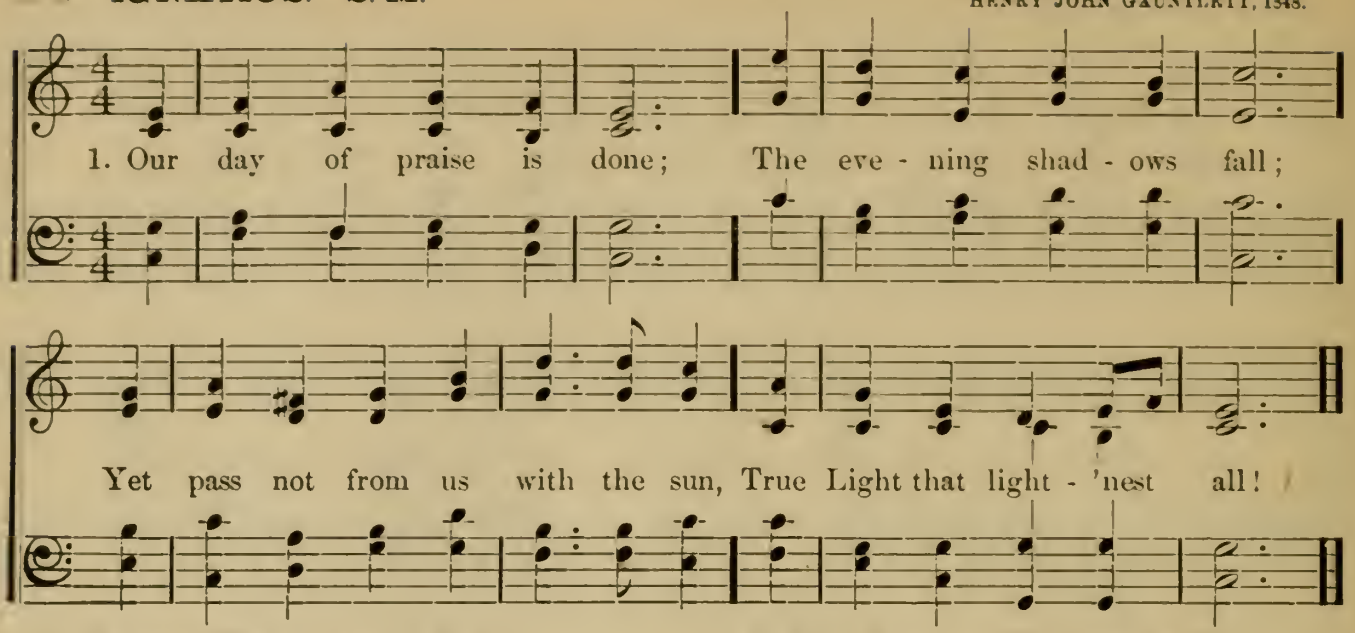
5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

Rev. John Keble, 1827. Ab.

21 IGNATIUS. S. M.

HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, 1848.



2 Around Thy throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

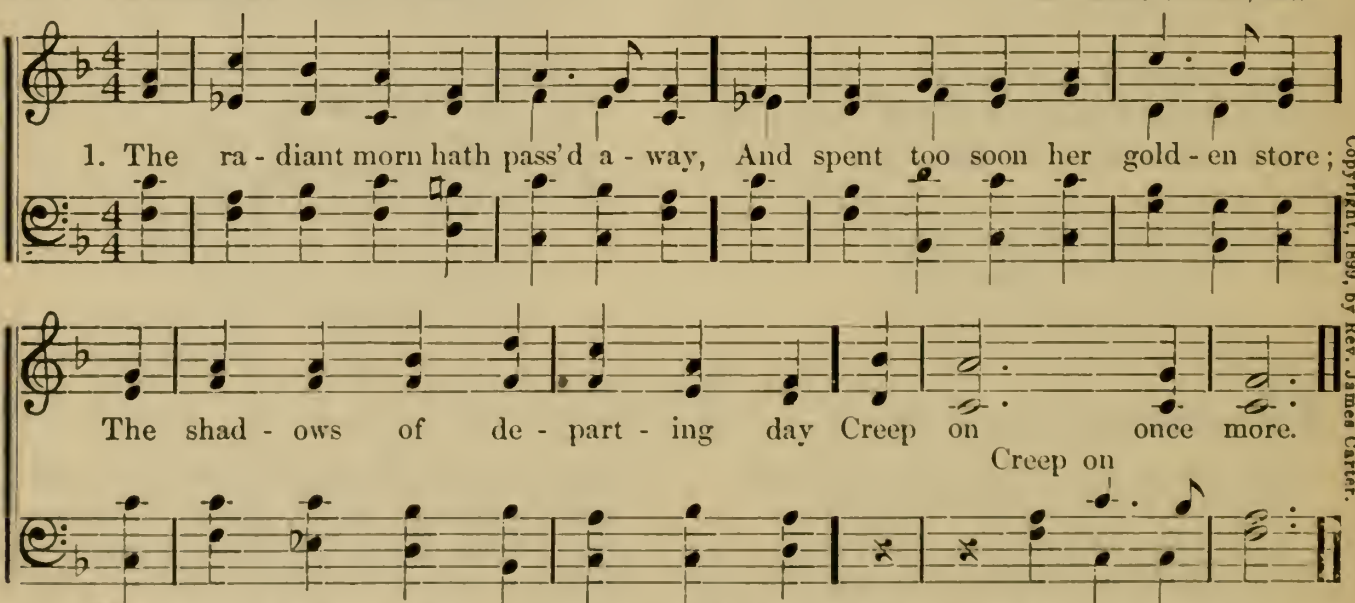
4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 Shine Thou within us, then,
A day that knows no end,
Till songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1867, 1871. Ab.

22 CONRAD. 8. 8. 8. 4.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1898.



Copyright, 1899, by Rev. James Carter.

2 Our life is but a fading dawn;
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

3 Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace,
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;—

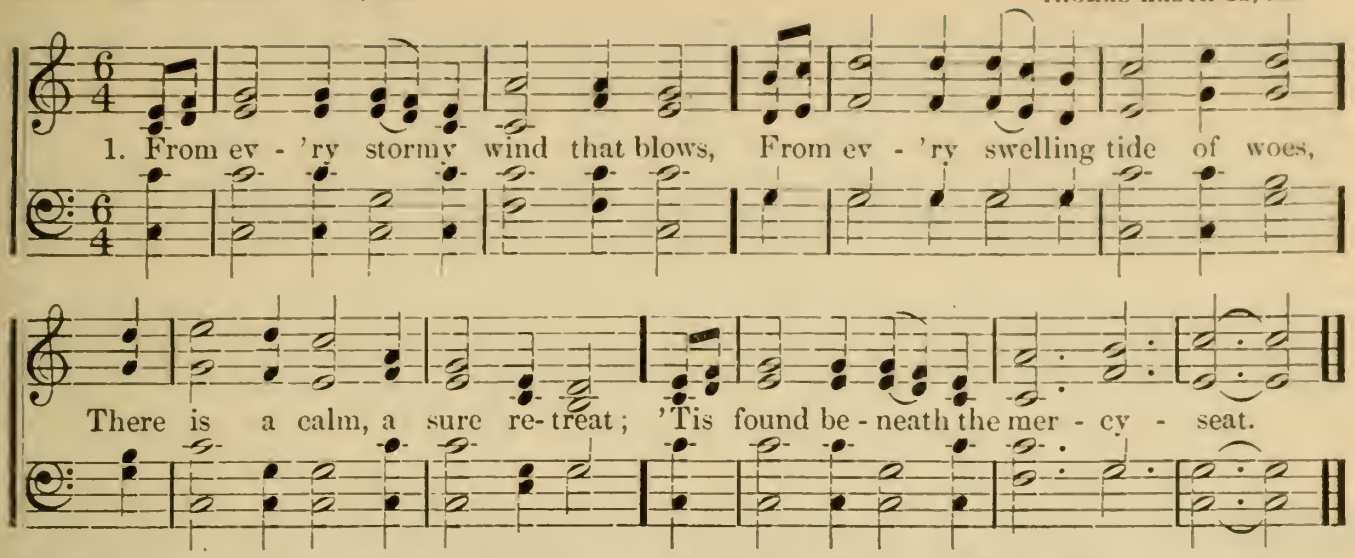
4 Where light and life and joy and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;—

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
Where Thou, eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all!

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1864.

23 RETREAT. L. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1840.



2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place, than all besides, more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

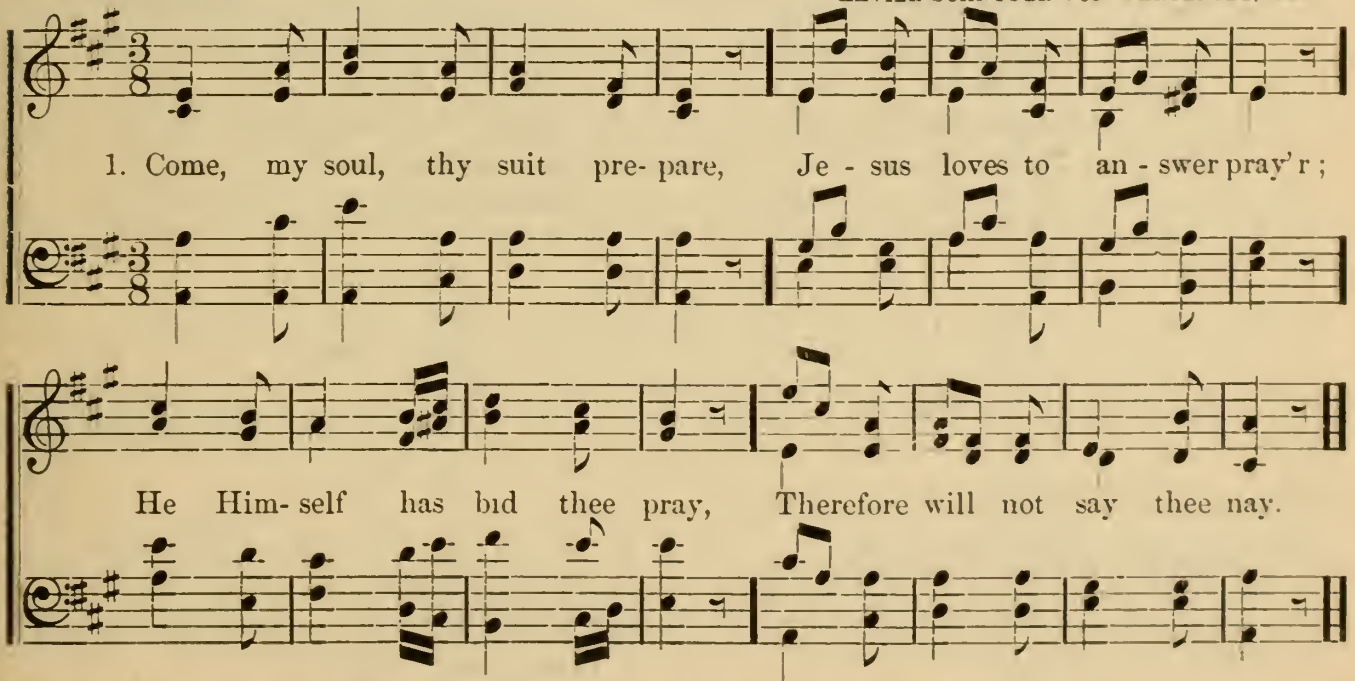
4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And Heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat!

5 Oh! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

Rev. Hugh Stowell, 1831. Ab.

24 HORTON. 7.

XAVIER SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE, 1826.



2 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There, Thy sovereign right maintain,
And, without a rival, reign.

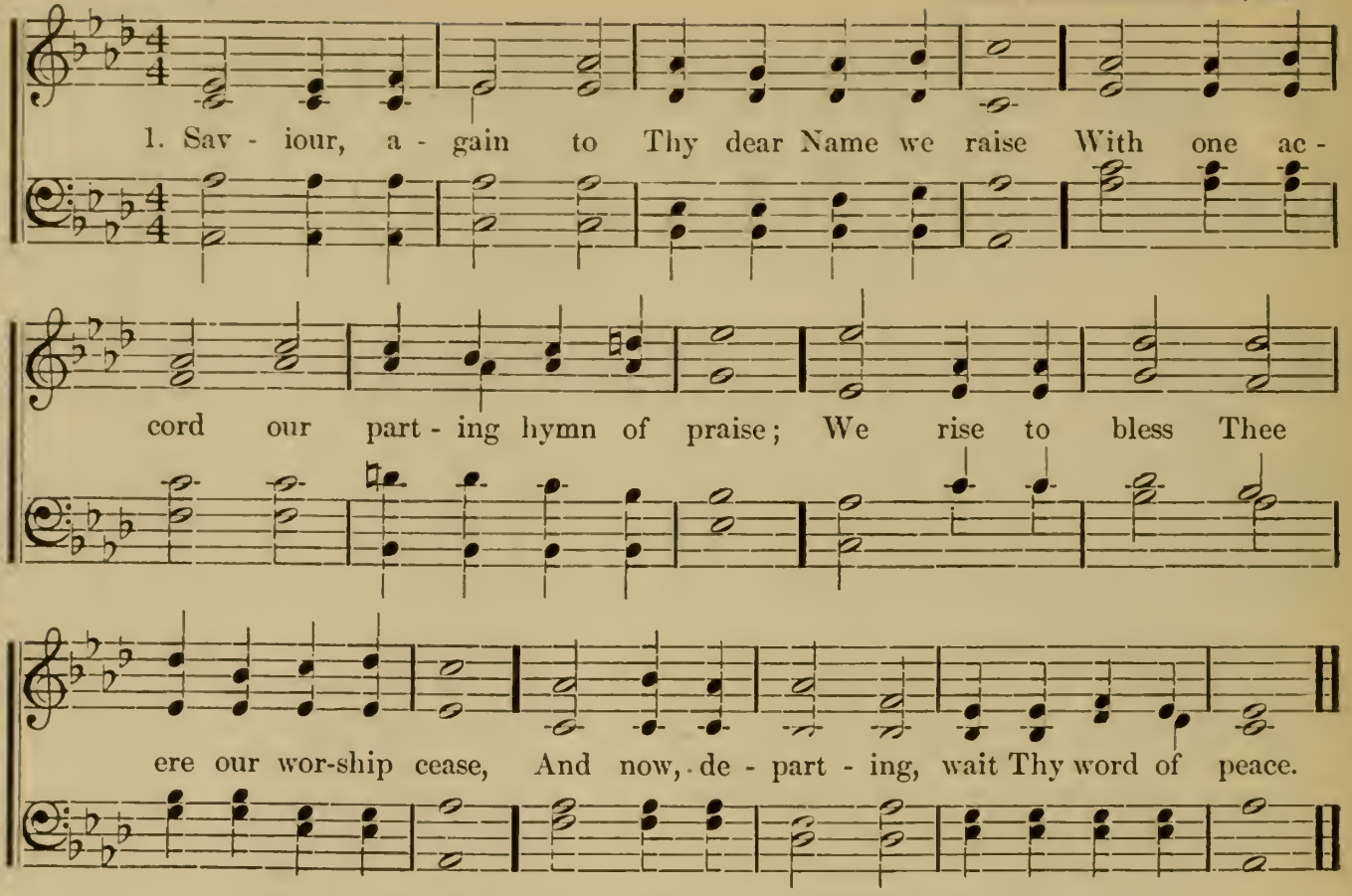
4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

Rev. John Newton, 1779. Ab.

25 ELLERTON. 10.

EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS, 1866.



2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1866, 1868. V. 1 alt.

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26 (ALMSGIVING). 8. 8. 8. 4.

1 My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,
The hour of prayer?

2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of Heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

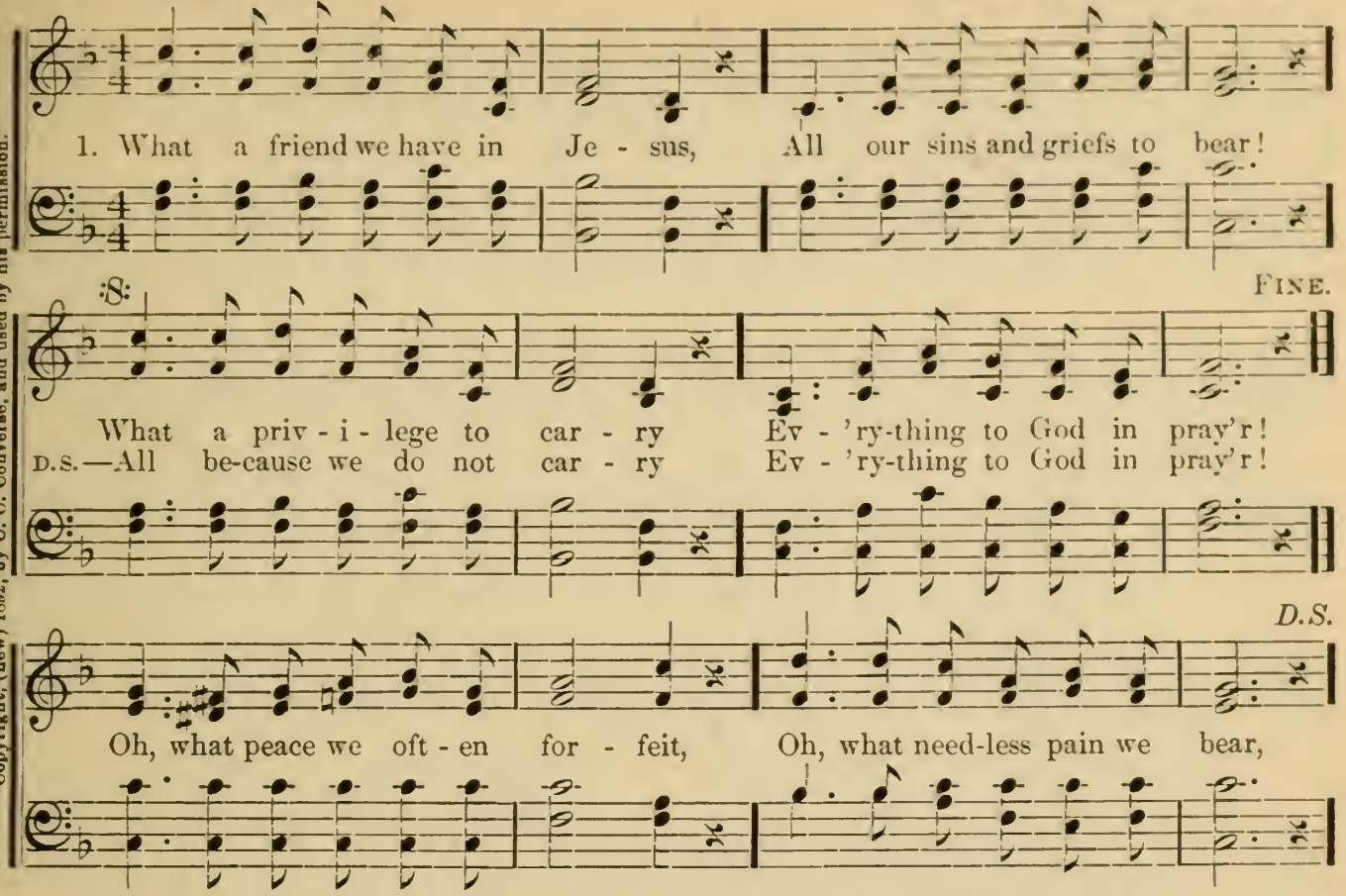
5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in Heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

6 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

Miss Charlotte Elliott, 1829, 1836. Ab.

27 ERIE. 8. 7. D.

CHARLES CROZAT CONVERSE, 1868.



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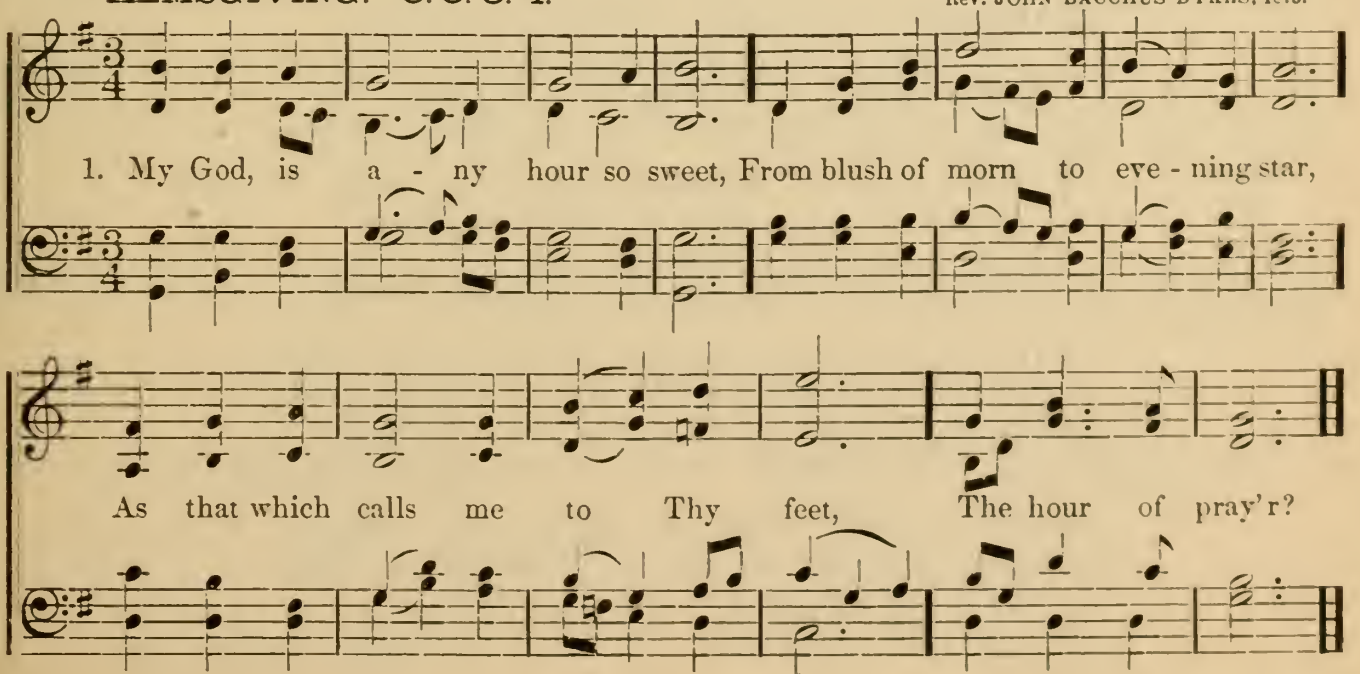
2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge!
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Joseph Scriven, 1855.

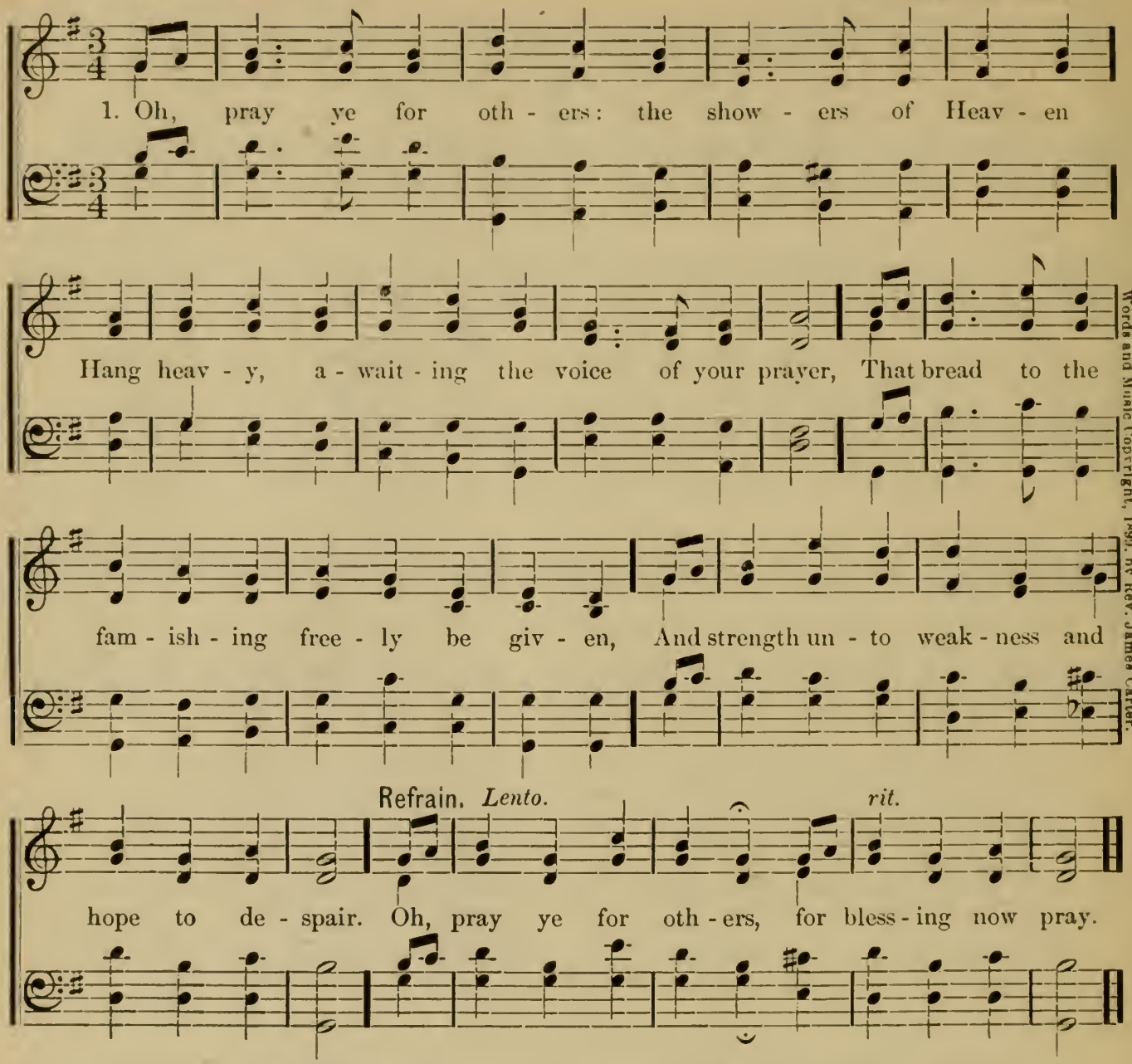
ALMSGIVING. 8. 8. 8. 4.

Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1875.



28 BARNEGAT. 12. 11.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1895.



Words and Music Copyright, 1899, by Rev. James Carter.

2 Oh, pray ye for others: temptation and trial
Will strike at the faith of the soldier of Christ;
The ambush of Satan cause startled denial,
And shipwreck may come to the soul sin-enticed.

3 Oh, ne'er can ye measure the might of petition,
To rescue the helpless and succor the tried,
To melt the defiant to fitting contrition,
To win the lost souls to the Saviour who died.

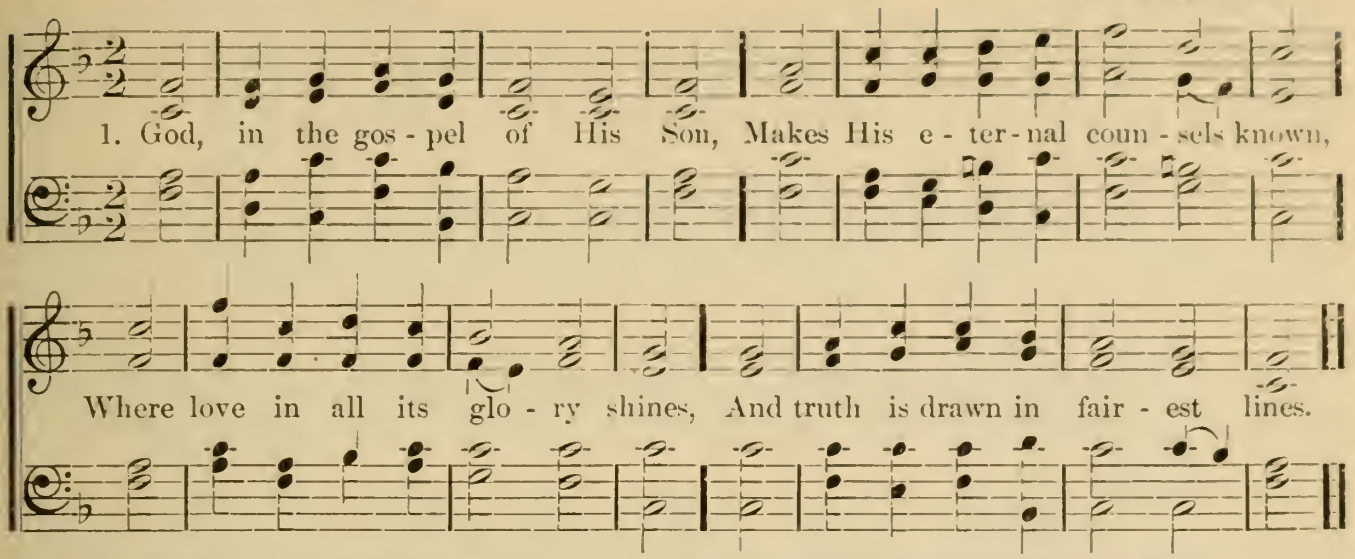
4 Oh, pray ye for others, that Christ's love may glisten
In eyes that are pleading for truth and for God;
Oh, pray ye for others, that dull ears may listen,
And feet that are wandering, turn back to the road.

5 Oh, pray ye for others, the hearts that are lonely,
The lives that are tempted by pleasure or fame,
That every disciple may love Jesus only,
May live to His glory and honor His Name.

Rev. James Carter, 1895.

29 UXBRIDGE. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.



2 Here sinners of an humble frame,
May taste His grace and learn His name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 The prisoner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease;
The mourner find the way of peace.

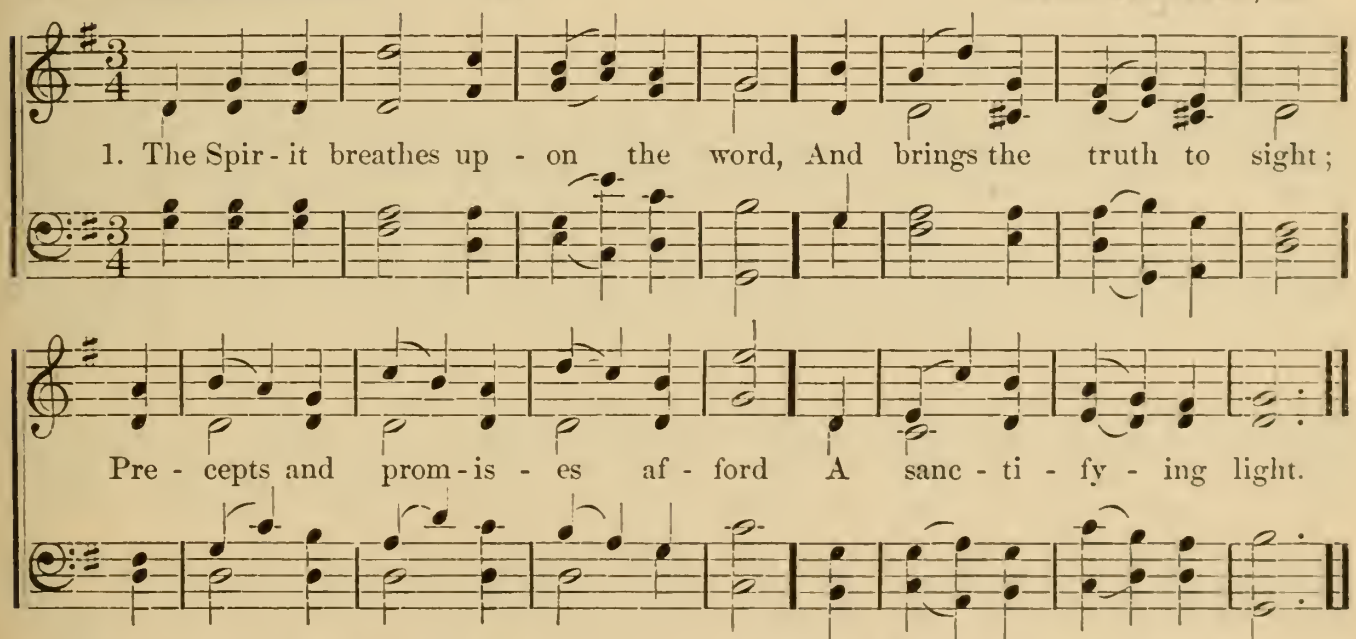
4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 Oh, grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark Thy holy word;
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome, 1787. Ab. and alt.
Rev. Thomas Cotterill, 1819.

30 CHESTERFIELD. C. M.

Rev. THOMAS HAWEIS, 1792.



2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;—
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The Hand, that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise.—
They rise, but never set.

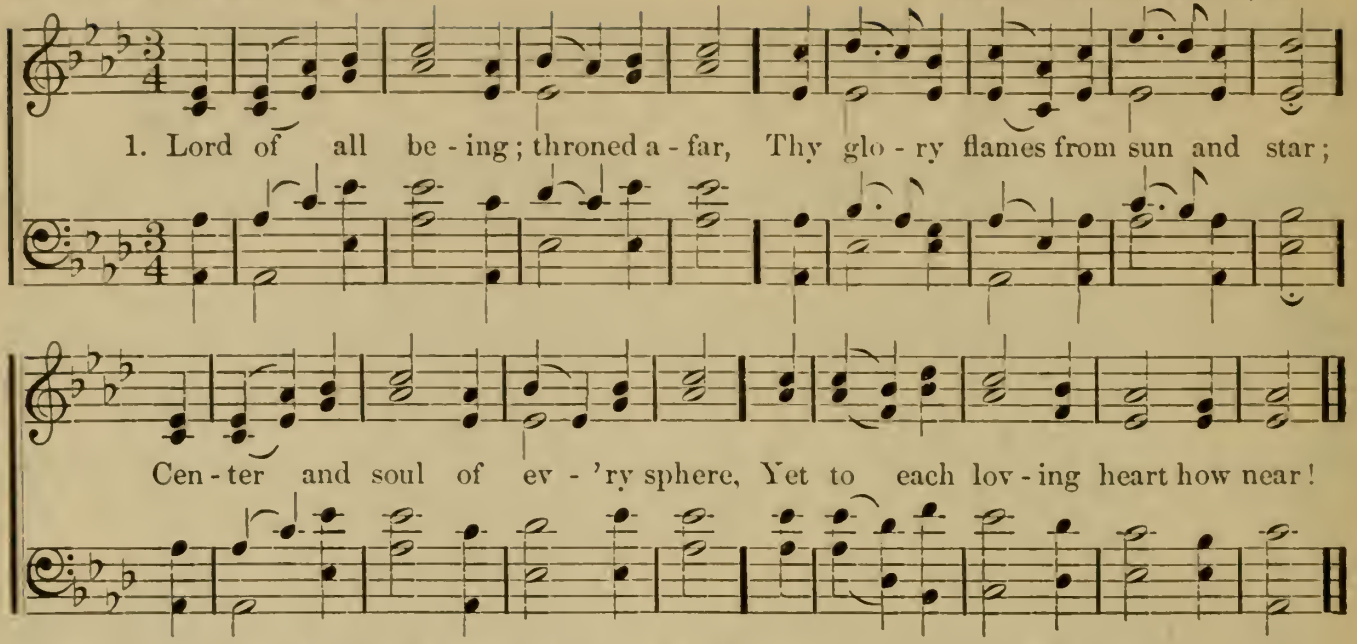
4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper, 1779. Ab.

31 LOUVAN. L. M.

VIRGIL CORYDON TAYLOR, 1847.



2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine!

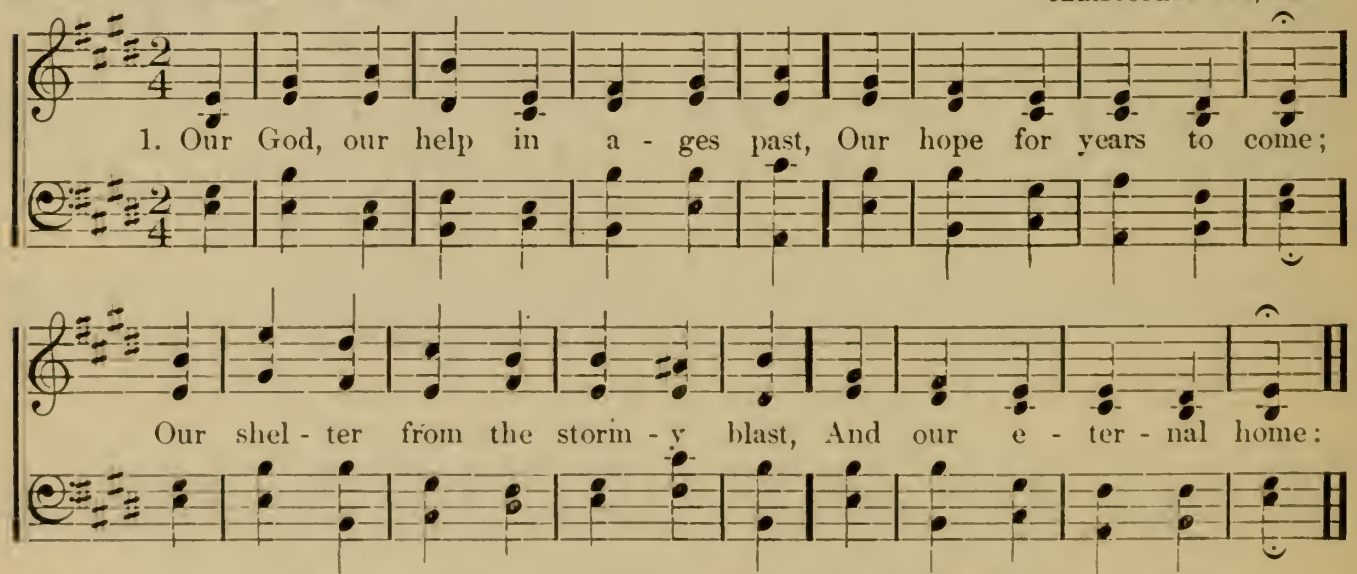
4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1848.

32 DUNDEE. C. M.

CHRISTOPHER TYE, 1553.



2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

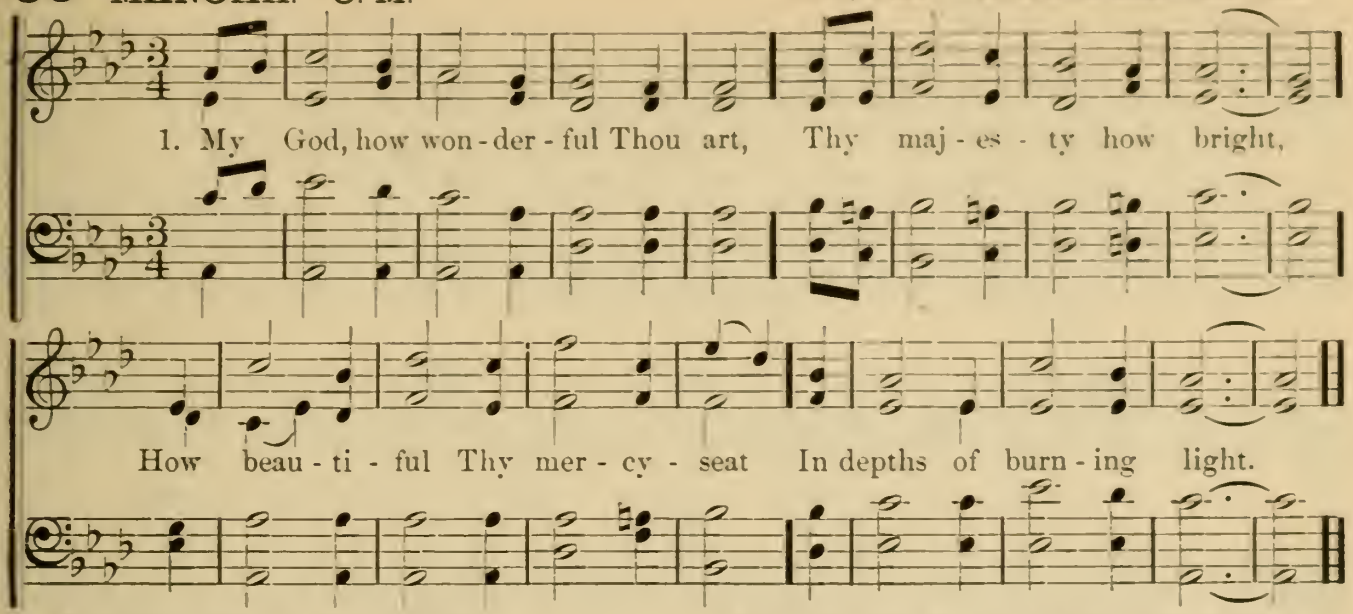
4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719. Ab.

33 MANOAH. C. M.

GIOACCHINO ANTONIO ROSSINI.
Arr. by HENRY WELLINGTON GREATOREX, 1851



2 How beautiful, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity.

3 Oh, how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

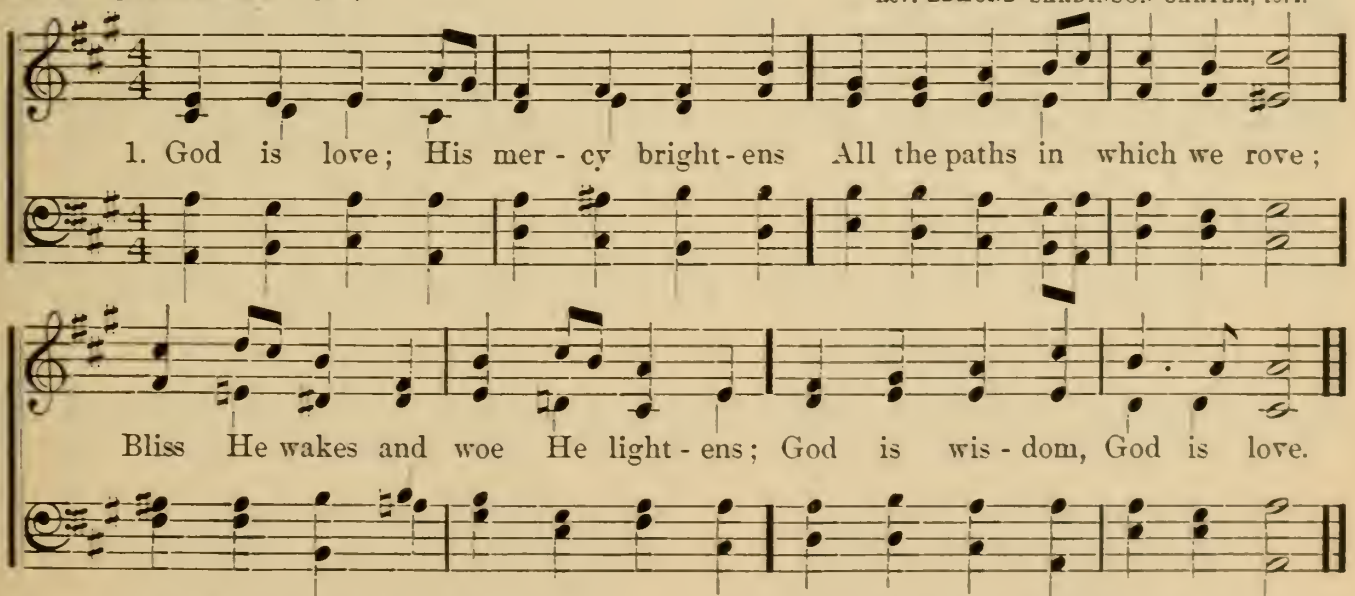
5 No earthly Father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild,
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done,
With me, Thy sinful child.

6 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze, and gaze on Thee.

Rev. Frederick William Faber, 1848. Ab.

34 CARTER. 8. 7.

Rev. EDMUND SARDINSON CARTER, 1874.



2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

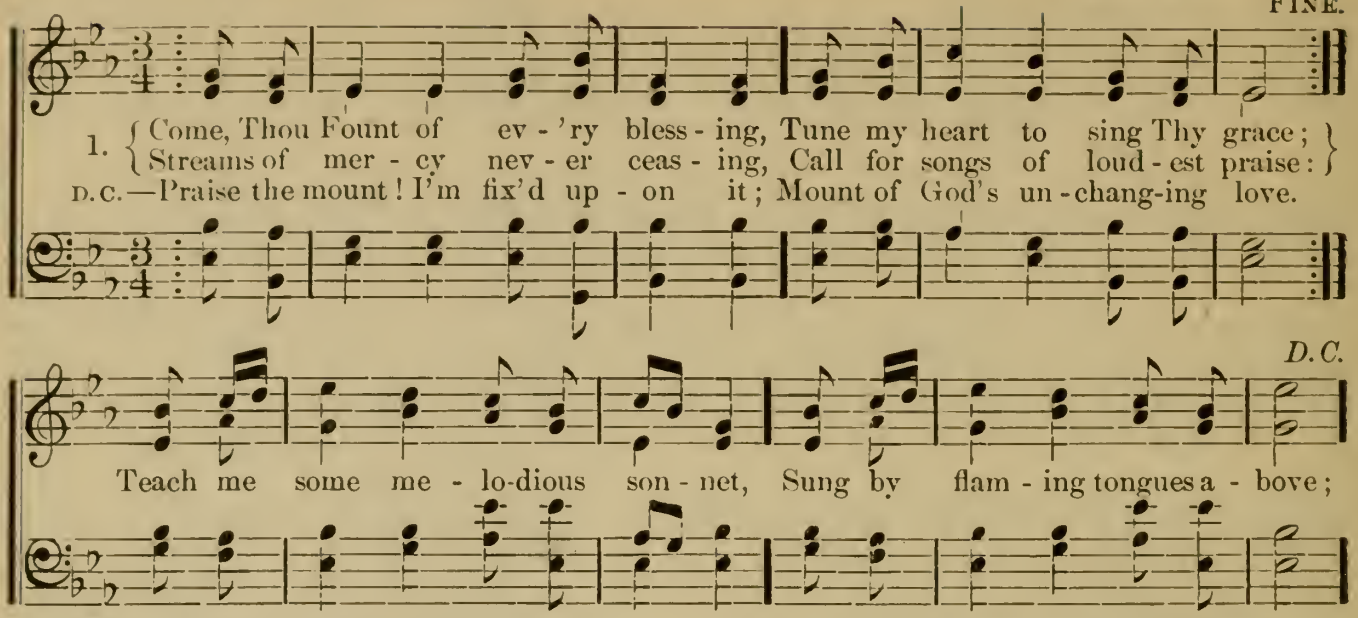
3 Ev'n the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth,
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir John Bowring, 1825. Ab.

35 NETTLETON. 8. 7. D.

Rev. JOHN WYETH, 1812.



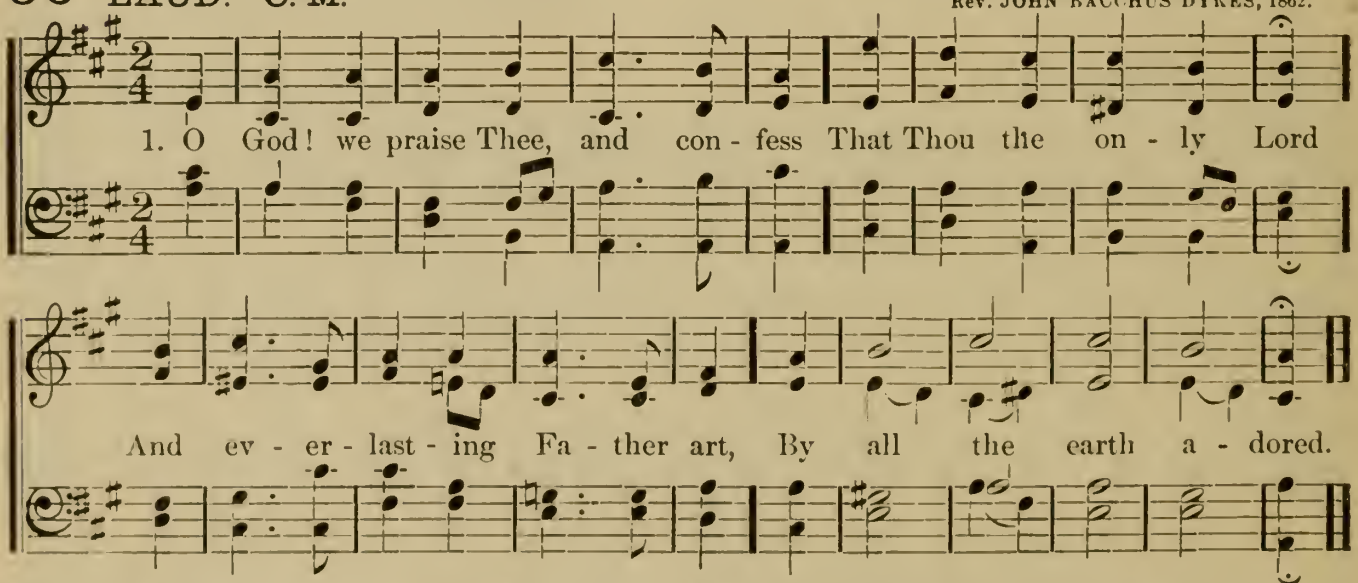
2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

Rev. Robert Robinson, 1757.

36 LAUD. C. M.

Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1862.



2 To Thee all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:—

3 O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway!

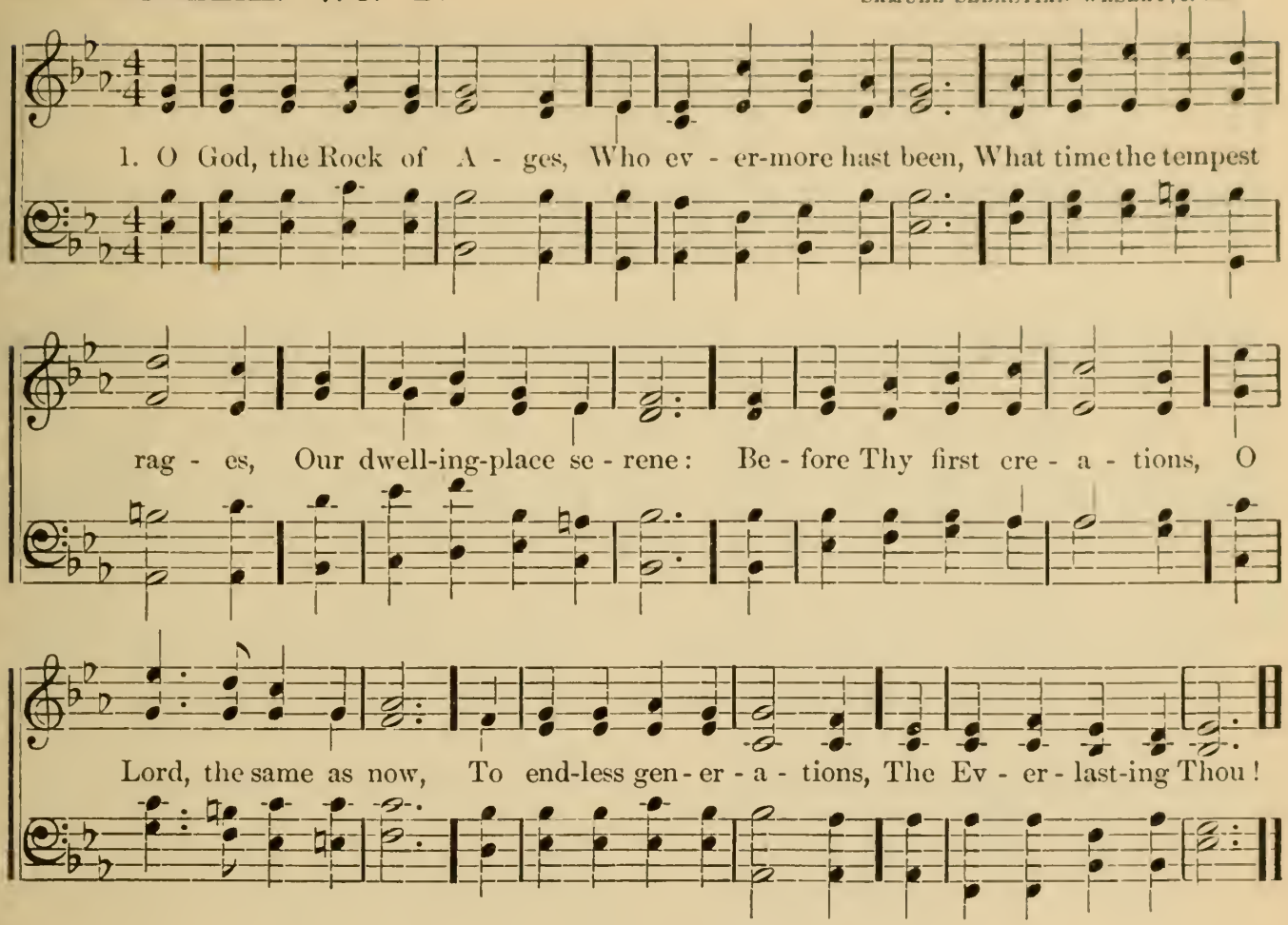
4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou the eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

Unknown Author, 5th. Century.
Tr. by Bp. John Patrick, 1679.
Alt. by Tate and Brady, 1700.

37 AURELIA. 7. 6. D.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, c. 1868.



2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story,
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavor
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light forever,
We see Thee face to face:
A joy no language measures,
A fountain brimming o'er,
An endless flow of pleasures,
An ocean without shore.

Bp. Edward Henry Bickersteth, 1862.

38

1 O One with God the Father
In majesty and might,
The brightness of His glory,
Eternal Light of light;
O'er this our home of darkness
Thy rays are streaming now;
The shadows flee before Thee,
The world's true light art Thou.

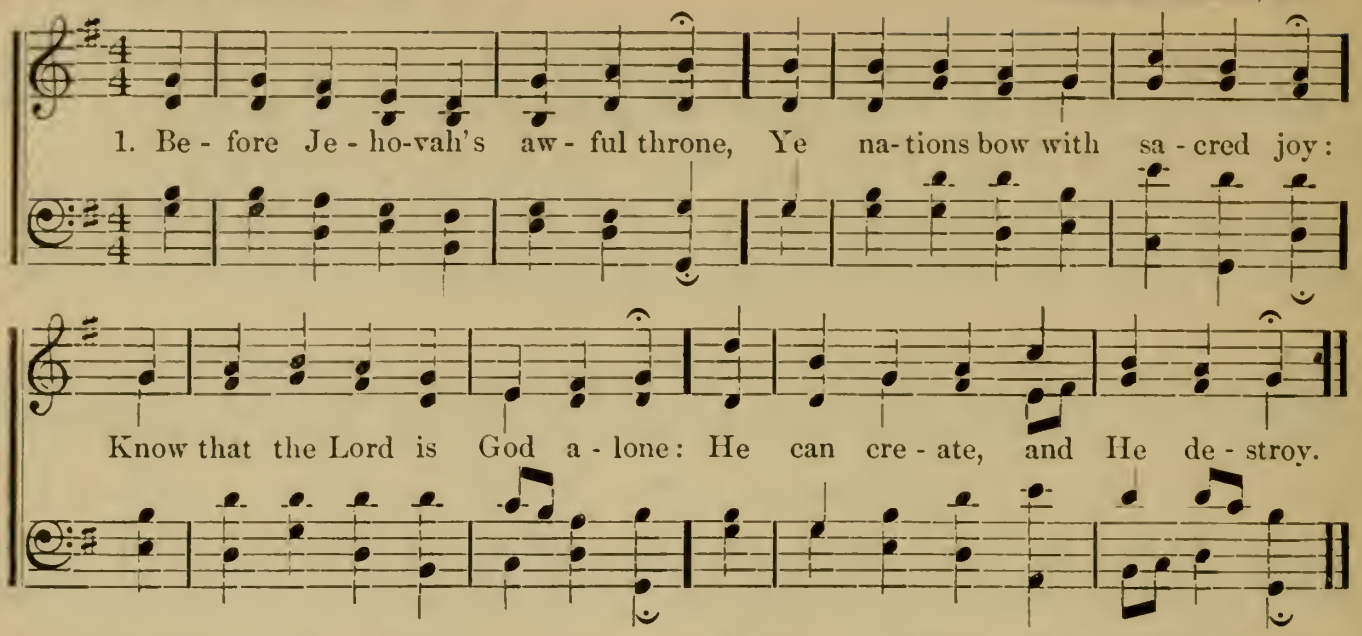
2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:—
O Heavenly Light, arise,
Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide Thee from our eyes.
We long to track the footprints
That Thou Thyself hast trod;
We long to see the pathway
That leads to Thee our God.

3 O Jesus, shine around us
With radiance of Thy grace;
O Jesus, turn upon us
The brightness of Thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of righteousness.

Bp. William Walsham How, 1871.

39 OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1551.



2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker! to Thy name?

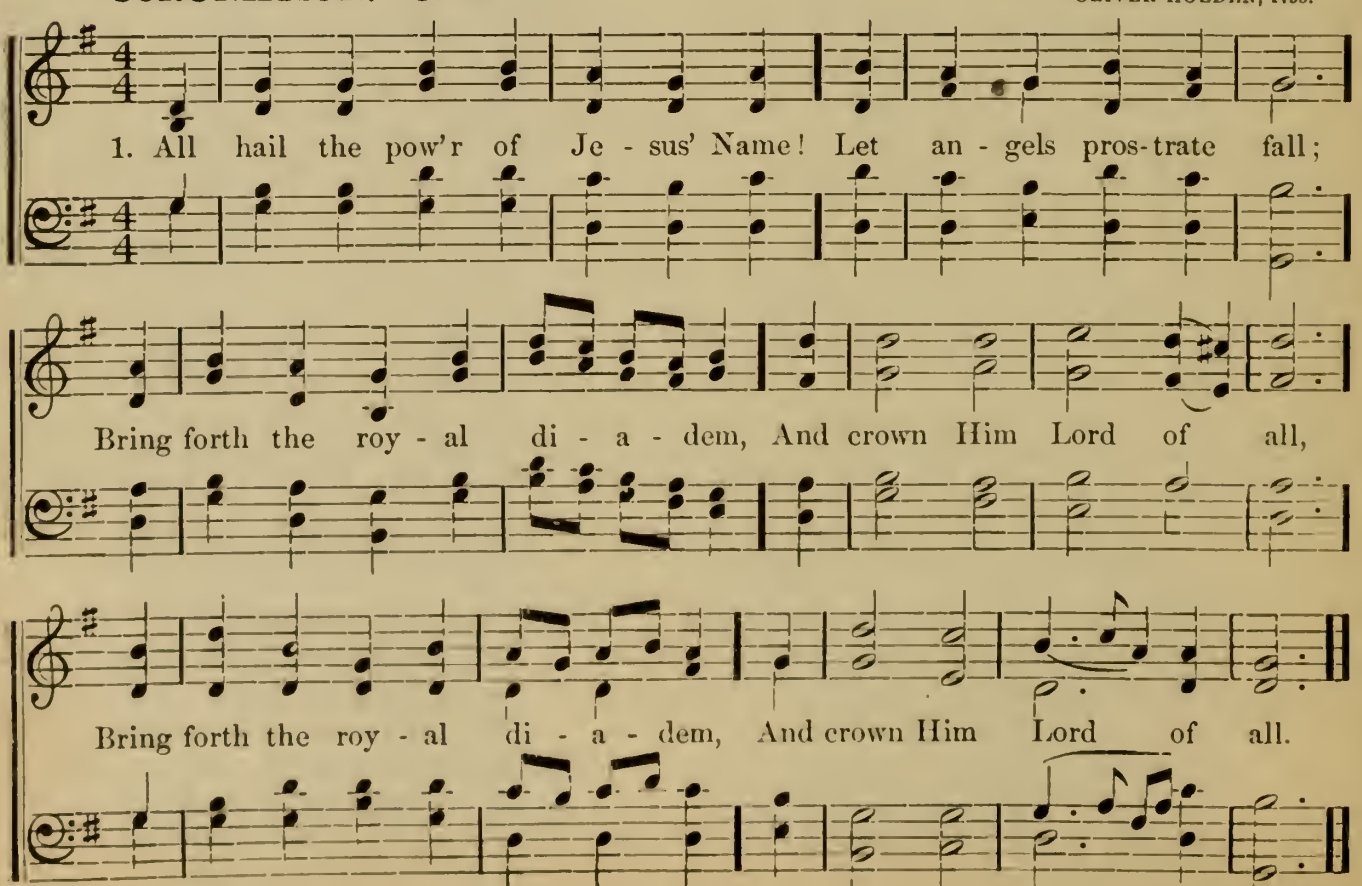
4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity, Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719. Ab.
Alt. by Rev. John Wesley, 1736.

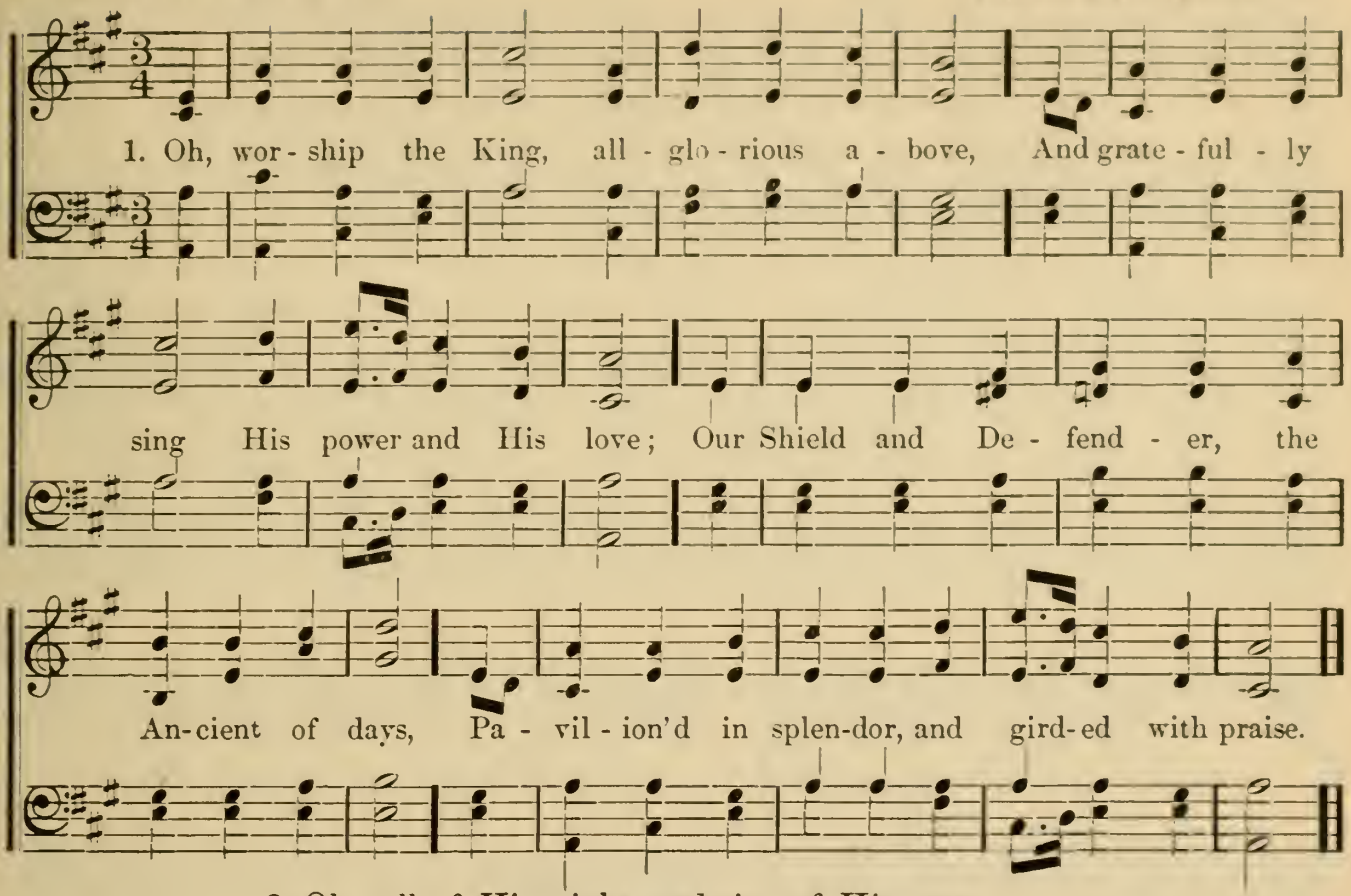
CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN, 1793.



40 LYONS. 10. 11.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN, 1770.



2 Oh, tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

Sir Robert Grant, 1833. Ab.

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41 (CORONATION). C. M.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' Name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

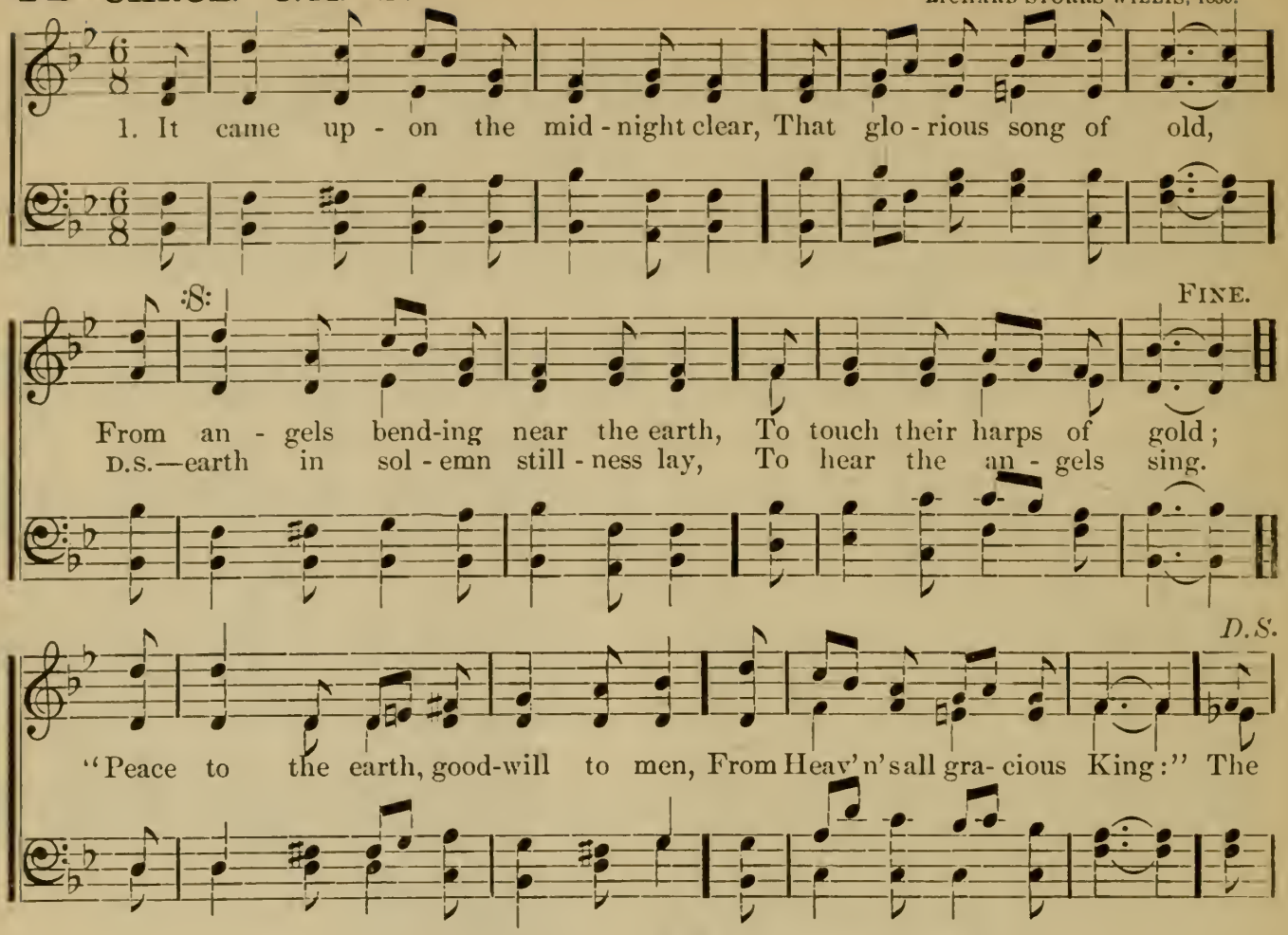
5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Rev. Edward Perronet, 1779, 1780. Ab.
Rev. John Rippon, 1787.

42 CAROL. C.M. D.

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, 1850.



2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow;—
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

Rev. Edmund Hamilton Sears, 1850. Ab. and sl. alt.

43 (or CHRISTMAS).

1 While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground;
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
"Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

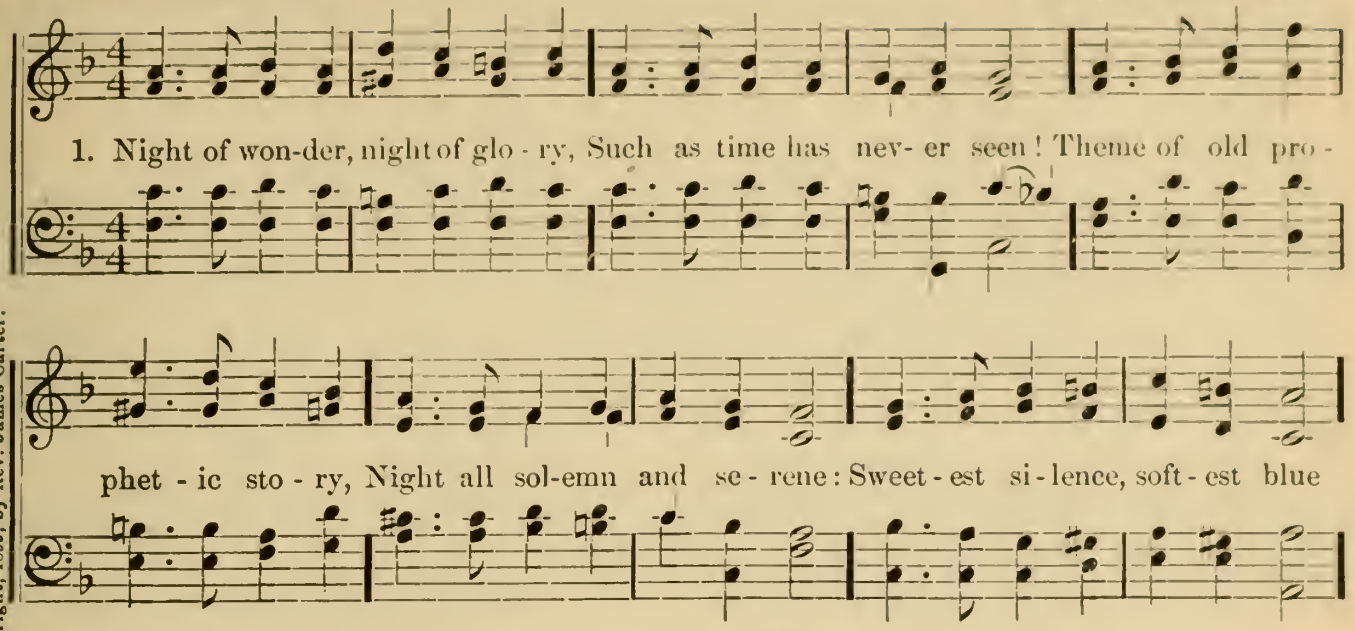
2 "To you, in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:—
The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

Nahum Tate, 1702.

44 BETHLEHEM. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1880.



Copyright, 1899, by Rev. James Carter.

2 Happy city, dearest, fairest,
Lonely, tranquil Bethlehem!
Least and lowliest, richest, rarest,
David's city, Judah's gem;
Out of thee there comes the light
That dispelleth all our night.

3 In thee Heaven and earth are meeting;
Lo! there comes the angel-throng:
We give back the heavenly greeting,
Joining in the holy song,—
Song of festival and mirth,
Song of morning to the earth.

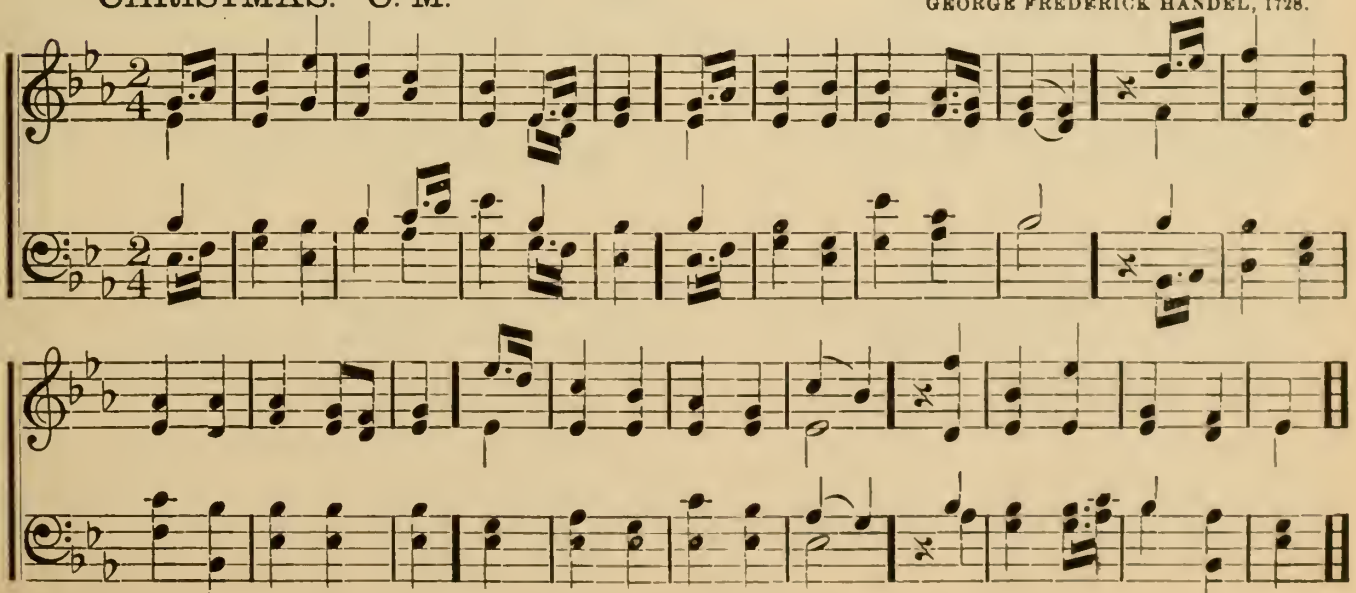
4 Now to thee thy King descendeth,
Laid upon a woman's knee;
To thy gates His steps He bendeth,
To the manger cometh He;
David's Lord and David's Son,
This His cradle and His throne.

5 Light of life, Thou liest yonder,
Mystery of mighty love;
Naught from Thee our souls shall sunder
Naught from us shall Thee remove.
Take these hearts, and let them be
Throne and cradle both for Thee.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1878.

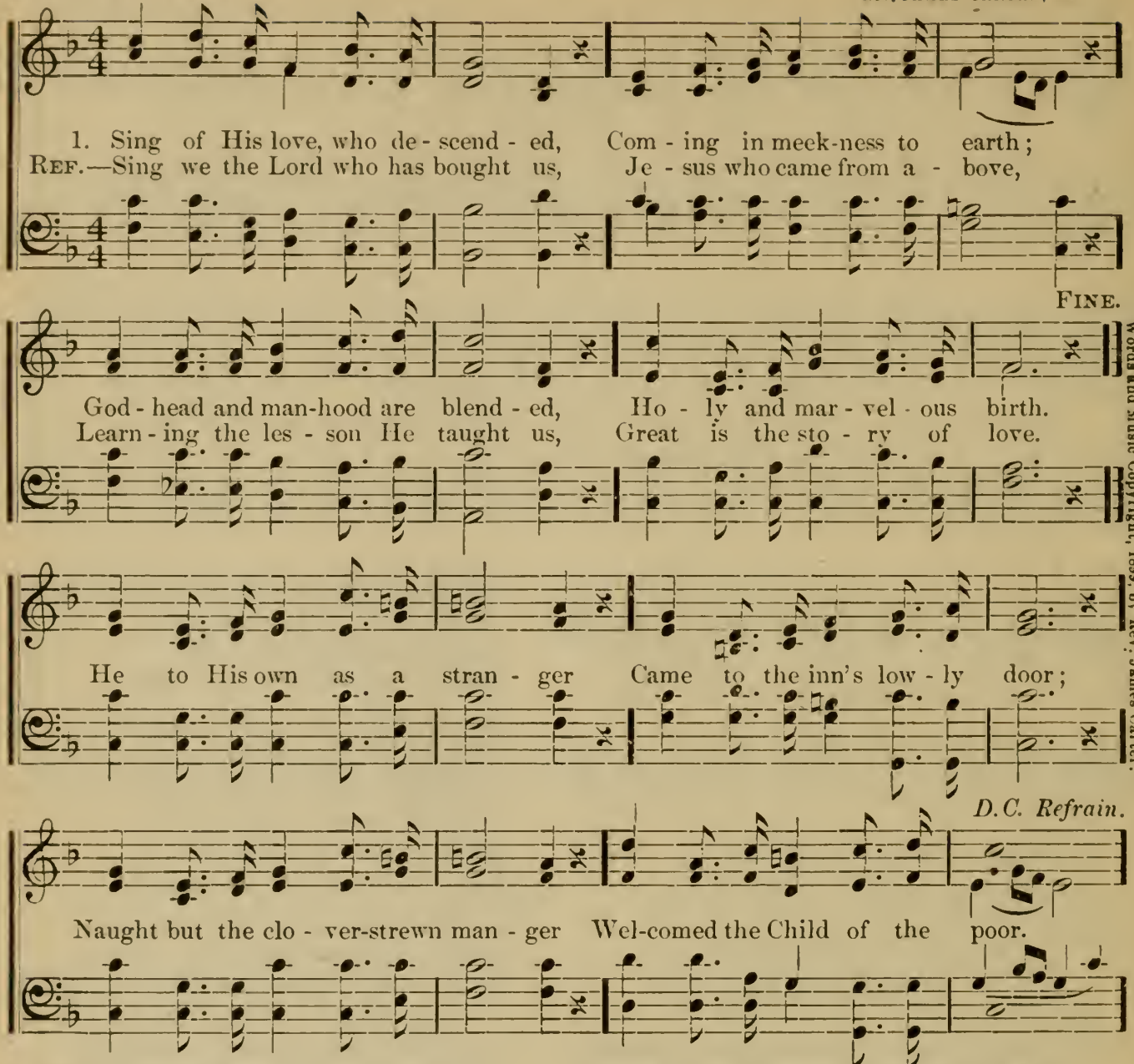
CHRISTMAS. C. M.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, 1728.



45 KENOSIS.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1897.



Words and Music Copyright, 1899, by Rev. James Carter.

2 Think of His fast on the mountain,
Where on the serpent He trod;
Weary by Gerezim's fountain,
Won He the sinner to God.
Yea, though the throngs heard Him gladly,
Healed and enlightened and fed;
Lonely He wandered and sadly,
Owning no rest for His head.

3 Think of the hate that betrayed Him,
Think of the cross of His pain;
Come, see the place where they laid Him.
Lo! He is risen again,
Love and compassion so tender
Unto the end may we see!
Lord of our life, we must render
Love and devotion to Thee.

Rev. James Carter, 1897.

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46 (ANTIOCH). C. M.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And Heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

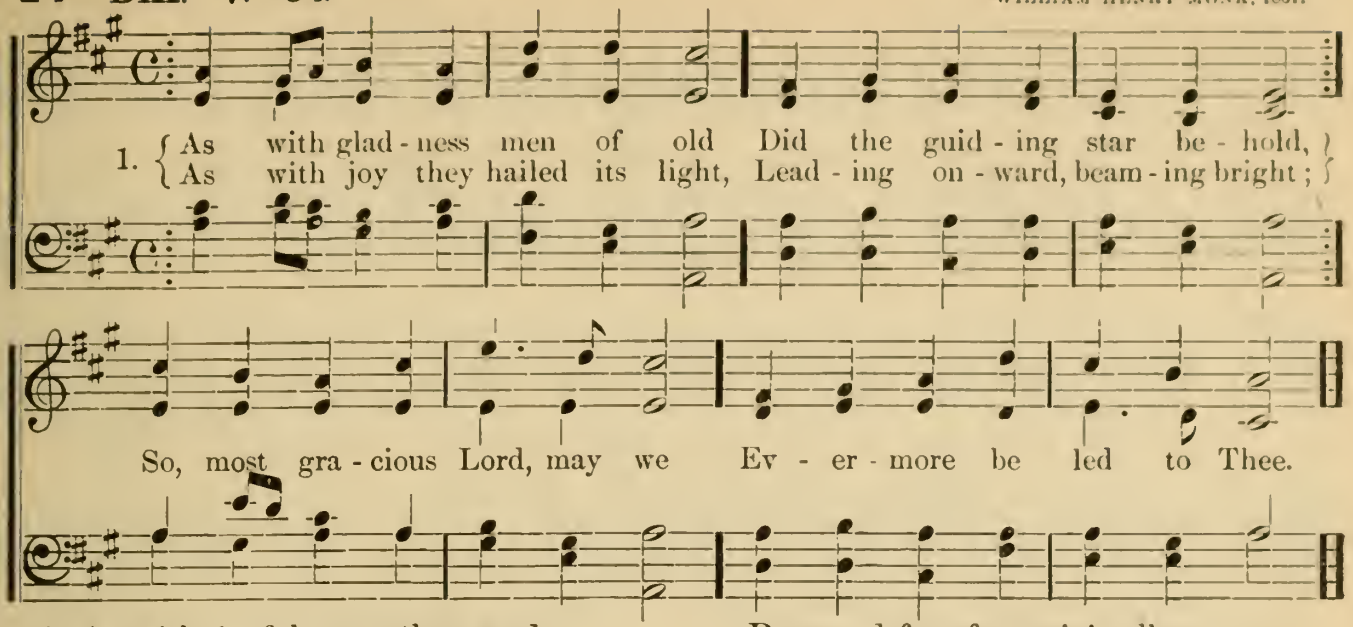
3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

47 DIX. 7. 61.

CONRAD KOCHER, 1838.
WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1861.



2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee whom Heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

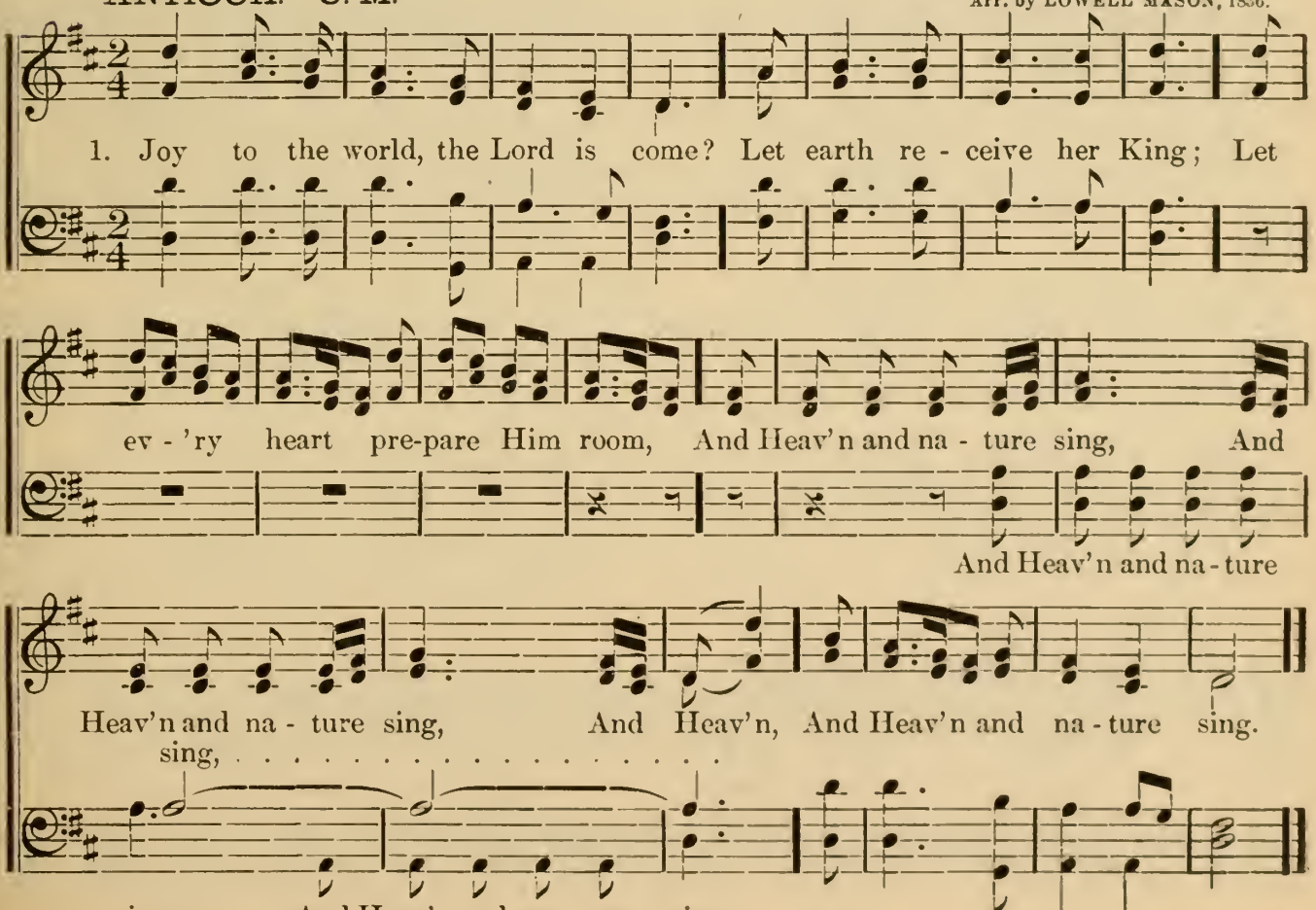
3 As they offered gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

William Chatterton Dix, 1860.

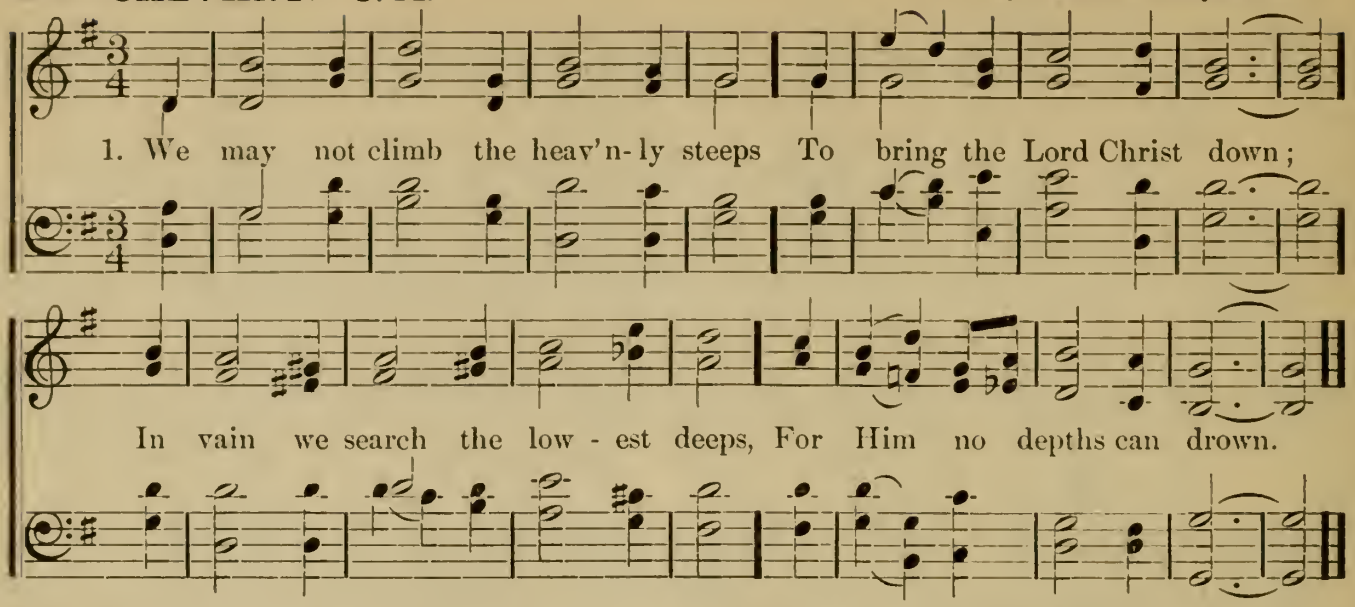
ANTIOCH. C. M.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, 1741.
Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1836.



48 CALVARY. C. M.

LUDWIG SPOHR, 1835.
Arr. by C. ARTHUR JACQUES, 1895.



2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4 Thro' Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His Name.

5 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine!

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1856. Ab.

49

1 Thou art the Way: to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us to know that Way;
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Which leads to endless day.

Bp. George Washington Doane, 1824.

50

1 Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for Heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

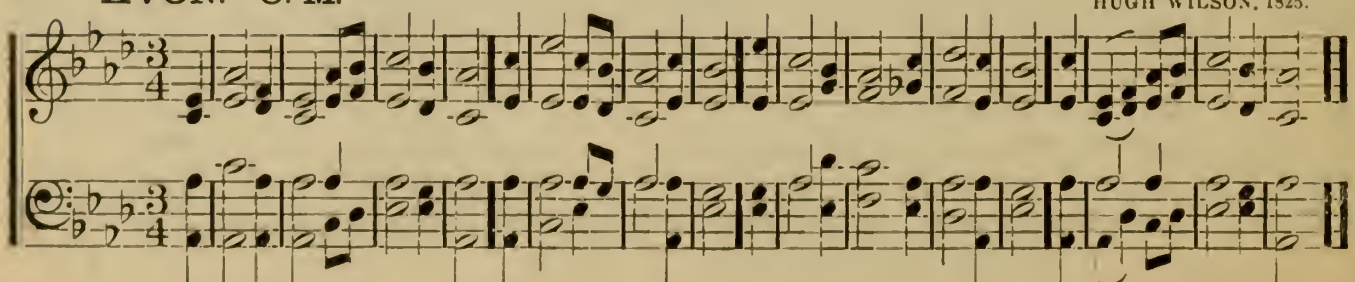
3 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
Father, Thy will be done.

4 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to Heaven.

Rev. John Hampden Gurney, 1838. Ab.

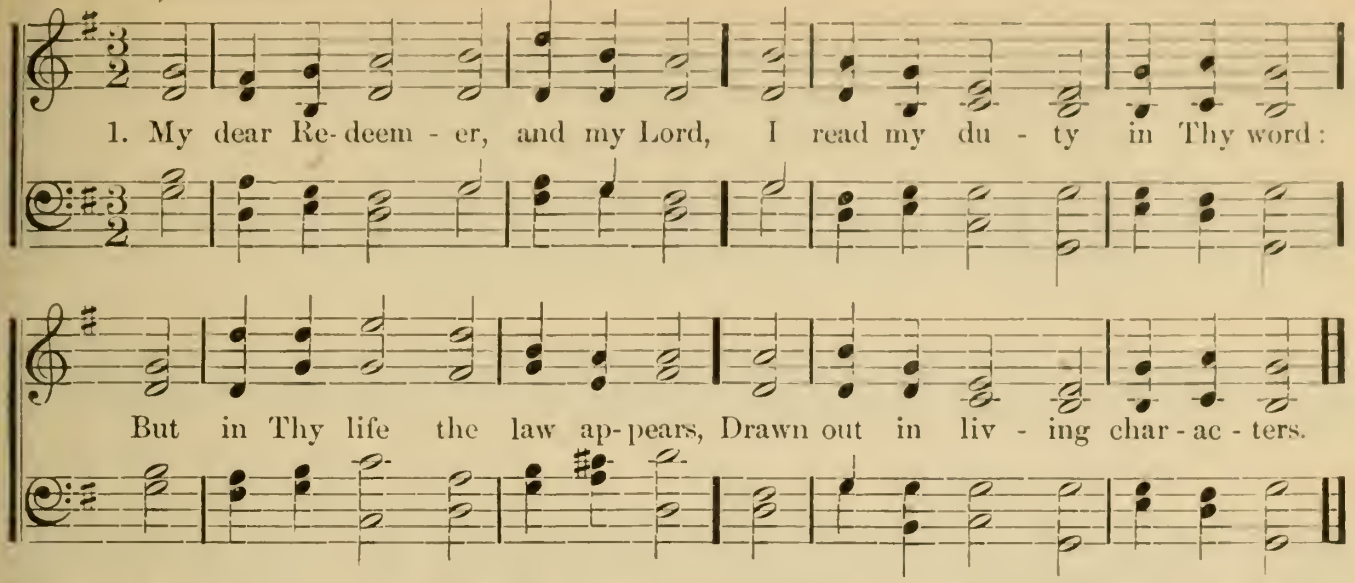
AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON, 1825.



51 ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1832.



2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

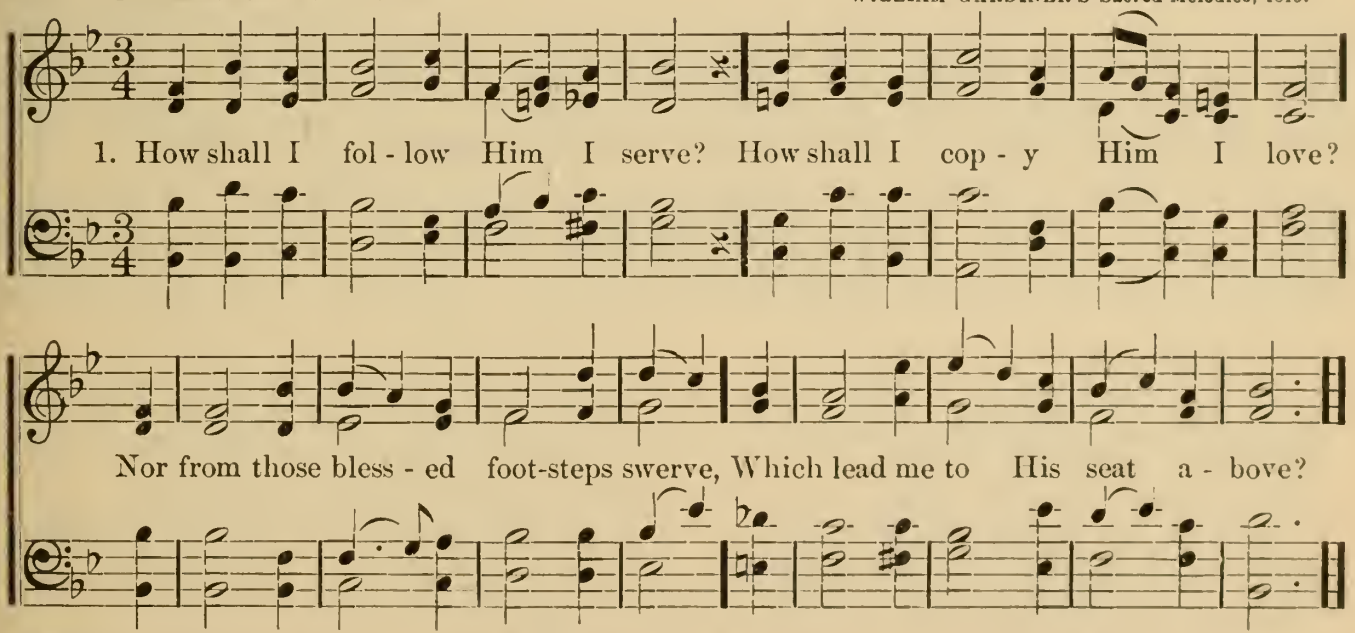
3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

52 GERMANY. L. M.

Subject from LUDWIG von BEETHOVEN.
WILLIAM GARDINER'S Sacred Melodies, 1815.



2 Lord, should my path thro' suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.

3 Oh, let me think how Thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless night:—

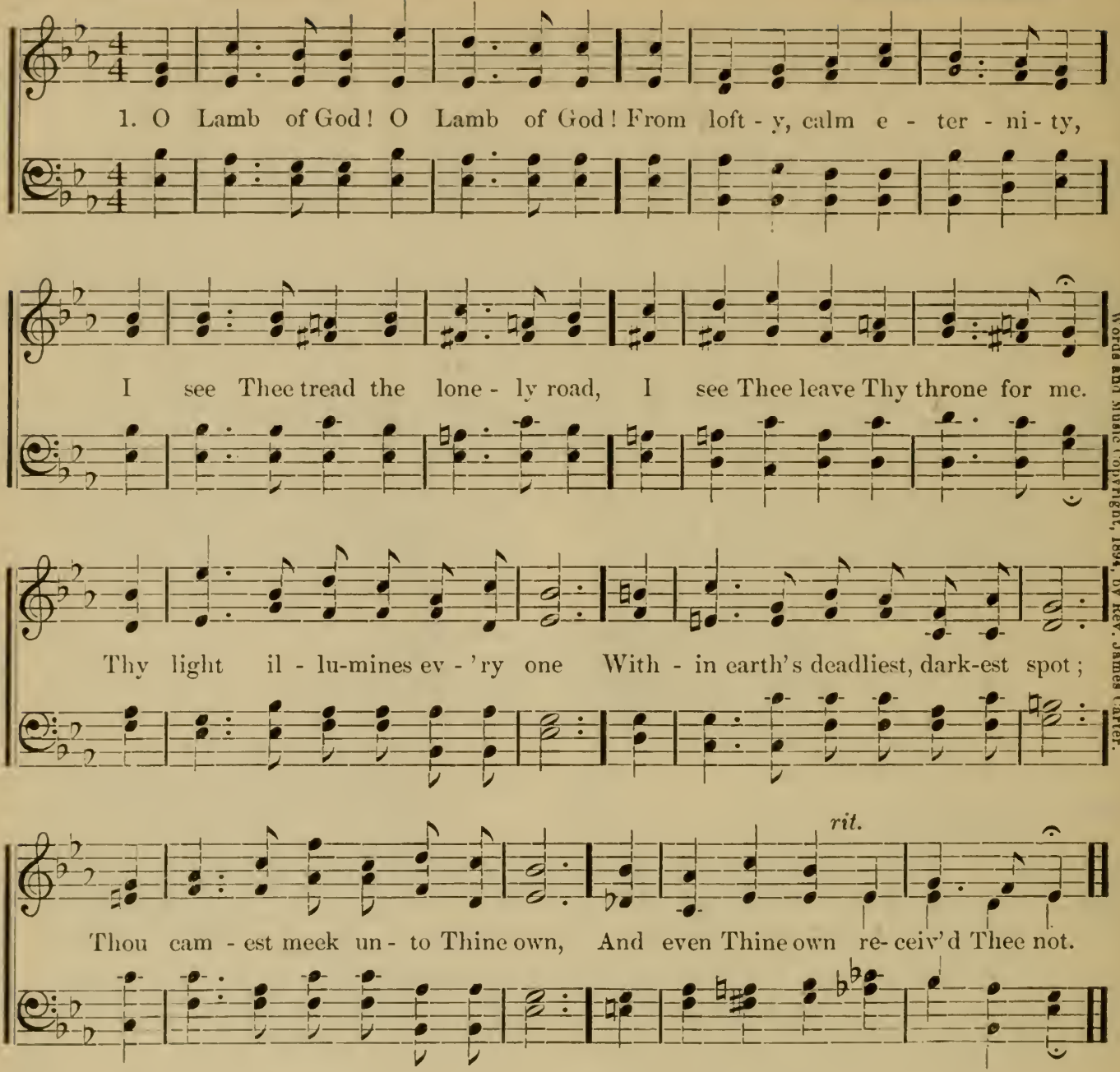
4 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest not Thyself to please:
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?

5 Yes! I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of Thine eye:
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
But Thou canst give the victory.

Josiah Conder, 1824, 1836. Ab.

53 O AGNE DEI. L. M. D.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1894.



Words and Music Copyright, 1894, by Rev. James Carter.

2 And all day long Thy yearning arms
Besought reluctant men to flee
From evil ways and deadly harms,
To find eternal rest in Thee.
All day Thine invitation sweet
With pitying patience gently pled
That they might make Thy flesh their meat,
Receive Thyself, their living bread.

3 And Thou hast known the look of scorn,
The haughty scribe's imperious tones,
And sharper than the platted thorn,
The ruin of Thy "little ones."
O Light of Light, Thy gentleness,
Thy love, is most divine to me,
Repulsed, yet striving still to bless
The proud and scornful Pharisee.

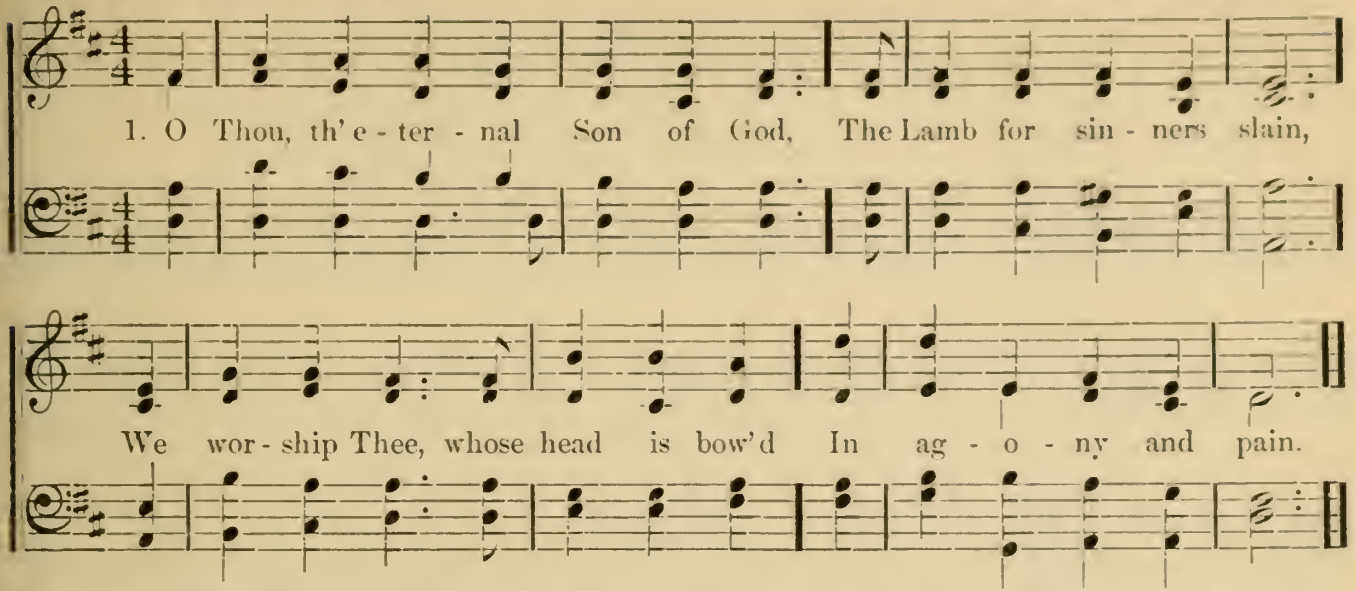
4 And still along the hurrying street,
And in the thronging, busy mart,
Men with impatient, ruthless feet
Tread on Thy patient, bleeding heart;
And yet Thine arms of pity wide
In steadfast love their grace extend;
For, though man cavil and deride,
Thou still wilt ever be his friend.

5 O Lamb of God! O Quenchless Love!
As adamant our hearts must be,
If such long patience fail to move,
And win our faithful love to Thee.
O Living Fire, consume our dross;
Our fatal hesitance win o'er;
And lead us, captives of Thy cross,
To life with Thee forever more.

Rev. James Carter, 1894.

54 ST. MARK. C. M.

HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, 1872.



2 None treads with Thee Thine awful path,
Thou sufferest alone;
Thine is the perfect sacrifice
Which only can atone.

3 Thou great High Priest, Thy glory robes
To-day are laid aside;
And human sorrows, Son of Man,
Thy Godhead seem to hide.

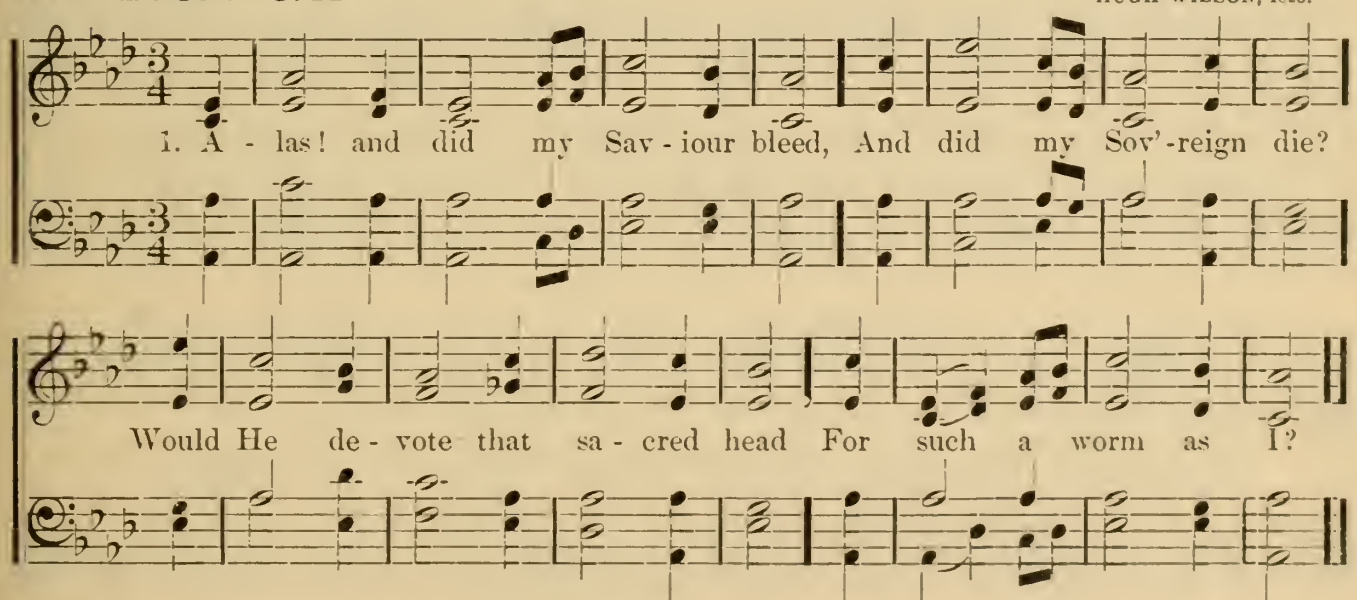
4 The cross is sharp, but in Thy woe
This is the lightest part;
Our sin it is which pierces Thee,
And breaks Thy sacred heart.

5 Who love Thee most, at Thy dear cross,
Will truest, Lord, abide;
Make Thou that cross our only hope,
O Jesus crucified.

William Chatterton Dix, 1864.

55 AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON, 1825.



2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut His glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

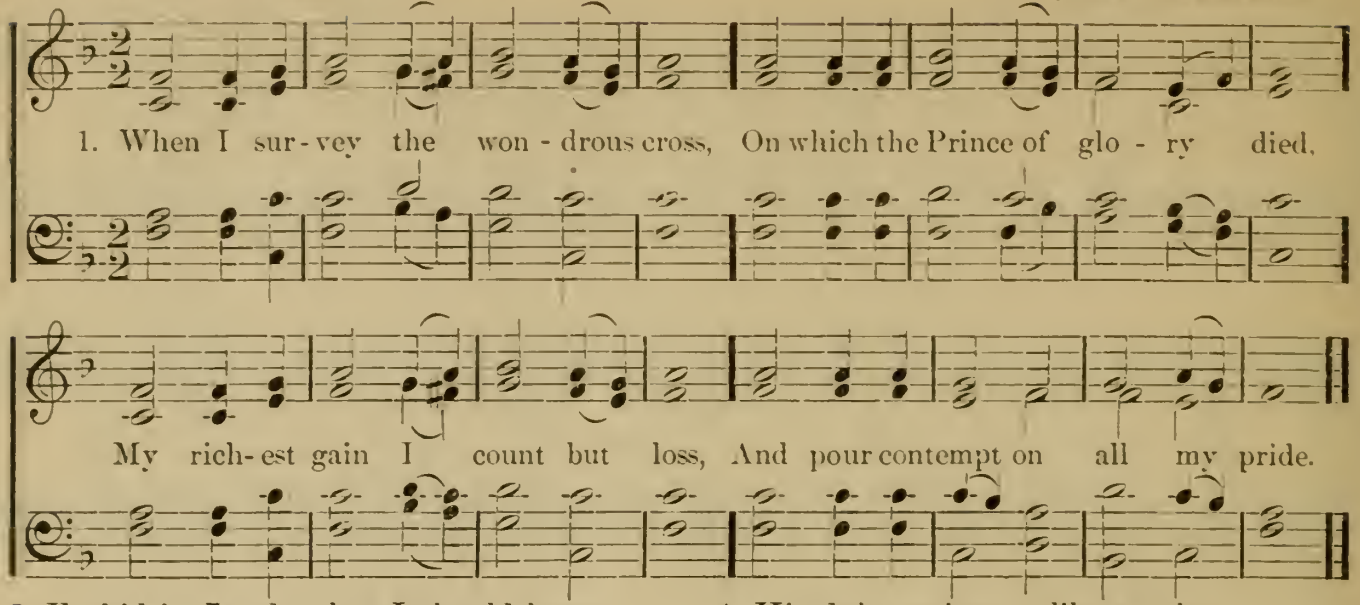
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707. Ab.

56 HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1825.



2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

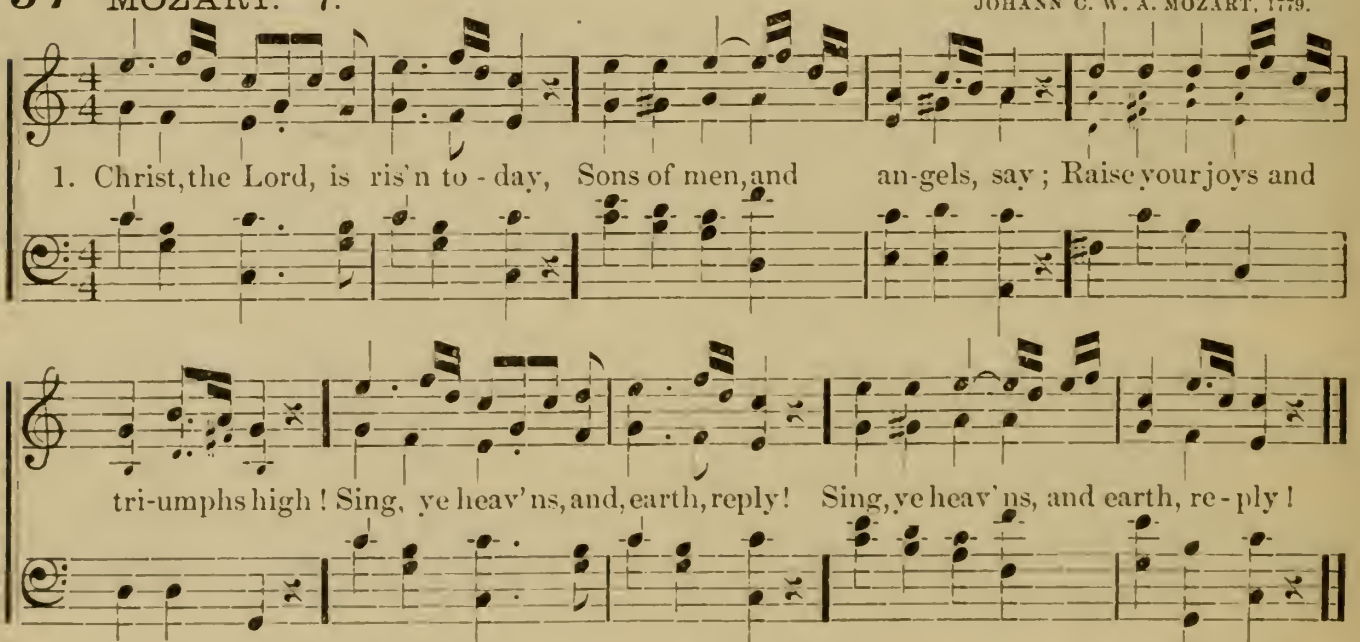
4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707.

57 MOZART. 7.

JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART, 1779.



2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo, He sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

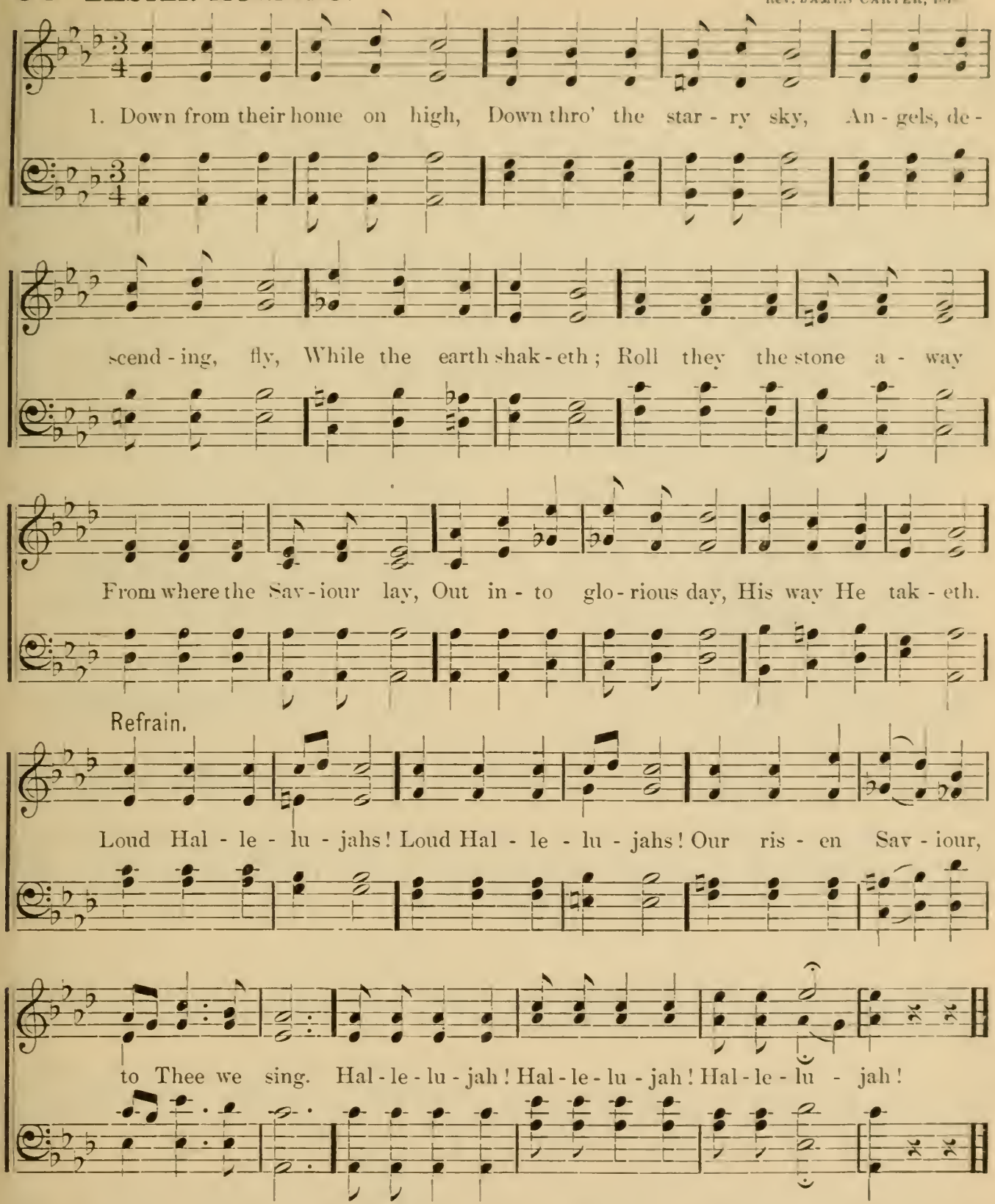
4 Lives again our glorious King;
"Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
Once He died our souls to save;
"Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739. Alt.

58 EASTER MORNING.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1878



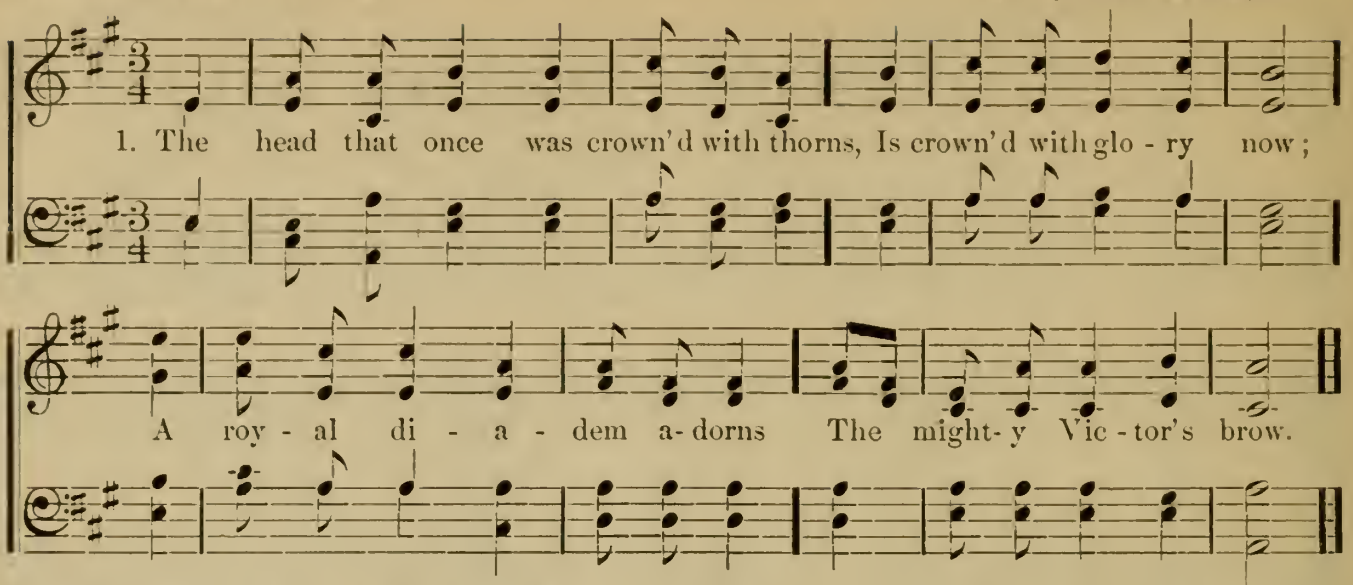
2 He from the grave is gone,
Treading the way alone,
Death now is overthrown
By His endeavor.
Where is thy victory,
O Grave? and where shall be,
O Death! our fear of thee?
Perished forever.

3 Sing we Thy praise for aye,
Who washed our sins away;
Unto Thy name alway
We shall be singing.
Far down the tracts of time
Shall every earthly clime
Join in the song sublime,
With praises ringing.

Rev. James Carter, 1878.

59 AZMON. C. M.

CARL GOTTHILF GLÄSER, 1828.
Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1839.



2 The highest place that Heaven affords,
Is His by sovereign right;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright;—

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His Name to know.

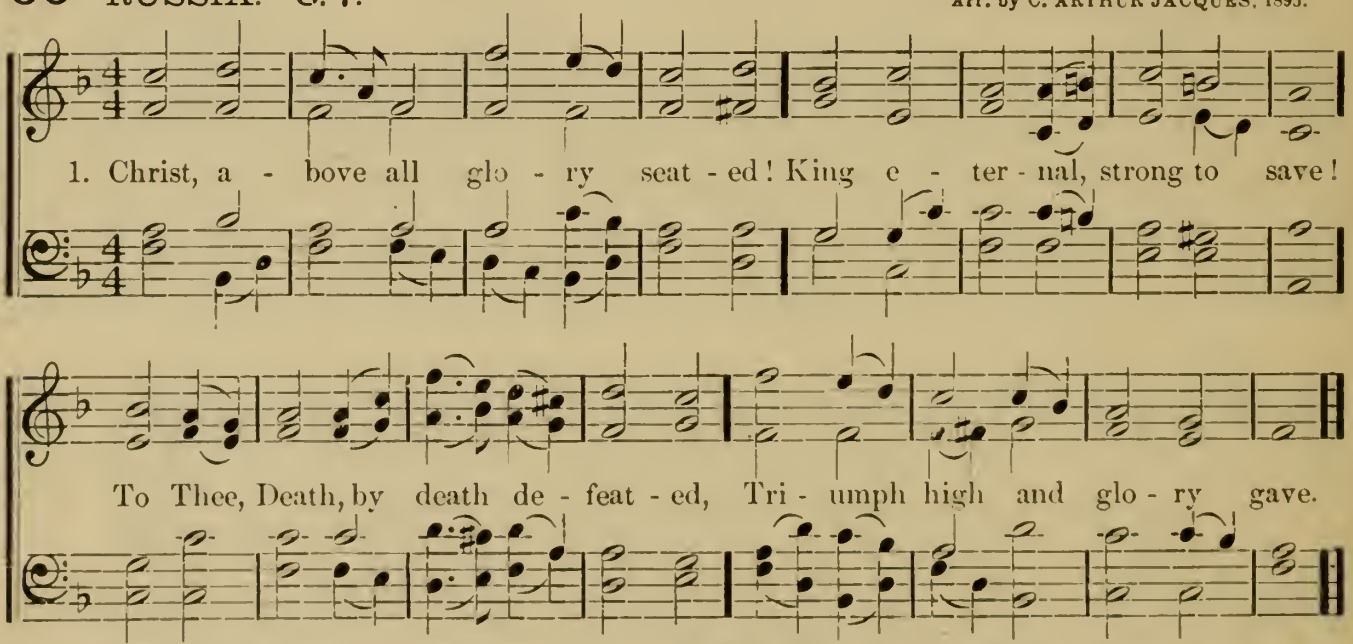
4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name—an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of Heaven.

5 To them the cross is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1820. Ab.

60 RUSSIA. 8.7.

ALEXIS FEODOROVITCH LWOFF, 1833.
Arr. by C. ARTHUR JACQUES, 1895.



2 Thou art gone, where now is given,
What no mortal might could gain:
On the eternal throne of Heaven,
In Thy Father's power to reign.

3 There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
Heaven above and earth below,
While the depths of hell before Thee,
Trembling and defeated bow.

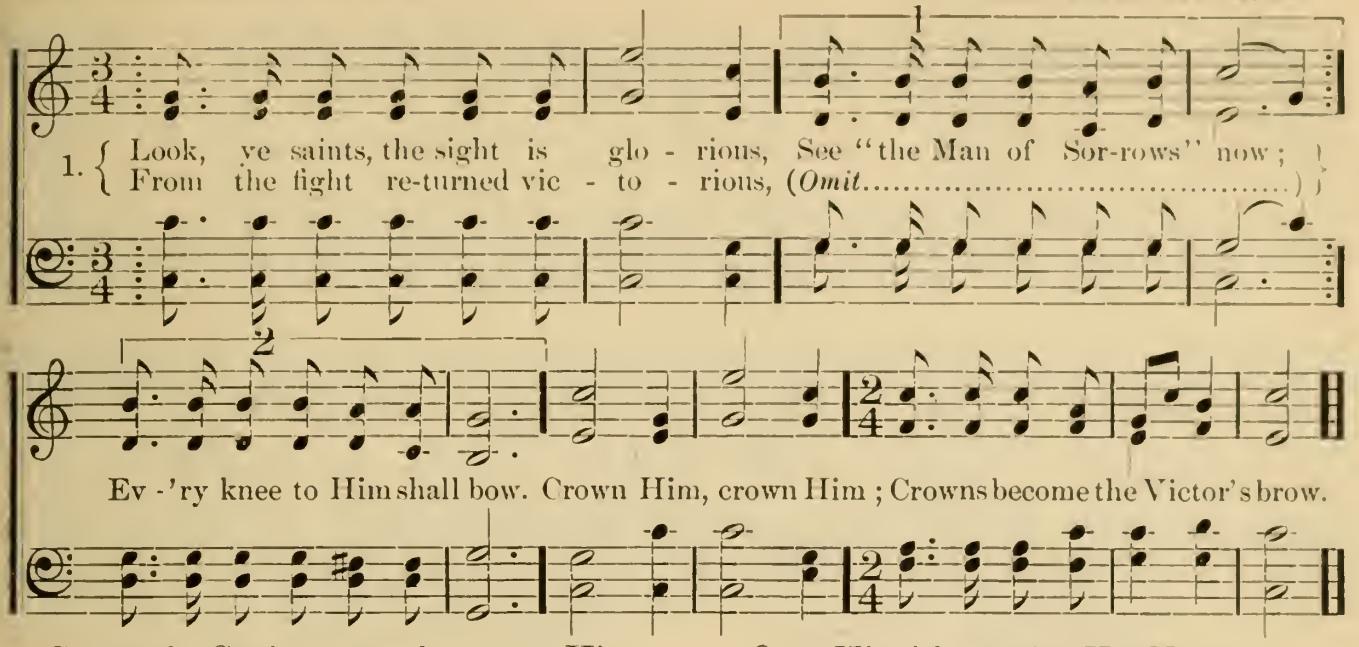
4 We, O Lord! with hearts adoring,
Follow Thee above the sky:
Hear our prayers Thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to Thee on high.

5 So when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of Heaven shalt shine,
We Thy flock shall stand before Thee,
Owned forevermore as Thine.

Unknown Latin Writer, c. 5th. Century.
Bp. James Russell Woodford, 1852. Ab.

61 VICTORY. 8. 7. 4.

HARRY HOBART BEADLE, 1854.



2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him:
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of Heaven rings:
Crown Him, crown Him;
Crown the Saviour "King of kings."

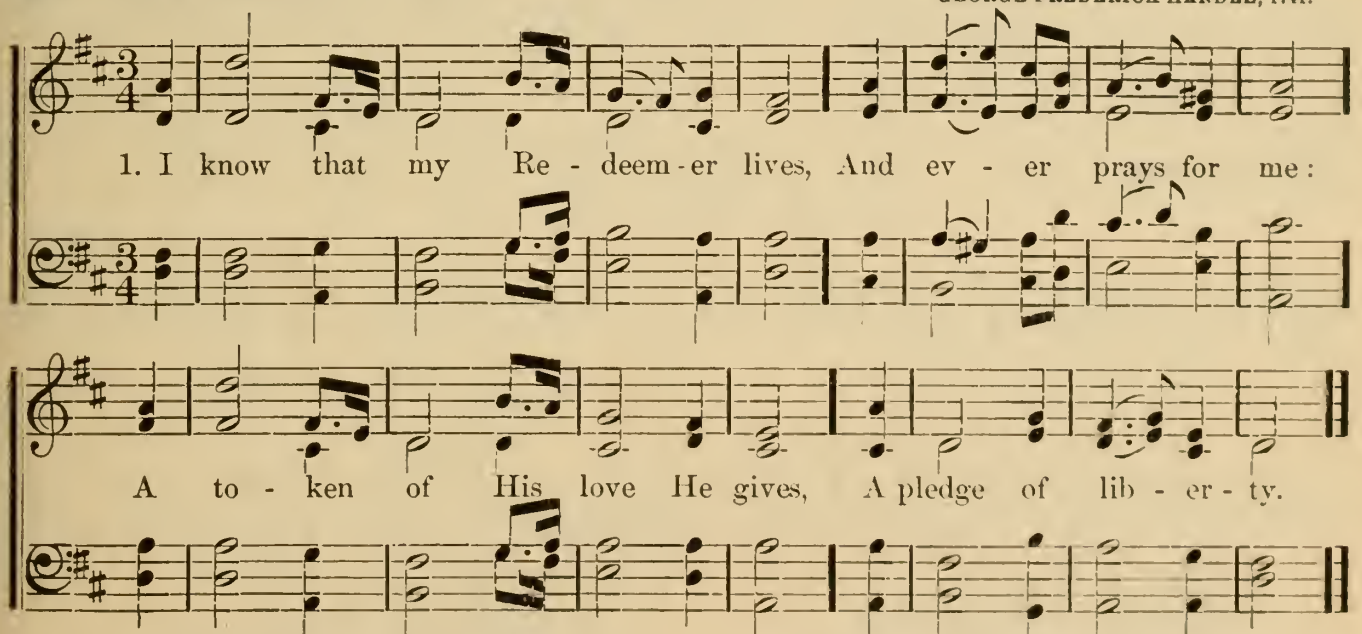
3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name:
Crown Him, crown Him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him, crown Him;
"King of kings, and Lord of lords."

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1809.

62 BRADFORD. C. M.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, 1741.



2 I find Him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near:
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

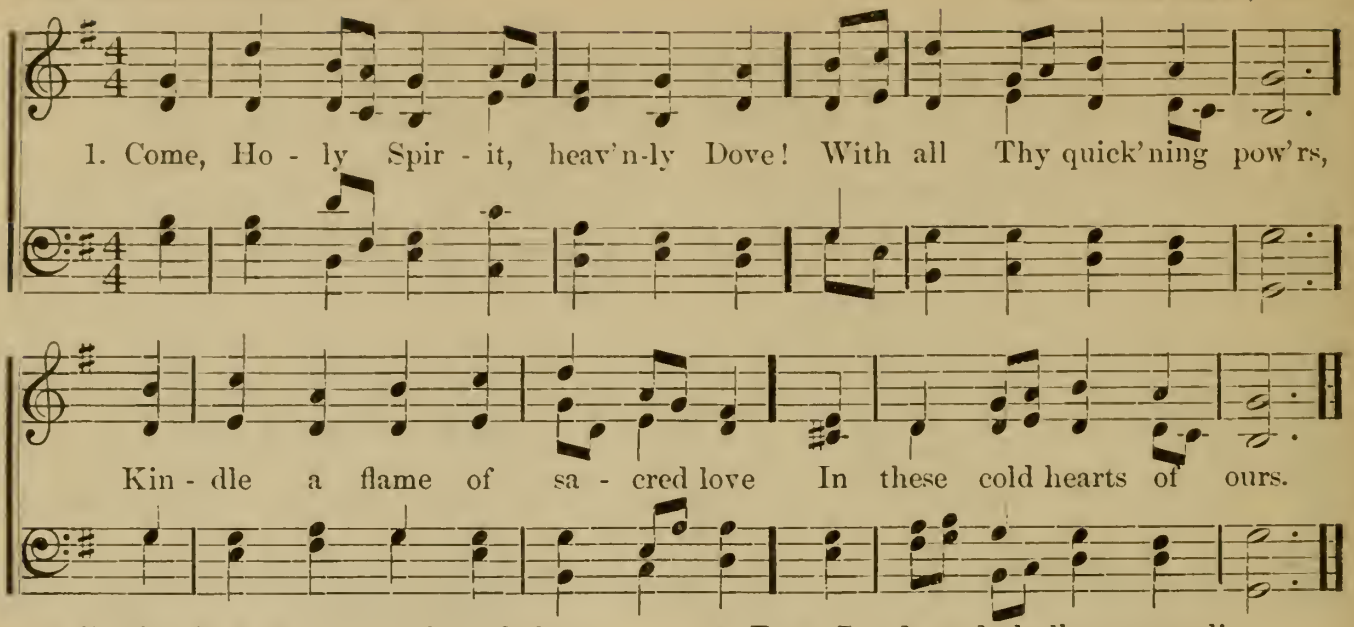
3 He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me,
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742. Ab.

63 STEPHENS. C. M.

Rev. WILLIAM JONES, 1784.



2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

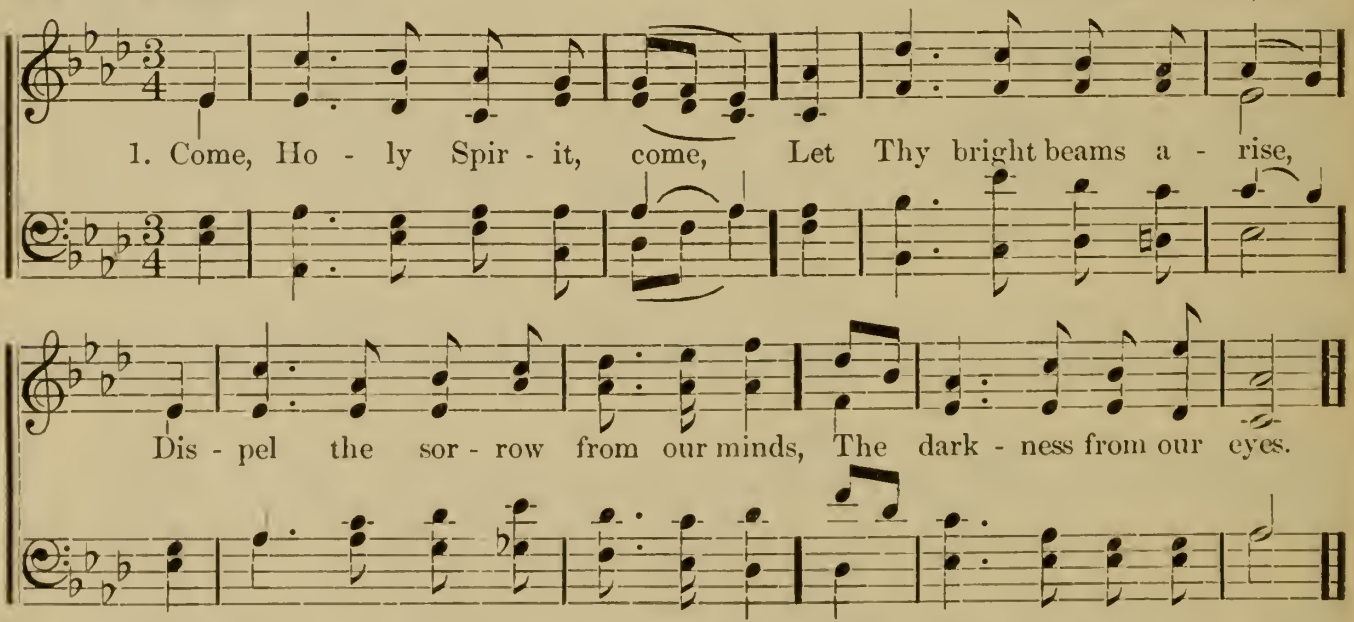
4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707.

64 HAYDN. S. M.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN, 1801.



2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breast the flame
Of never-dying love.

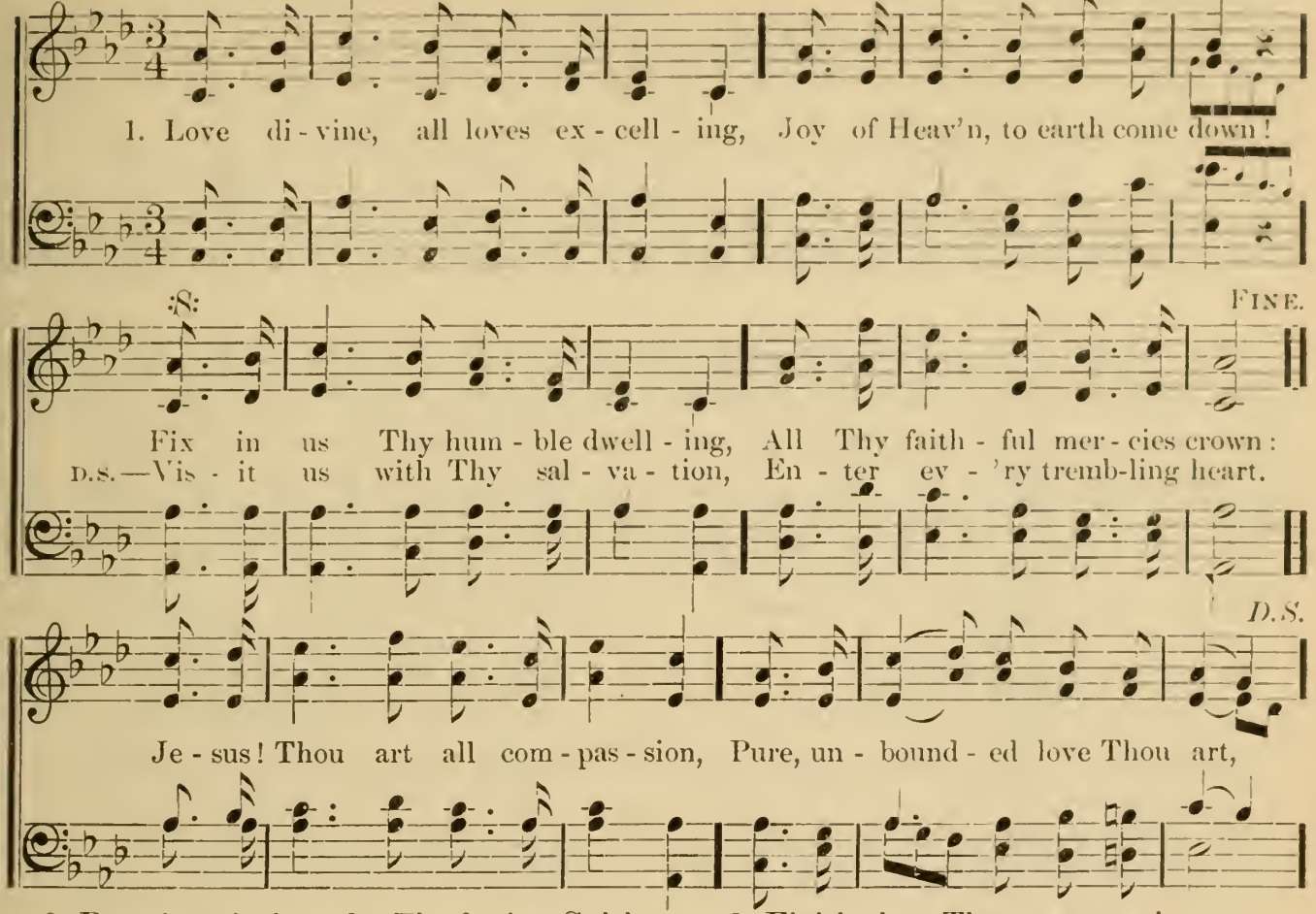
4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

Rev. Joseph Hart, 1759. Ab. and alt.

65 AUTUMN. 8.7. D.

FRANCOIS HIPPOLITE BARTHELEMON, c. 1796.
Arr. by ROBERT SIMPSON, 1832.



2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest:
Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive!
Speedily return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave!

3 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in Heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1747. Ab.

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66 (HAYDN). S. M.

1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost
Descend in all Thy power!

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

James Montgomery, 1825. Ab.

67 S. M.

1 O Lord, Thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And make her dying graces live
By Thy restoring power.

2 Oh, let Thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

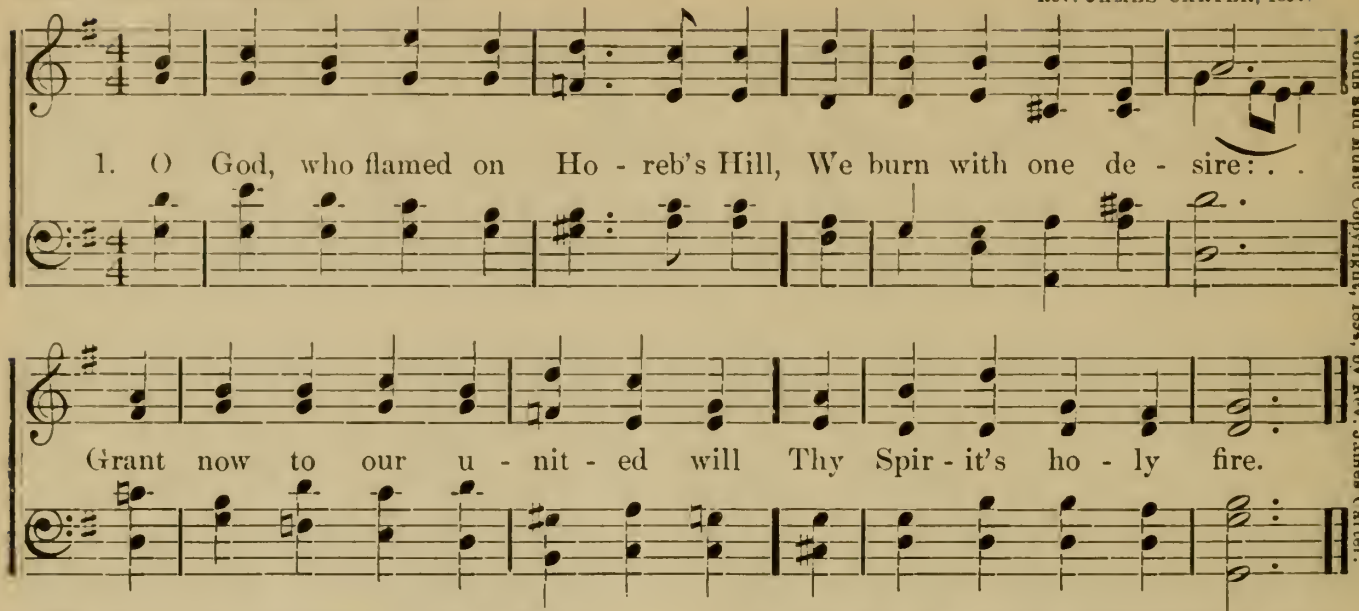
3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend Thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry;
Oh, come and bring salvation near;
Our souls on Thee rely.

Phœbe Hinsdale Brown, 1819. Ab.

68 PENTECOST. C. M.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1894.



Words and Music Copyright, 1894, by Rev. James Carter.

2 With cloven tongues of living flame
Descend on us this hour;
Put silent witnesses to shame,
Teach us to speak with power.

3 Grant gift of tongues, each heart to move
In language of its own;
Translate the message of Thy love,
And melt the hearts of stone.

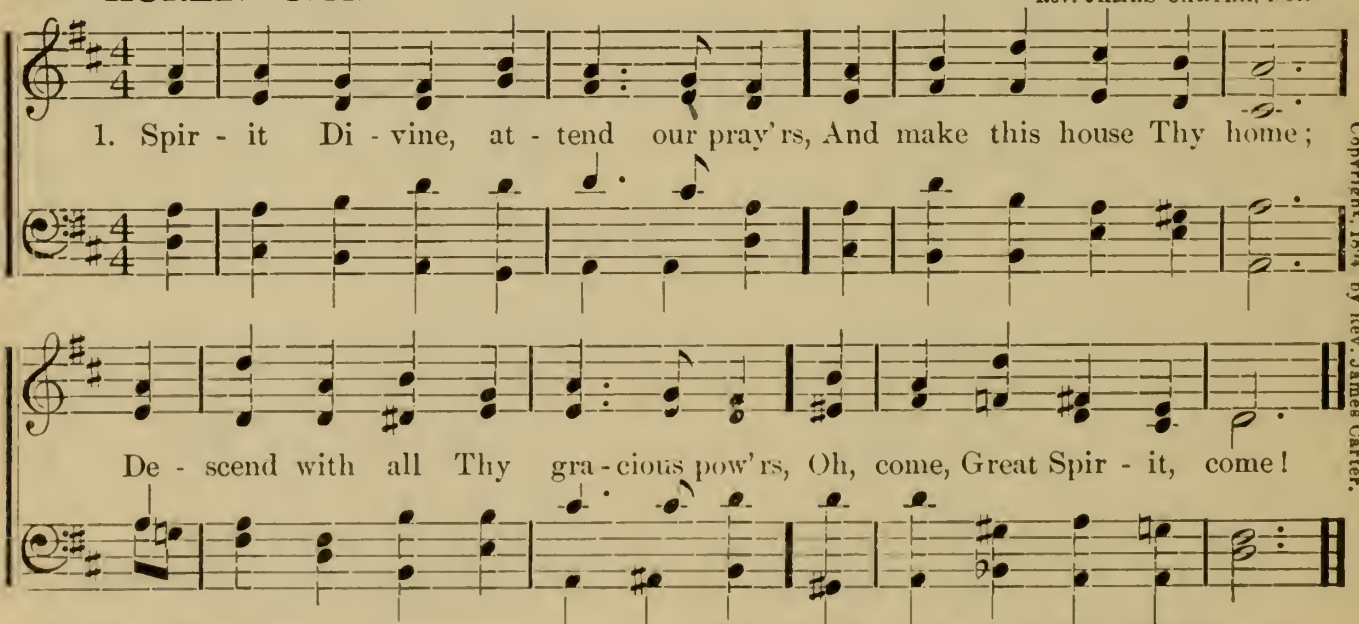
4 Touch and transform, and sweetly sway
All spirits by Thy word;
Grant us Thy Pentecostal day,
Souls for Thy kingdom, Lord.

5 O God, who flamed on Horeb's Hill,
Before Thy throne we bow;
From Thine eternal fulness fill;
Grant us Thy Spirit now.

Emma Smuller Carter, 1894.

69 HOREB. C. M.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1894.



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2 Come as the light; to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame:
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's Name.

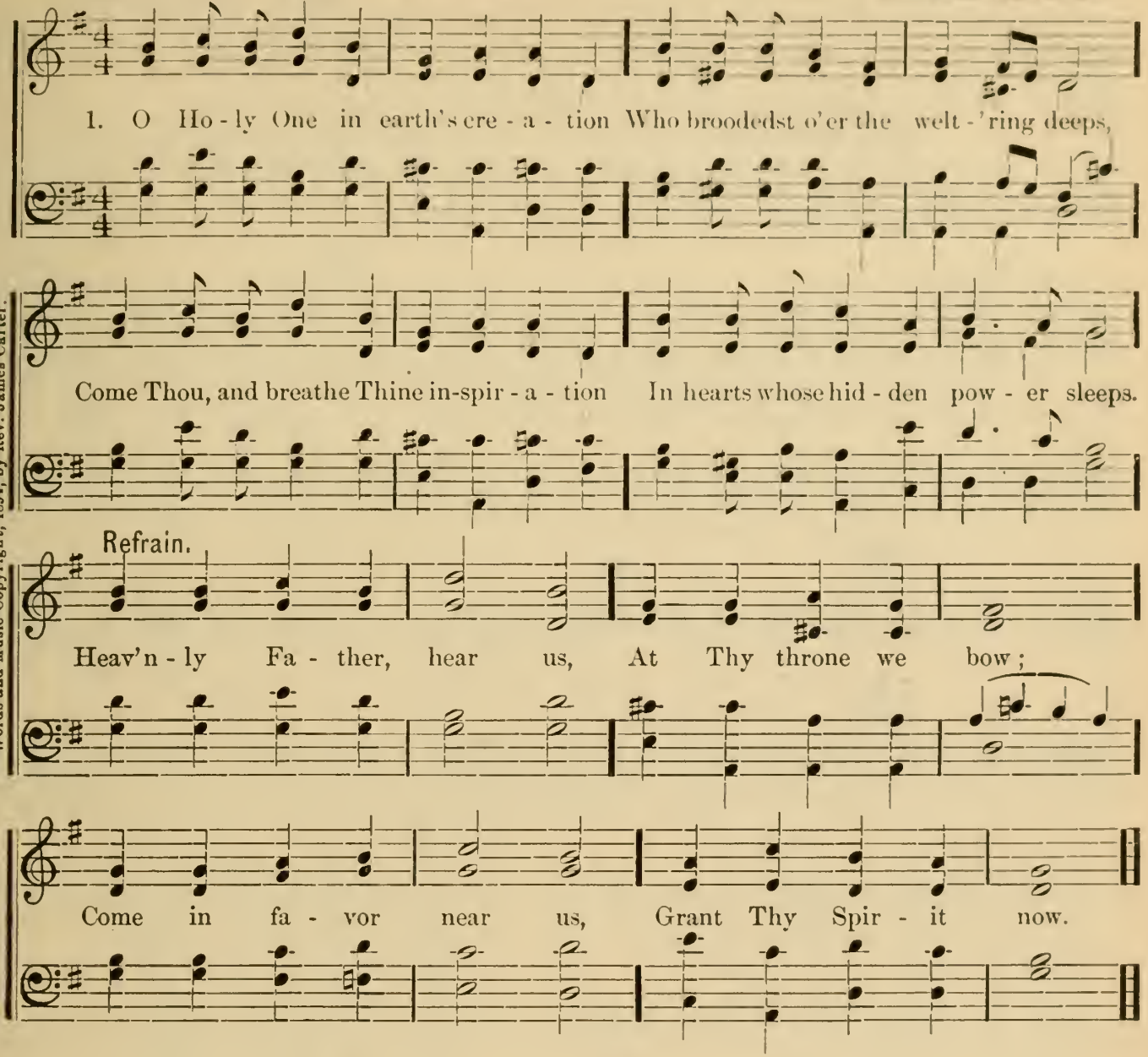
4 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With Pentecostal grace;
And make the great salvation known,
Wide as the human race.

5 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
Oh, come, Great Spirit, come!

Rev. Andrew Reed, 1819. Ab. and sl. alt.

70 PETITION. 9. 8. With Refrain.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1894.



Words and Music Copyright, 1894, by Rev. James Carter.

2 O Breath, that bloweth where it listeth,
Thy servants wait Thy gracious sign.
Subdue in us all that resisteth
And thrill our souls with fire divine.

3 Before Thy Presence High we bow us,
Our wills we humble at Thy feet.
Oh, with Thy might divine endow us!
For faithful service make us meet.

4 We bend, and beg Thy visitation,
Unworthy we, and yet, this hour
Grant us, O Lord, the consecration
To be Thy witnesses with power.

5 Still stand we here, O Spirit Holy,
Thy soldiers waiting for their Lord;
Fill us with Thine own Self that, lowly,
We may go forth to speak Thy word.

Rev. James Carter, 1894.

71

1 Spirit Divine, who once descended,
Dove-like, upon the Saviour's head,
Now be to us Thy grace extended;
Now be on us Thy virtue shed.

REFRAIN.—Holy Spirit, bow us
To Thy blessed will;
With Thy might endow us;
With Thy wisdom fill.

2 Thou, who in Pentecostal splendor
Didst on the first disciples shine,
Come with a grace serene and tender,
Fill every soul with fire divine.

3 Give us a voice for proclamation:
Plant in our hearts Thy love so free:
Give us the power to bring salvation
Near to the souls that wait for Thee.

Rev. James Carter, 1894.

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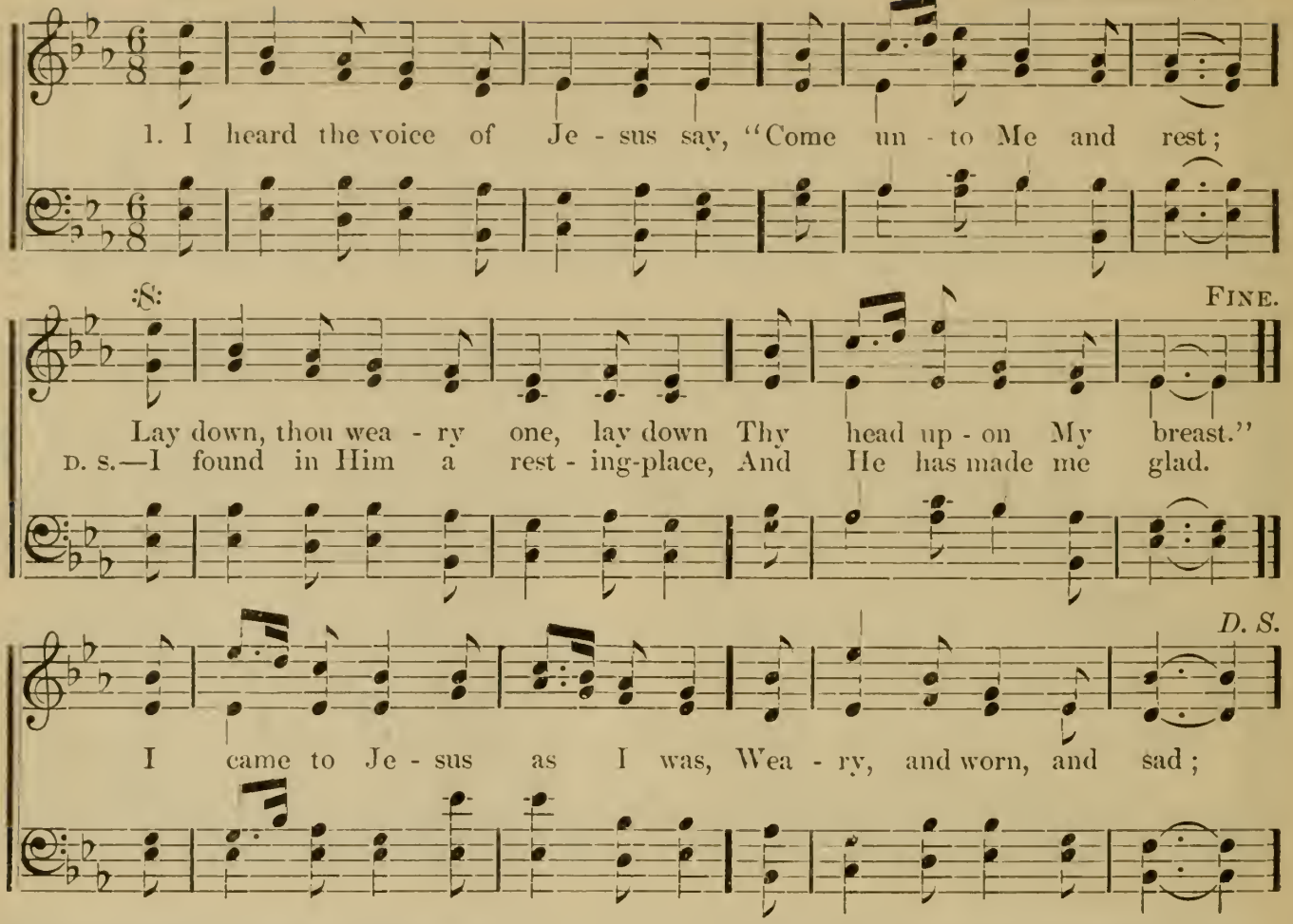
72 ATHENS. C. M. D.

FELICE GIARDINI, 1760.



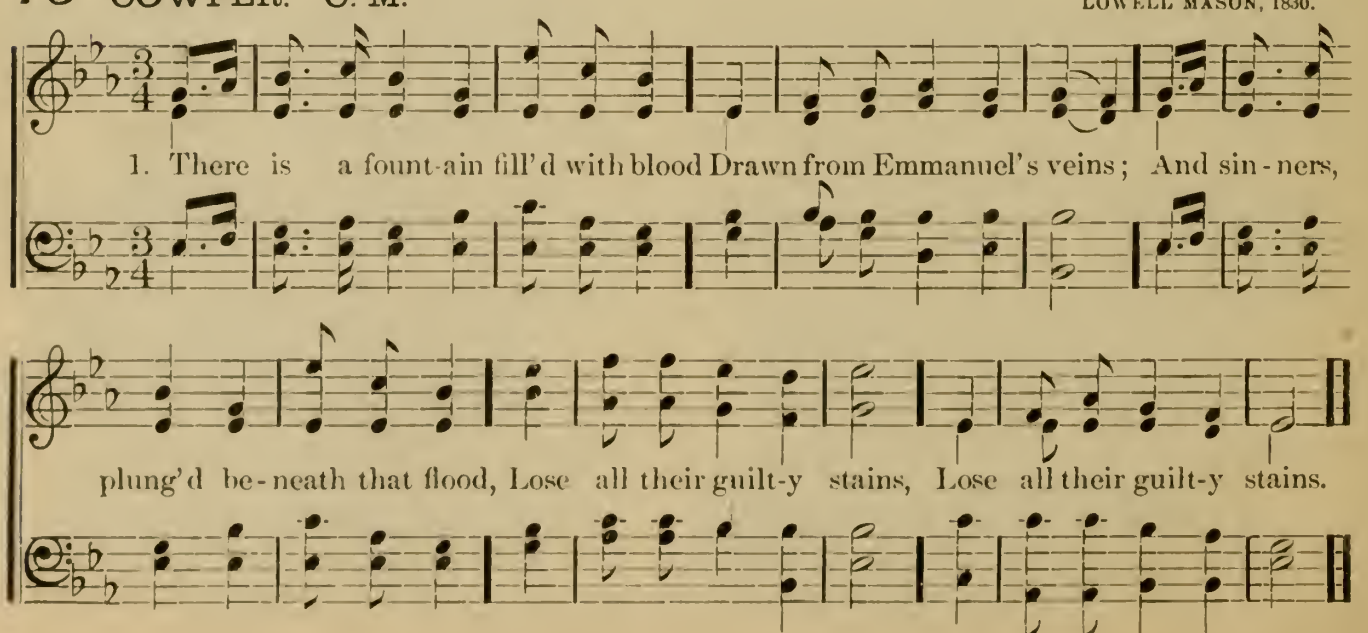
2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1846. Sl. alt.

73 COWPER. C. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

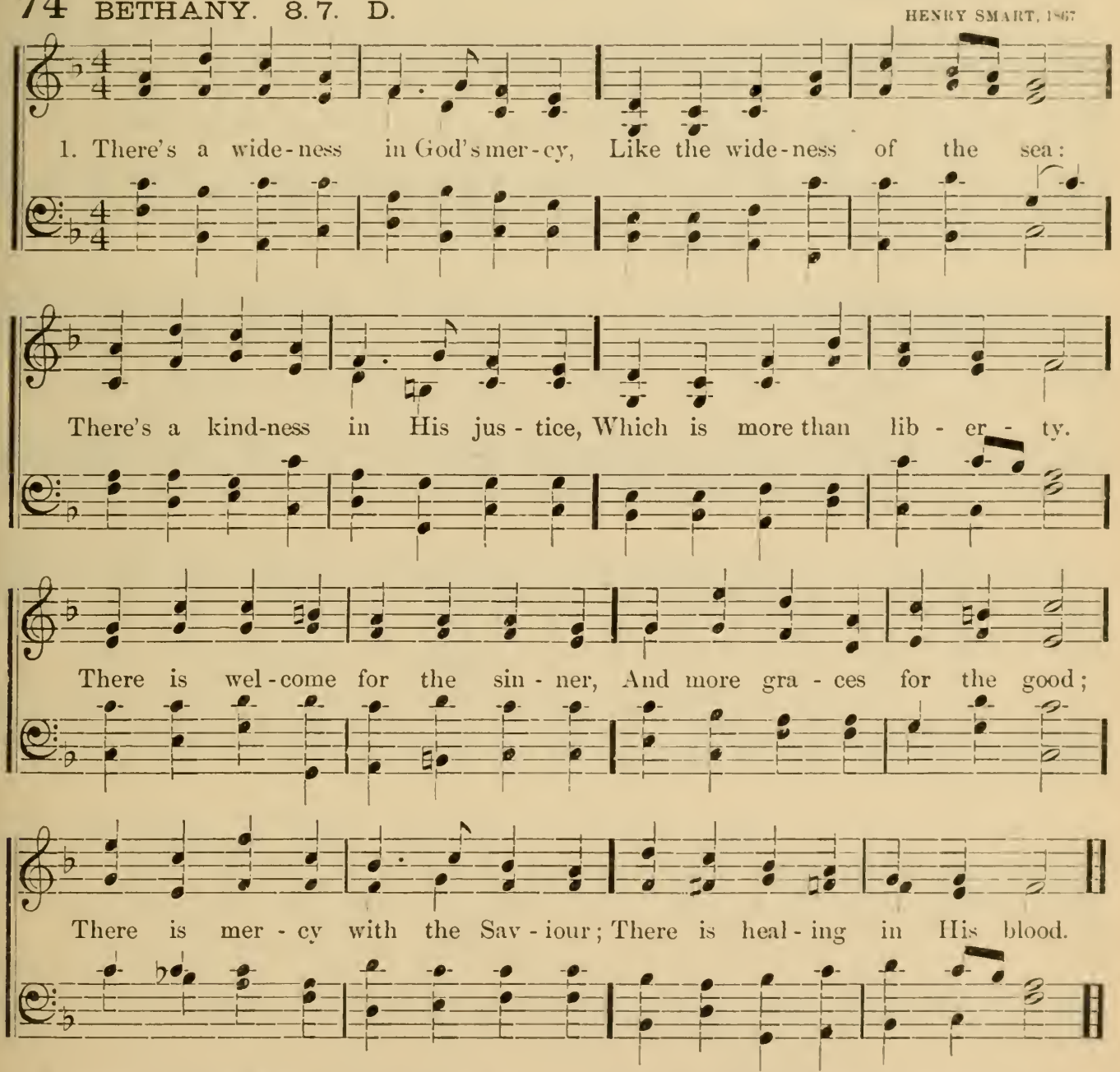
4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 And when this feeble, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save.

William Cowper, 1779. Ab. and alt.

74 BETHANY. 8.7. D.

HENRY SMART, 1867



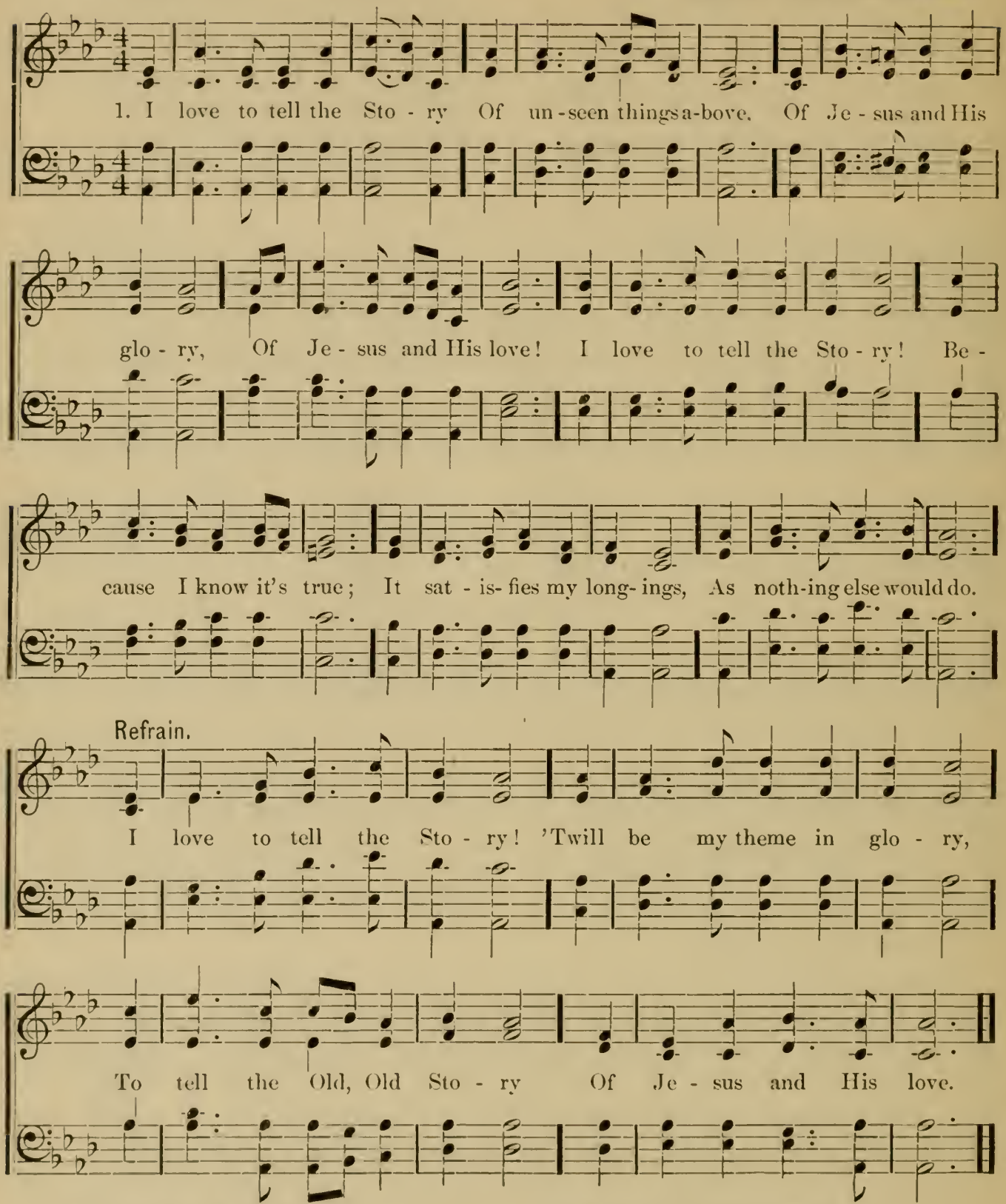
2 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in Heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
If our love were but more simple
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick William Faber, 1849. Ab.

75 I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7. 6. D. With Refrain.

WILLIAM GUSTAVUS FISCHER, 1869.



2 I love to tell the Story!
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the Story!
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason,
I tell it now to thee.

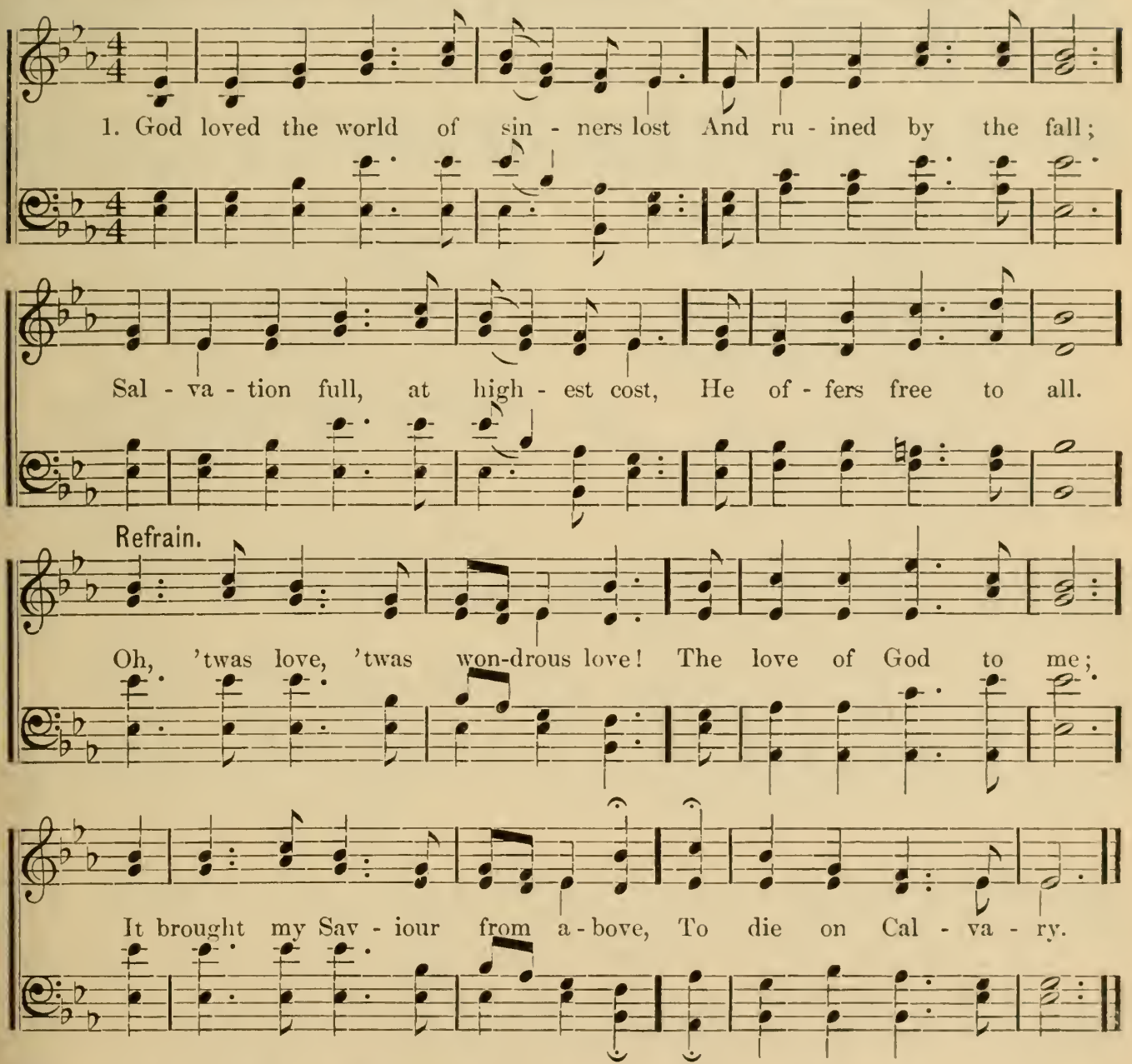
3 I love to tell the Story!
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the Story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own Holy Word.

4 I love to tell the Story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be—the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long.

Miss Katherine Hankey, 1866.

76 WONDROUS LOVE. C. M. With Refrain.

WILLIAM GUSTAVUS FISCHER, 1871.



2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through His blood.

3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blesséd rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.

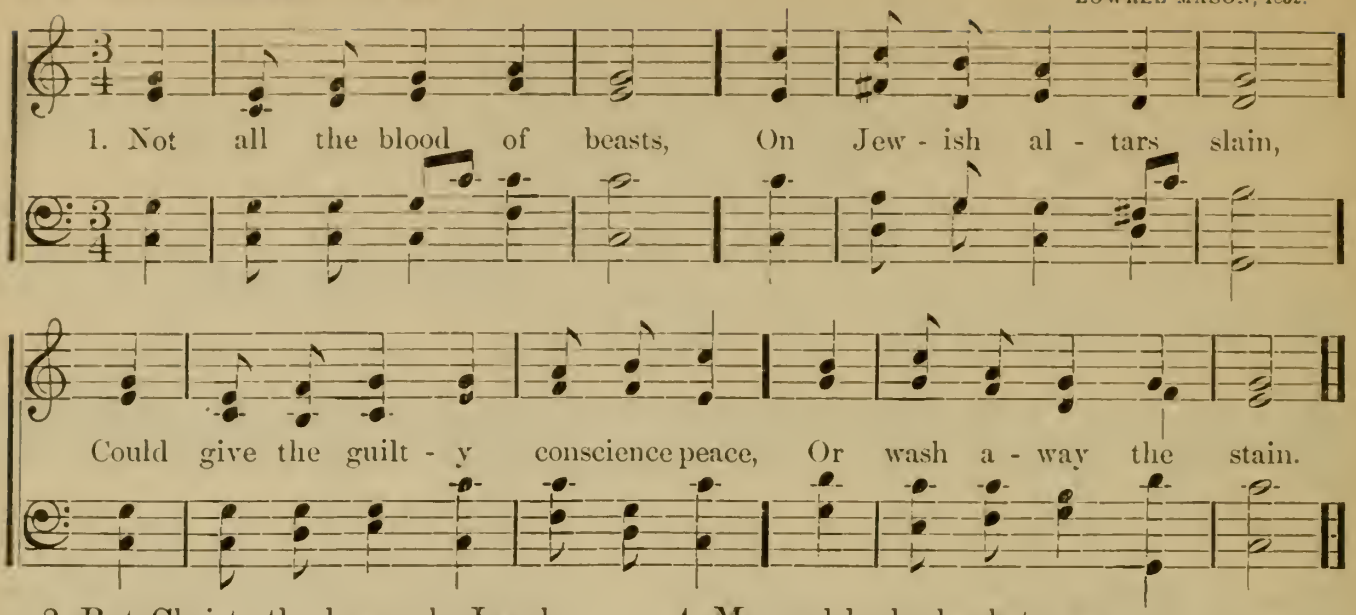
4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in Heaven.

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord our King.

Martha Matilda Stockton, 1871.

77 BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1832.



2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

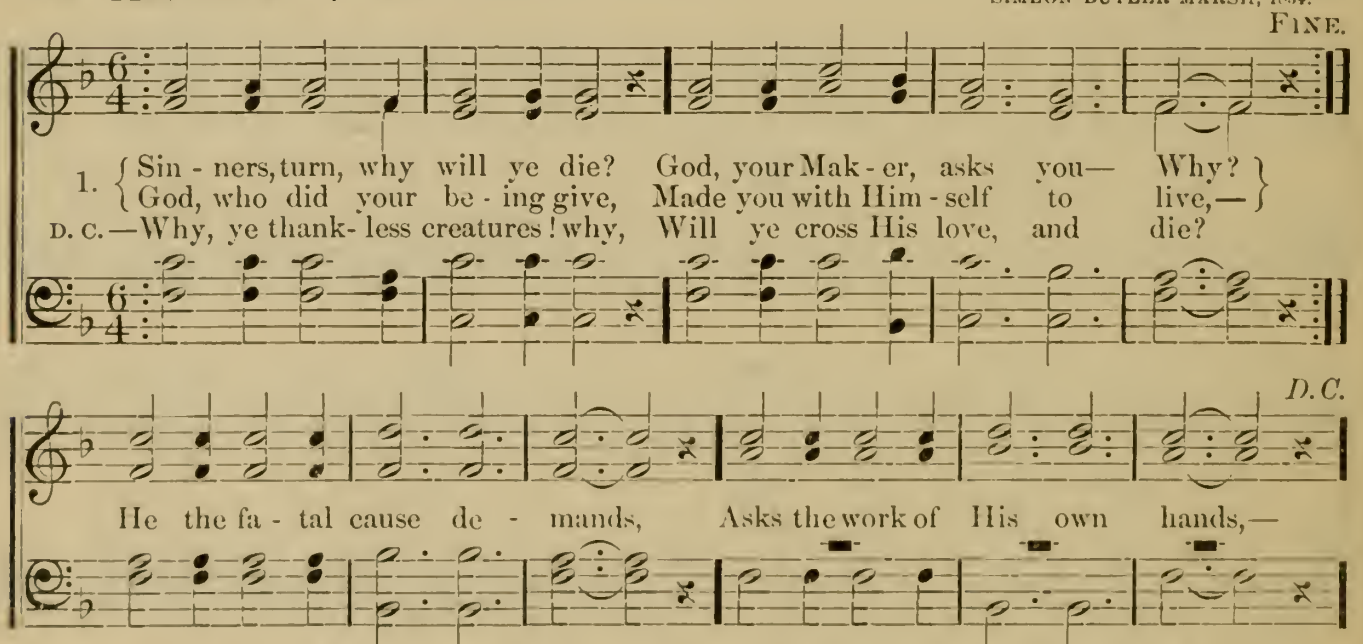
4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear
When hanging on the curséd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

78 MARTYN. 7. D.

SIMEON BUTLER MARSH, 1834.



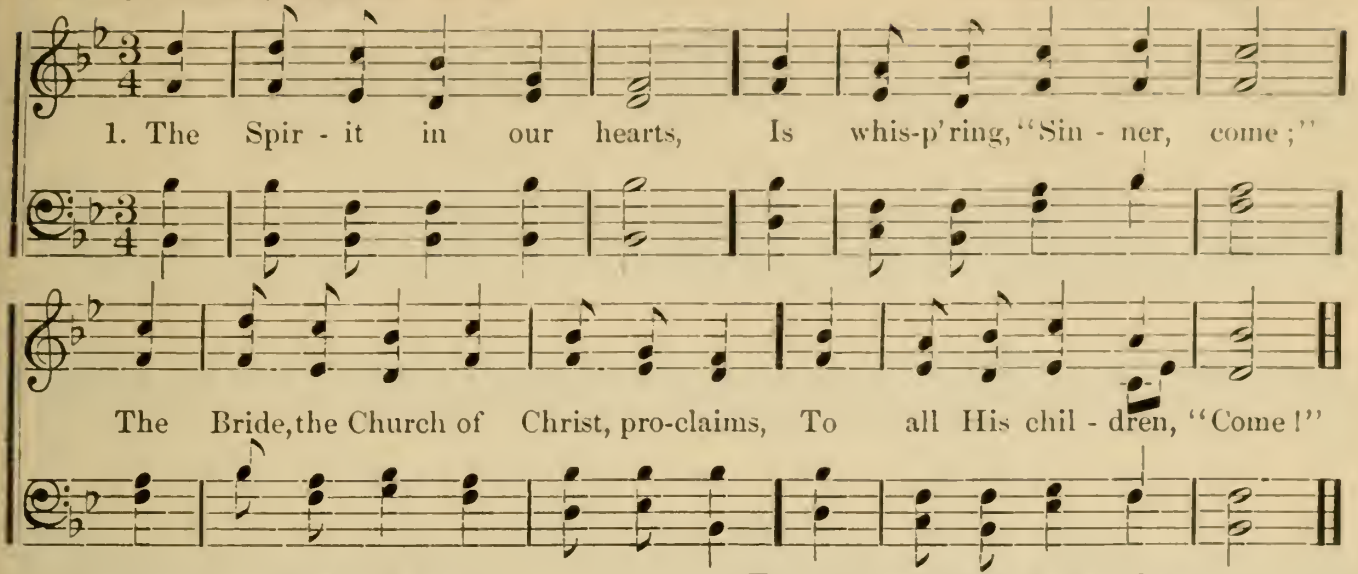
2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you—Why?
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit asks you—Why?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace His love:
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners! why,
Why will ye forever die?

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1741. Ab.

79 STATE STREET. S. M.

JONATHAN CALL WOODMAN, 1846.



2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the Fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh! let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so! we wait Thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

Bp. Henry Ustick Onderdonk, 1826.

80

1 Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
O sinners! come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise, in His word,
Declares there yet is room.

John Dobell, 1806. Alt.

81

1 Oh, cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Hath not for thee a home.

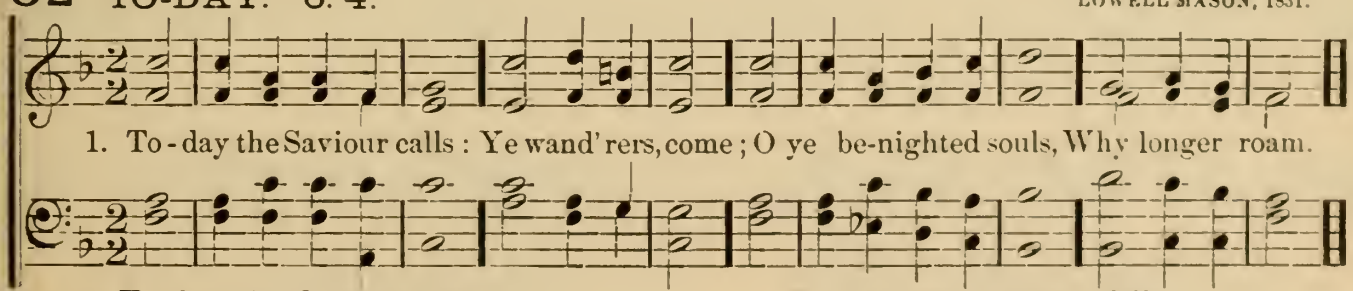
2 Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door!
Oh, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest;
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

Rev. William Augustus Muhlenburg, 1826. Alt.

82 TO-DAY. 6. 4.

LOWELL MASON, 1831.



2 To-day the Saviour calls:
Oh, hear Him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

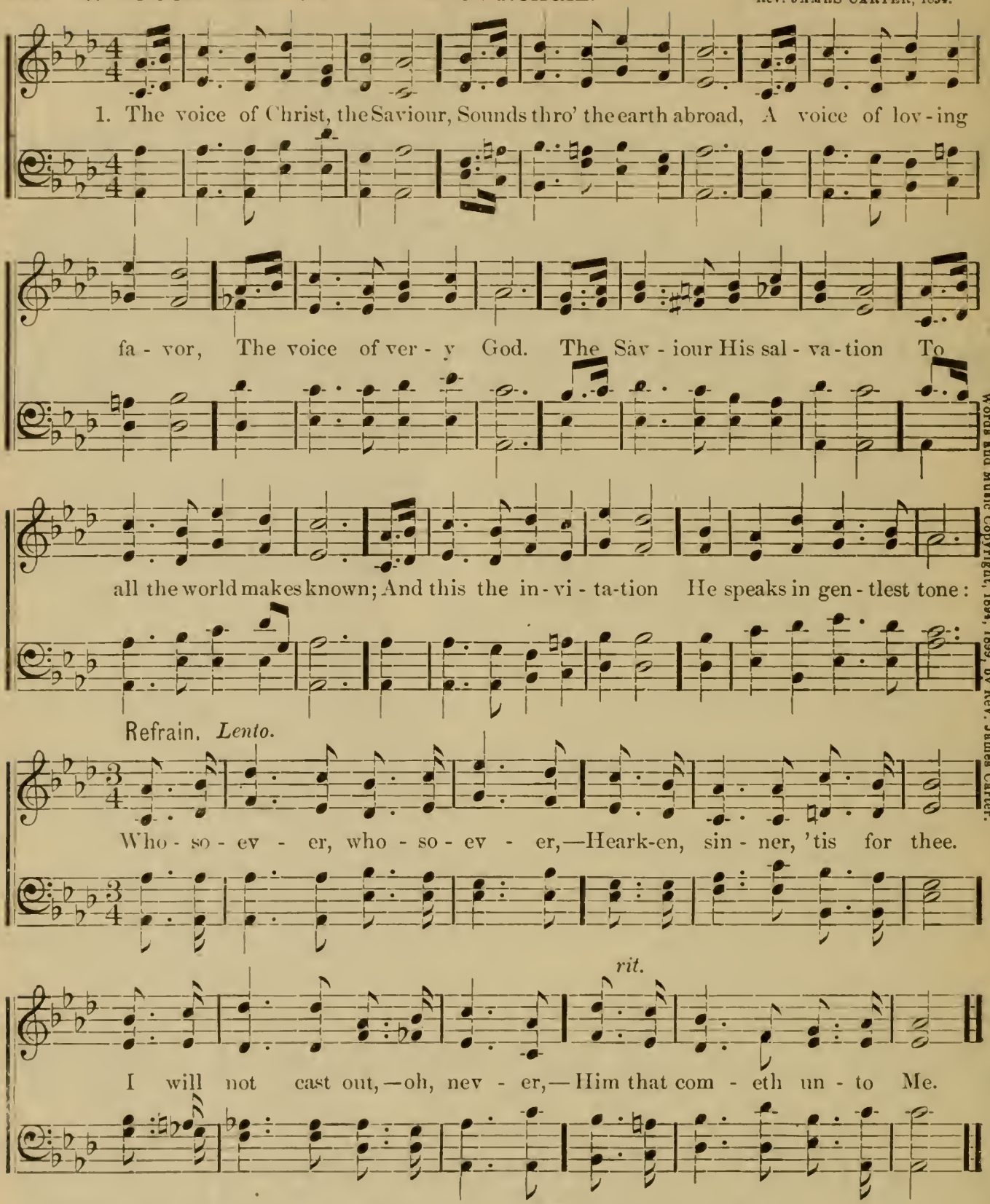
3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power;
Oh, grieve Him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, 1831.
Alt. by Thomas Hastings, 1831.

83 WHOSOEVER. 7. 6. D. With Refrain.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1894.



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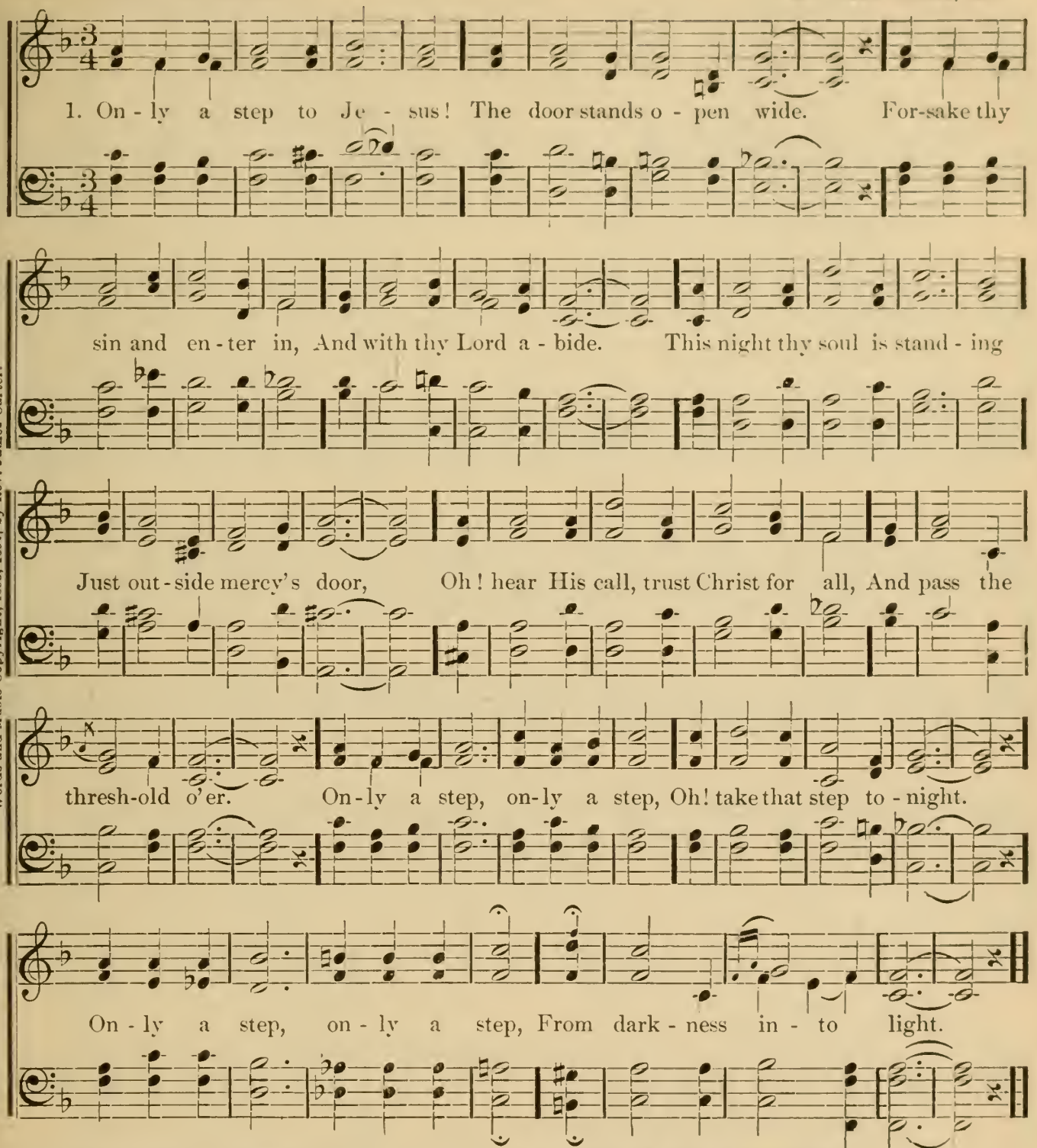
2 When life's fair morning sparkles
With beauty and with light,
When life's still evening darkles
In disappointment's night,
That calm, clear voice to gladness
Securest guidance brings;
And, through the dusk of sadness,
Invites to healing springs.

3 To all discouraged sinners
His voice of mercy comes;
To burdened, worn bread-winners,
To toilers in earth's homes.
When joy and beauty glisten,
They find His way is best;
And, when the weary listen,
His voice brings peace and rest.

Rev. James Carter, 1894.

84 ONLY A STEP.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1891.



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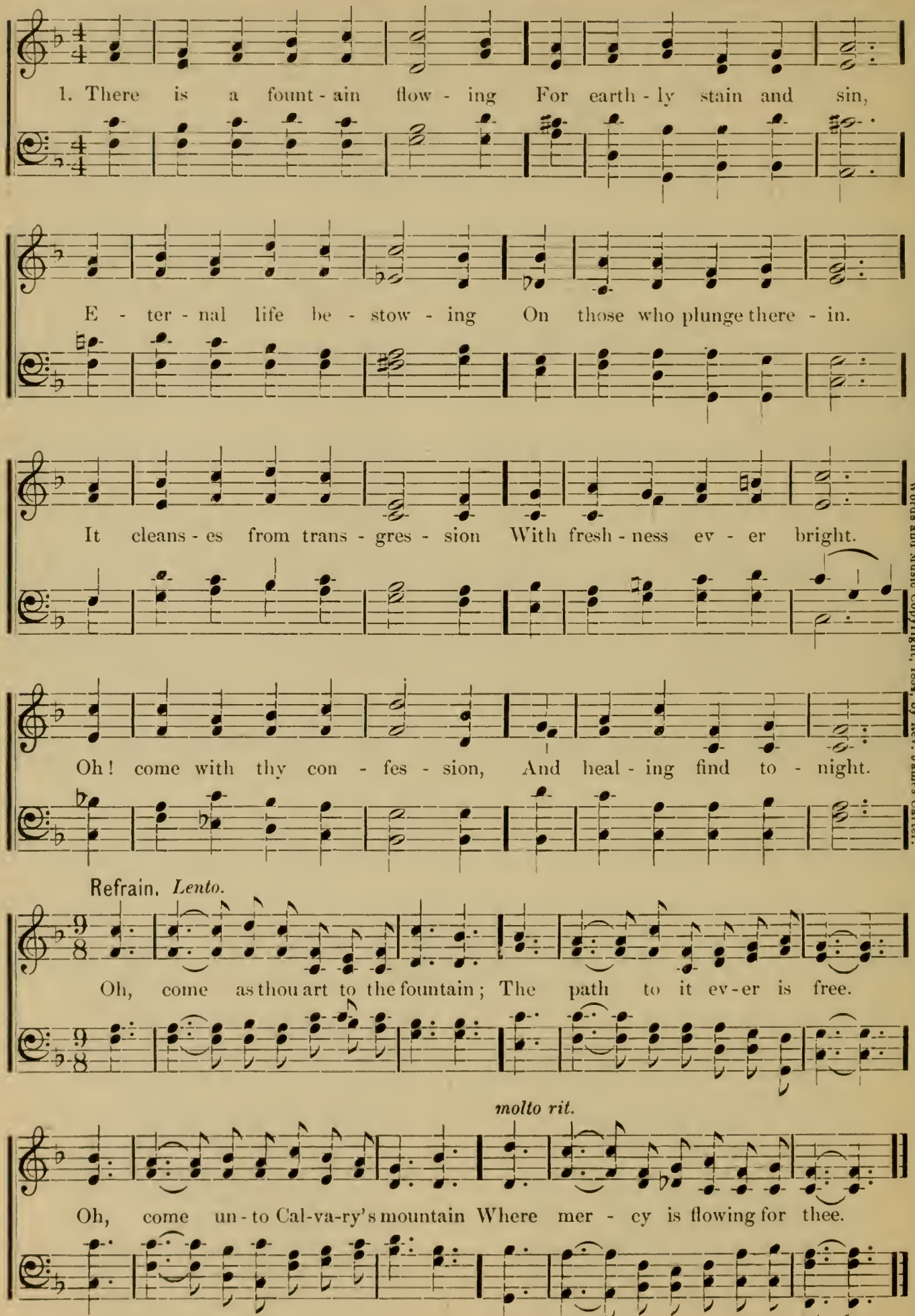
2 Only a step to Jesus!
He pleads with thee to come.
Oh! enter now, before Him bow,
And rest in peace at home.
So near, so near to safety,
So near the open door,—
Alas for those who see it close
To open never more.
Only a step, only a step,
From darkness into light.
O souls that wait at mercy's gate,
Take, take that step to-night.

3 Only a step He asketh,
How small a thing to do
For Him who died, the Crucified,
For you, for you, for you.
A step to joy from sorrow,
A step to peace from strife,
To Heaven at last, when earth is past,
A step from death to life.
Only a step, only a step,
Hear His sweet voice invite.
O souls that wait at mercy's gate,
Take, take that step to-night.

Emma Smuller Carter, 1891.

85 FONS SALUTIS. 8. 7. D. With Refrain.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1894.



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2 Though scarlet sins withhold thee,
Yet for thy comfort know,
If once that flood enfold thee,
It washes white as snow.
Not e'en thy crimson error
That crimson fount disdains;
That blood can soothe thy terror
And make as wool thy stains.

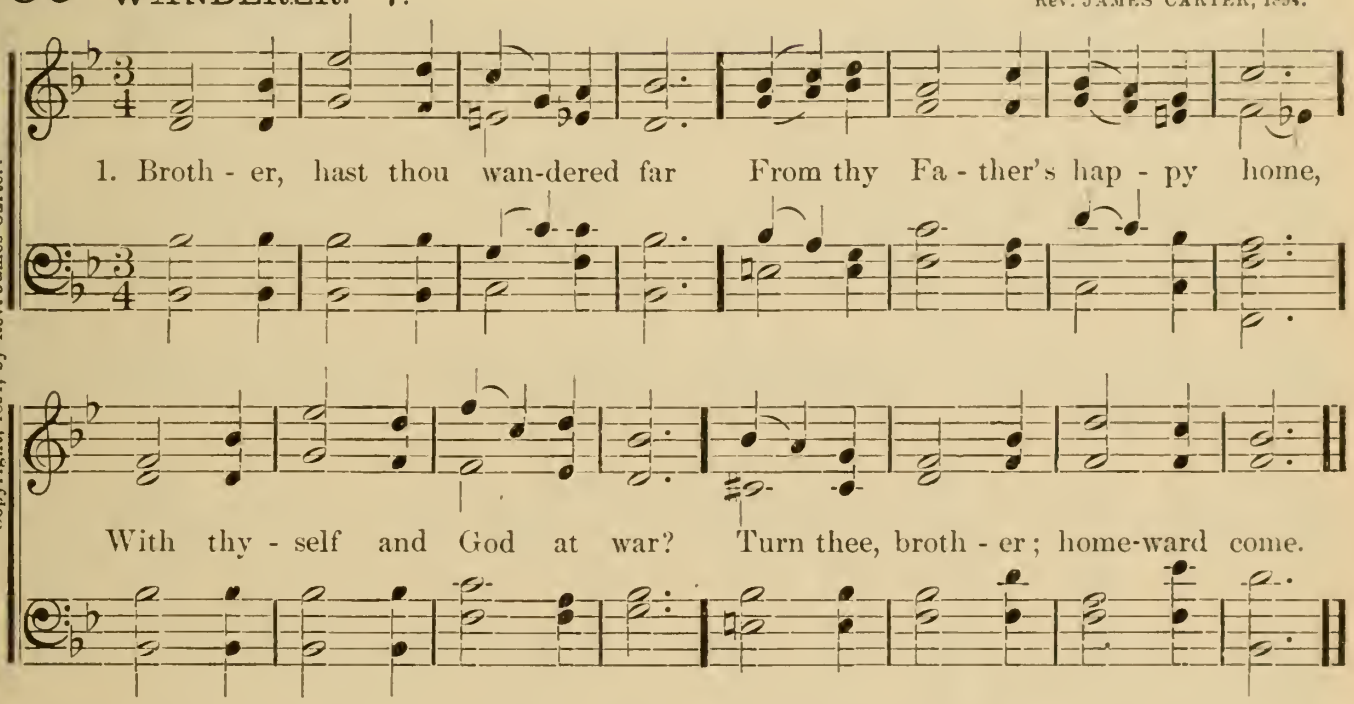
3 From dreams of fading splendor,
From days of jading strife,
The Saviour's accents tender
Invite to endless life;
Ho! every one that thirsteth;
Come every weary soul;
The fount from Calvary bursteth
To make the sin-sick whole.

4 O Fount of joy, Thy glory
With deathless light doth gleam;
The saints shall hymn Thy story
As their eternal theme.
Around the broad earth flowing
The weary nations bless;
Till all, Thy virtue knowing,
Thy mighty love confess.

Rev. James Carter, 1894.

86 WANDERER. 7.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1894.



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2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother; God can save!

3 Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee; God will make thee whole.

4 He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;
Seek Him, for He may be found;
Call upon Him; He is near.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke, 1844.

87

1 Time is earnest, passing by;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh:
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be?
Time and death appeal to thee.

2 Life is earnest; when 'tis o'er,
Thou returnest nevermore:
Soon to meet eternity,
Wilt thou never serious be?

3 God is earnest; kneel and pray,
Ere thy season pass away;
Ere He set His judgment throne;
Ere the day of grace be gone.

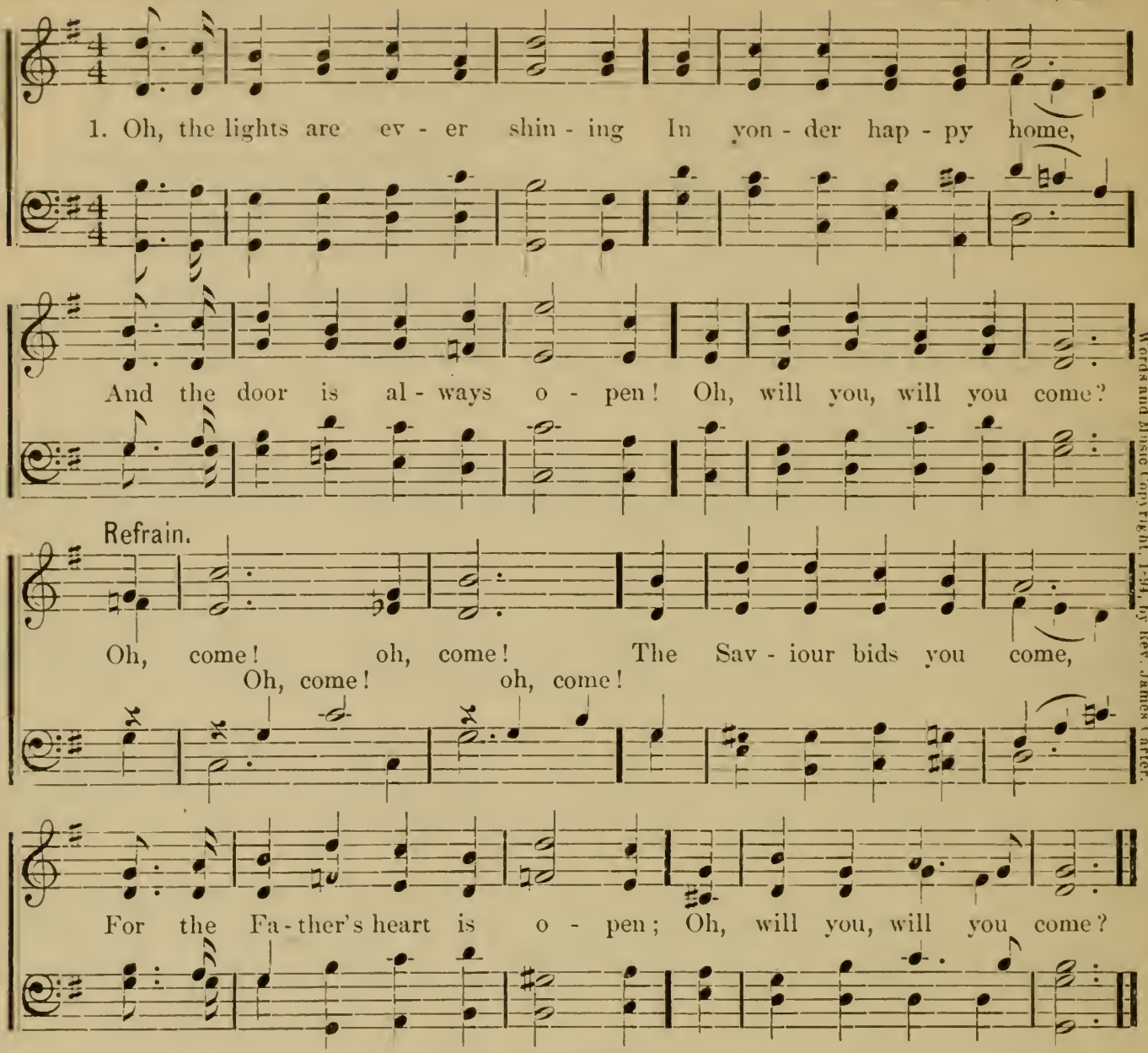
4 Christ is earnest, bids thee come;
Paid thy spirit's priceless sum;
Wilt thou spurn the Saviour's love,
Pleading with thee from above?

5 Oh! be earnest, do not stay;
Thou may'st perish e'en to-day.
Rise, thou lost one, rise and flee;
Lo! thy Saviour waits for thee.

Unknown Author, 1851.

88 INVITATION.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1894.



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89

2 By a pathway straight and narrow
The homeward journey leads;
You must leave outside its gateway
Your sinful words and deeds.

3 There is One who waits to help you,
He died on Calvary,
And His blood can cleanse your spirit
From all impurity.

4 He will gently walk beside you,
And help you on your way;
He will bear your heavy burdens,
And guide you day by day;

5 Till at last you see the shining
Of yonder happy home,
And your Saviour bids you enter;
Oh, will you, will you come?

Emma Smuller Carter, 1894.

1 Hark, the Shepherd's voice is calling
His wandering sheep to come,
Through the shadows gently falling:
"Come home, come home, come home."

REF.—"Come home! come home!
The night grows dark and cold.
There is warmth and light and safety
Within the sheltering fold."

2 Think, oh! think what love He bore them;
From Heaven's bright home He came,
How His heart is yearning o'er them;
He calls them all by name.

3 Where the mountain sides are steepest,
And paths are dark with sin,
Where the gloom has gathered deepest,
He calls, His sheep to win.

Emma Smuller Carter, 1894.

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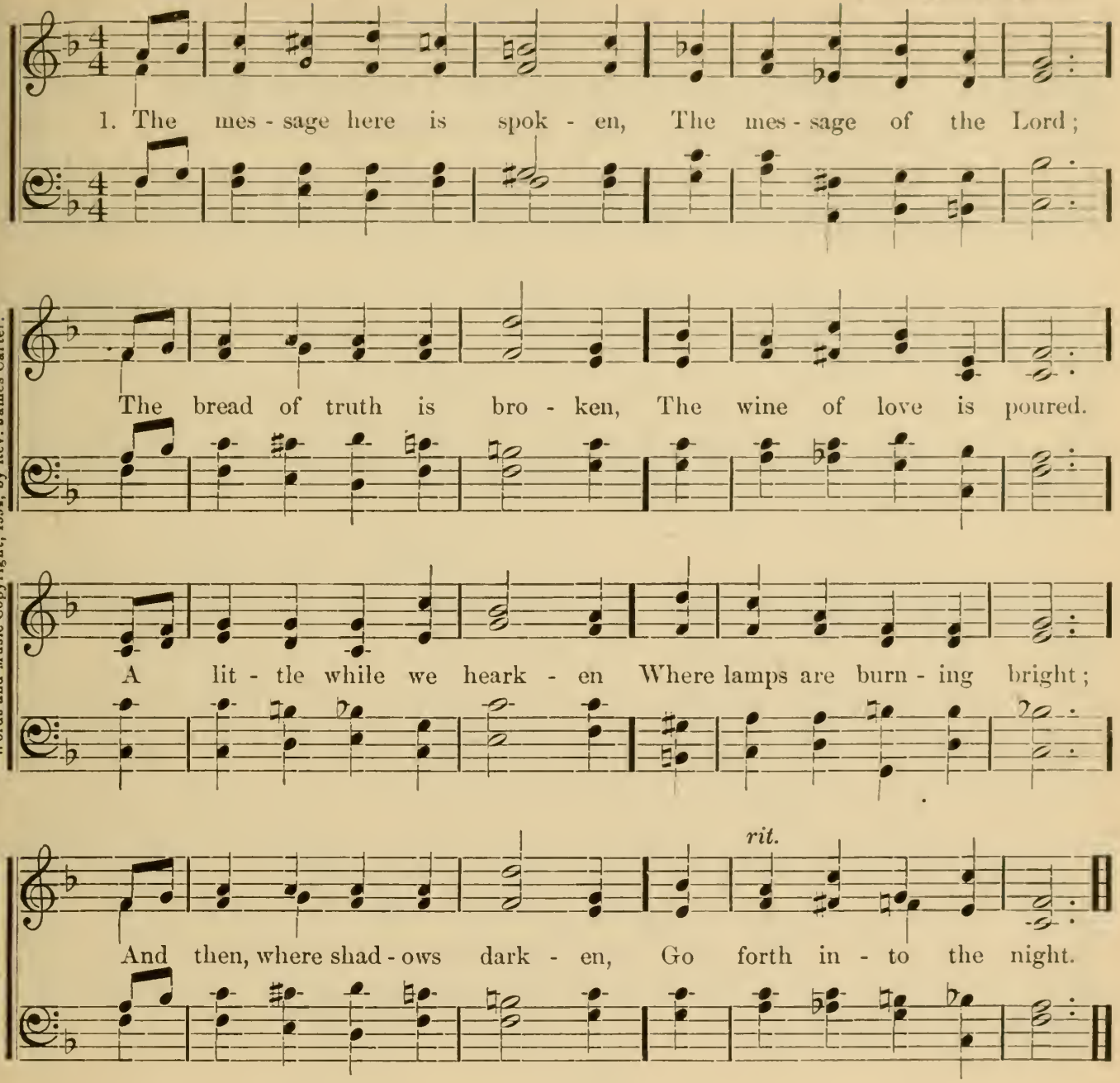
90 OSSINING. 7. 6. D.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1877.



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2 How often, oh, how often
That message has been heard
By hearts that did not soften,
By souls that were not stirred.
A little while they tarried
Where glowed the gospel light;
Then each his own sin carried
Afar into the night.

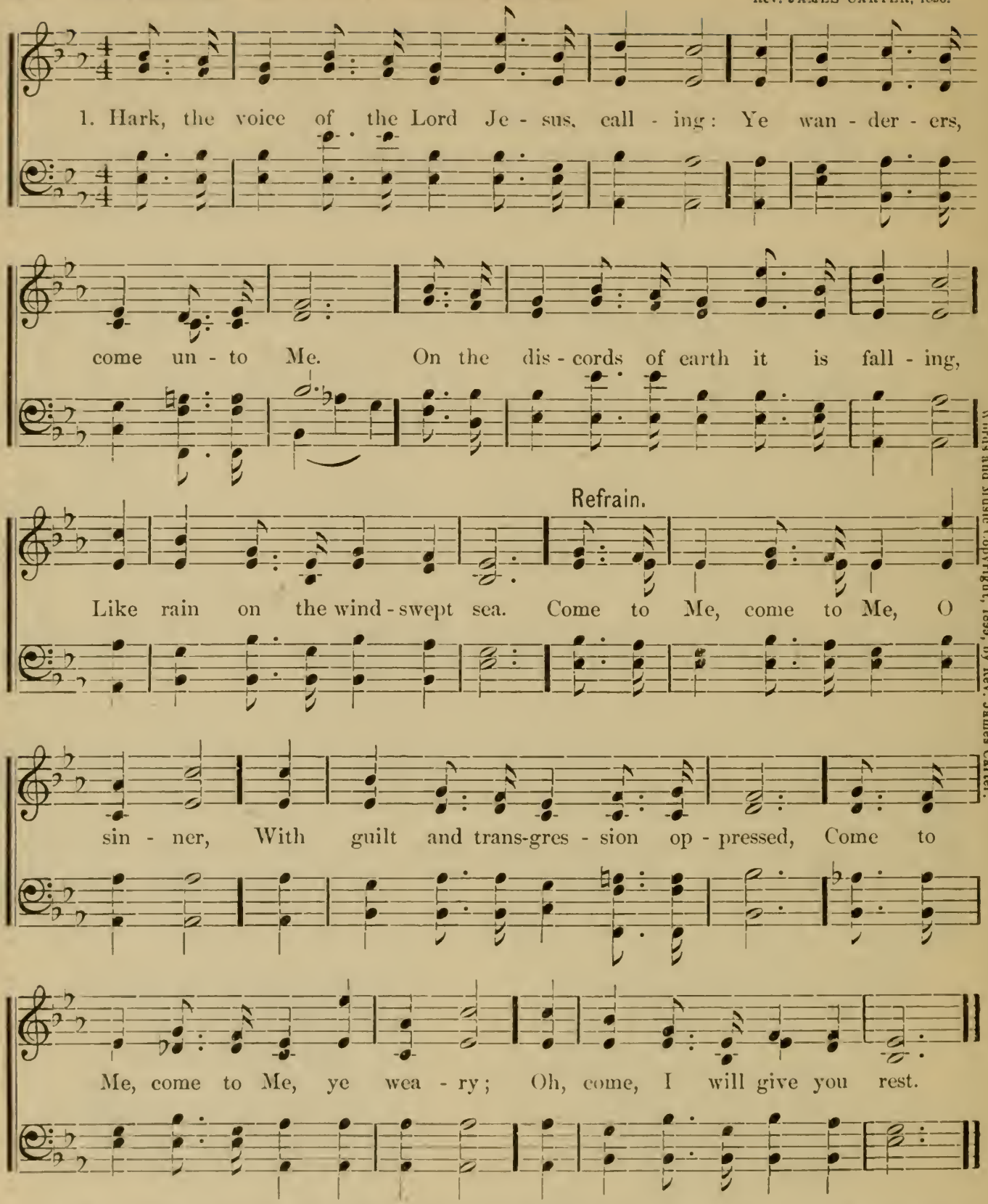
3 Our sands are swiftly flowing,
The moments flee apace;
Each human life is going
Unto its proper place.
And when the sands are ended,
Shall your soul take its flight
To where your life has tended,
To find that it is night?

4 O Thou, whose arms forever
Thy little ones enfold,
Whose patience falters never,
Whose love is never cold,
For Jesus' merit spare us,
Our footsteps guide aright,
May death's swift angel bear us
Into Thy deathless light.

Rev. James Carter, 1894.

91 AUGUSTA. 10. 8. 10. 7. With Refrain.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1896.



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2 Come all ye who with labor are weary,
Come ye with your burdens distressed;
Come ye toilers whose days have grown dreary,
Yea, come unto Me, and rest.

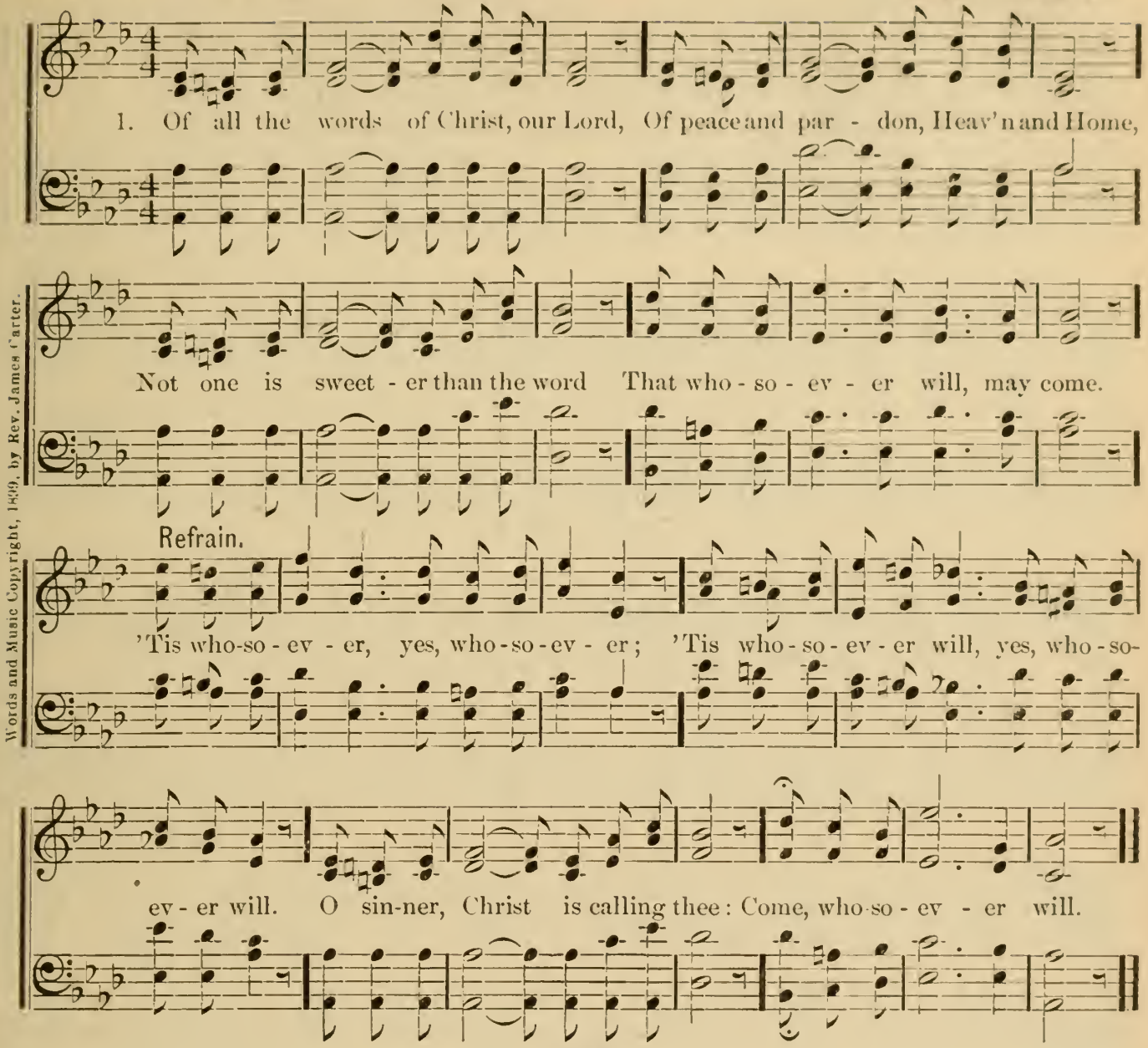
3 Though the dream of your youth have been shattered,
The hopes of your manhood all flee;
Though you thought that to no one it mattered,
It mattered, at least, to Me.

4 Ere the shadows of evening enfold thee,
Life's day and its labor shall cease,
Come to Me; with My strong arms I'll hold thee;
Thy soul shall find rest and peace.

Rev. James Carter, 1896.

92 EVELYN. L. M. With Refrain.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1896.



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93

2 Though tossed on sin's tempestuous sea,
Though 'mid the mists of doubt thou roam,
The voice of Jesus, calling thee,
Saith, Whosoever will, may come.

3 Though weary of thy hopeless strife,
Though in the Law's stern presence dumb,
Yet He who beckons thee to life
Saith, Whosoever will, may come.

4 No sinful soul is left without;
He would the spacious palace fill;
His word would place it past a doubt;
He calleth, Whosoever will.

5 O brother, whatsoe'er the plea
Which long hath held and holdeth still,
The invitation is for thee;
He calleth, Whosoever will.

Rev. James Carter, 1896.

1 Oh, do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time; oh, then be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

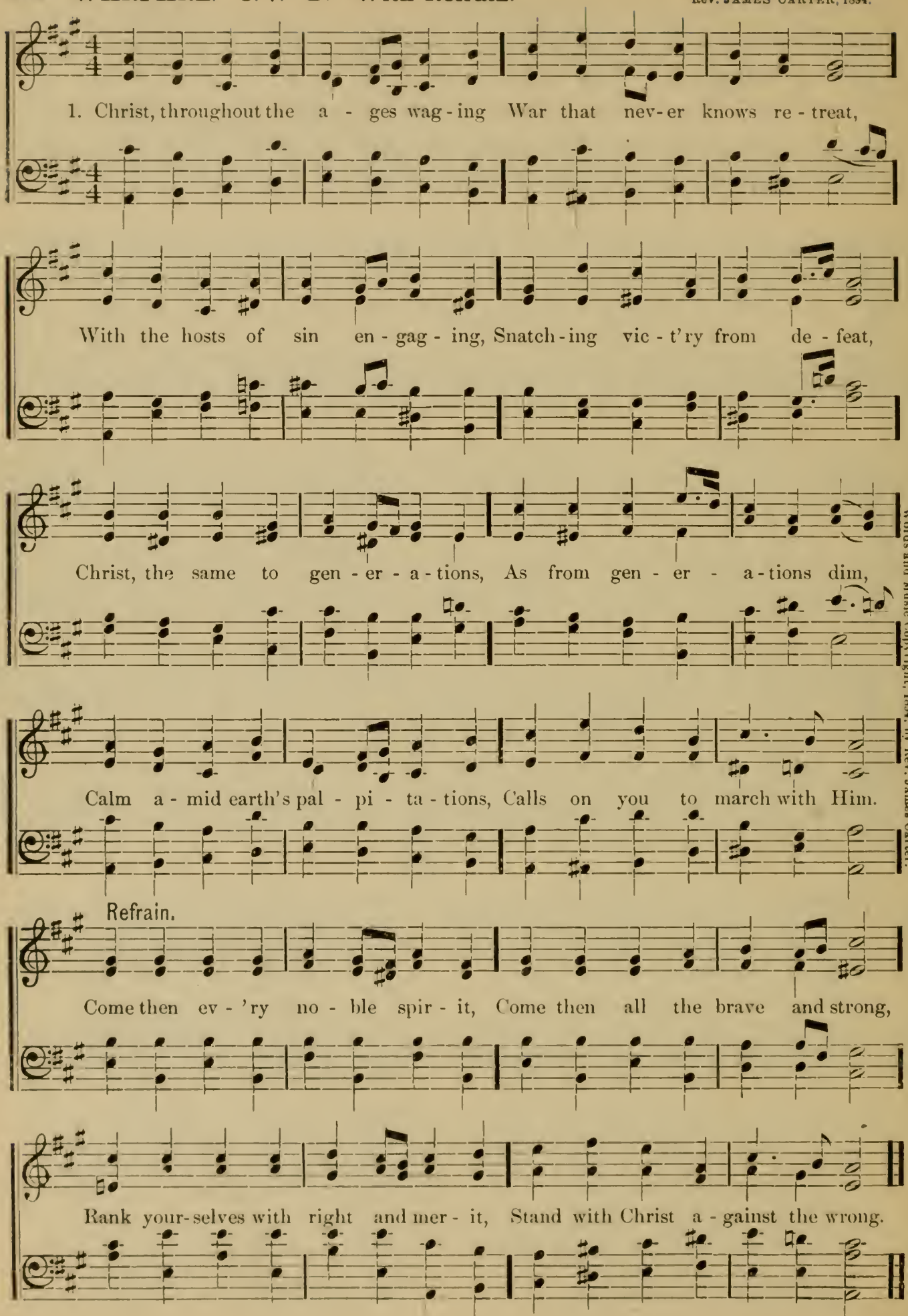
3 Our God in pity lingers still;
And wilt thou thus His love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will;
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

4 Our blesséd Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

Eliza Holmes Reed, 1825.

94 WARFARE. 8. 7. D. With Refrain.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1894.



Words and Music Copyright, 1894, by Rev. James Carter.

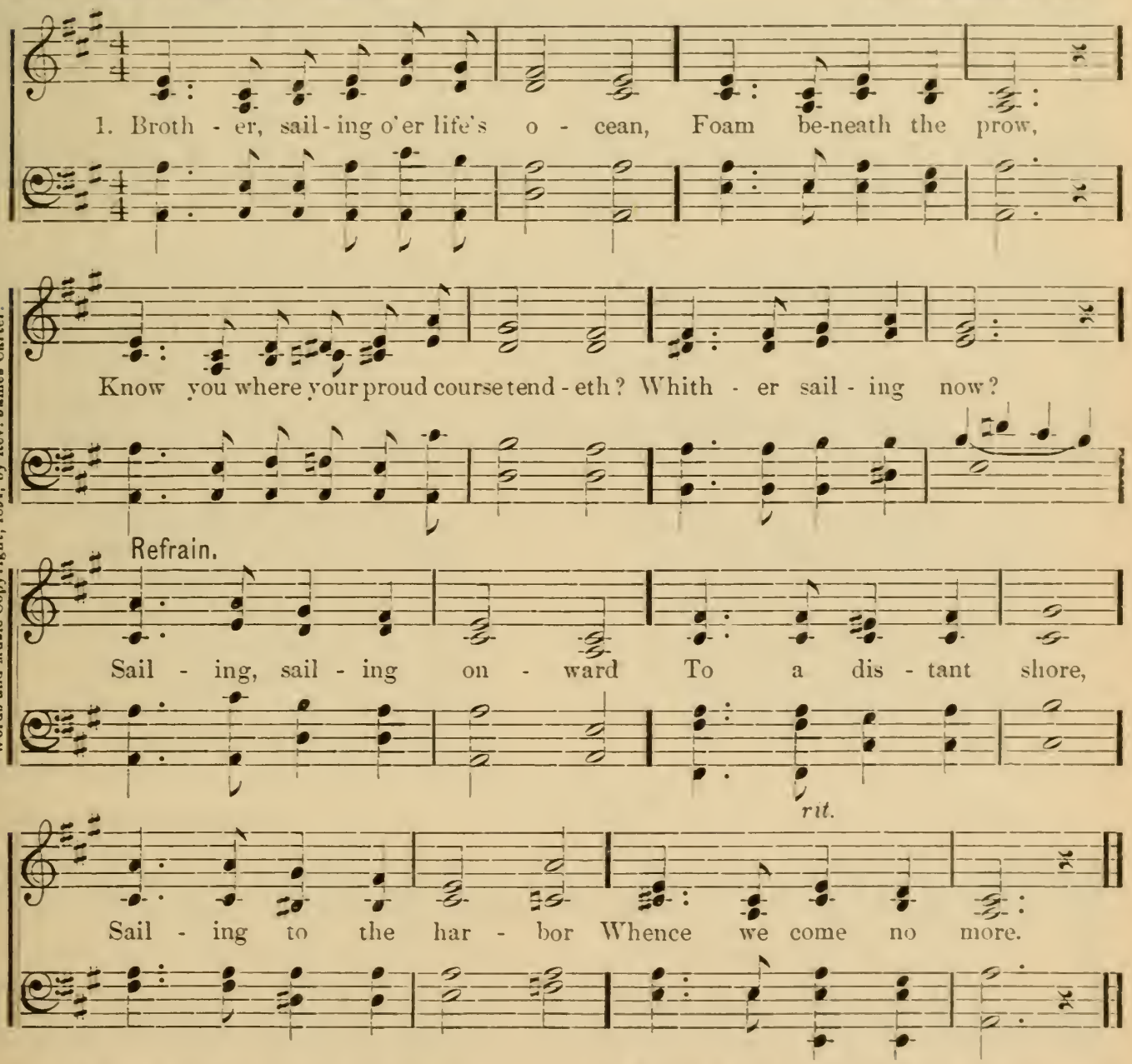
2 You whose consciousness of weakness
Makes you fear to touch His hand,
Come to Jesus in your meekness;
He will strengthen you to stand.
You whose plans have been defeated,
Yet who long to do the right;
Christ whose conflict is completed,
He will teach you how to fight.

3 You who see all joy before you
From life's threshold garland-hung,
Keener pleasure may dawn o'er you
Than the heart of man e'er sung.
March with Christ, His host victorious
Shall advance the broad earth o'er,
Throng with shouts the City glorious,
Reign in triumph evermore.

Rev. James Carter, 1894.

95 NAVIGANS. 8. 6. 8. 5.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1894.



Words and Music Copyright, 1894, by Rev. James Carter.

2 Many a gallant ship, my brother,
Sailing fast and far,
Never glides within the safety
Of the harbor bar.

3 Many a gallant ship, my brother,
Brave hearts on its deck,
By the waves of passion beaten,
Staggers on to wreck.

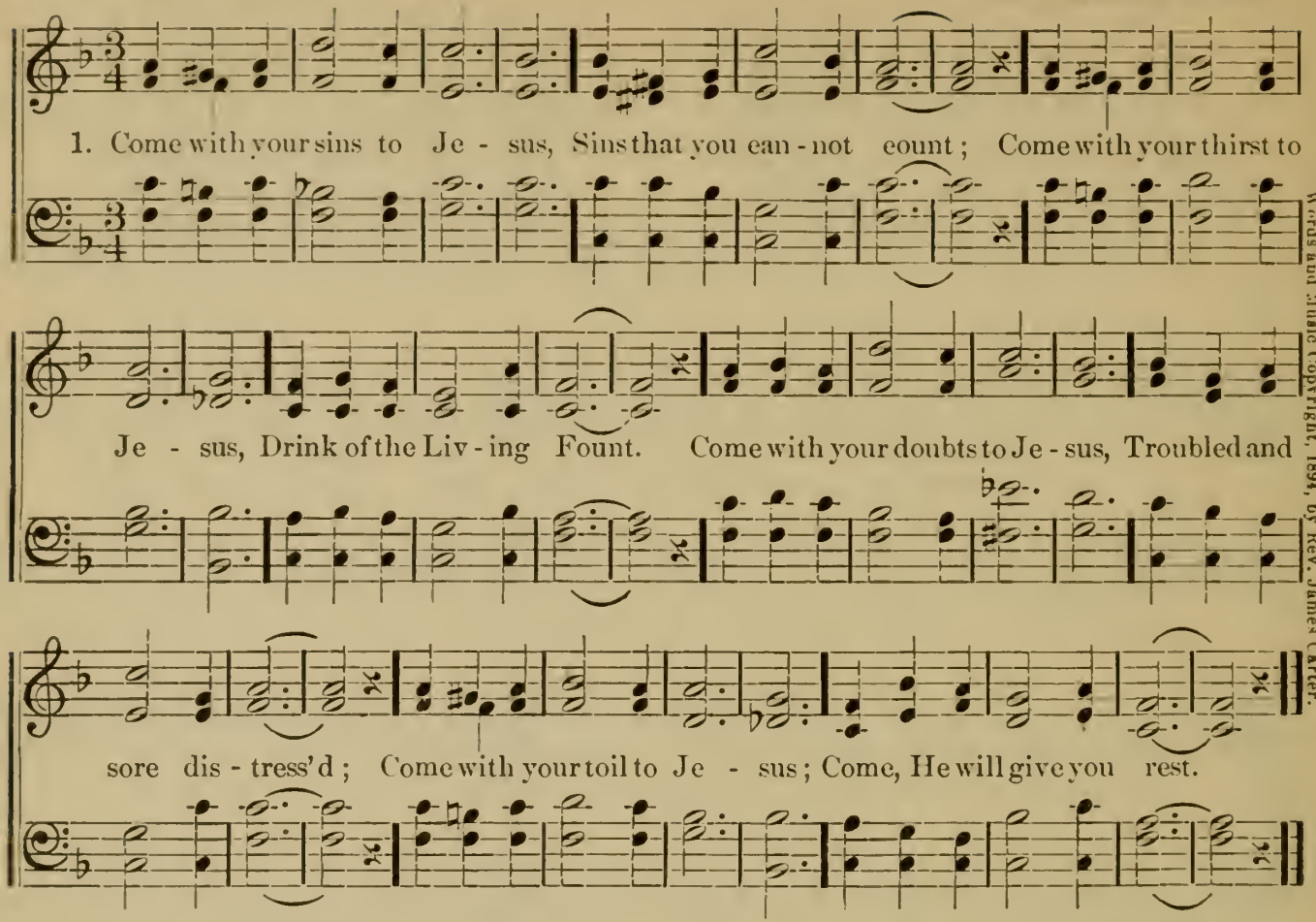
4 Many a reef and many a headland,
Shoal of treacherous sand,
Lie before your vessel's tossing
Ere you reach the land.

5 There is One whose skillful guidance
Never lost a crew;
Give yourself into His keeping;
He will pilot you.

Rev. James Carter, 1894.

96 HITHER. 7. 6. D.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1894.



Words and Music Copyright, 1894, by Rev. James Carter.

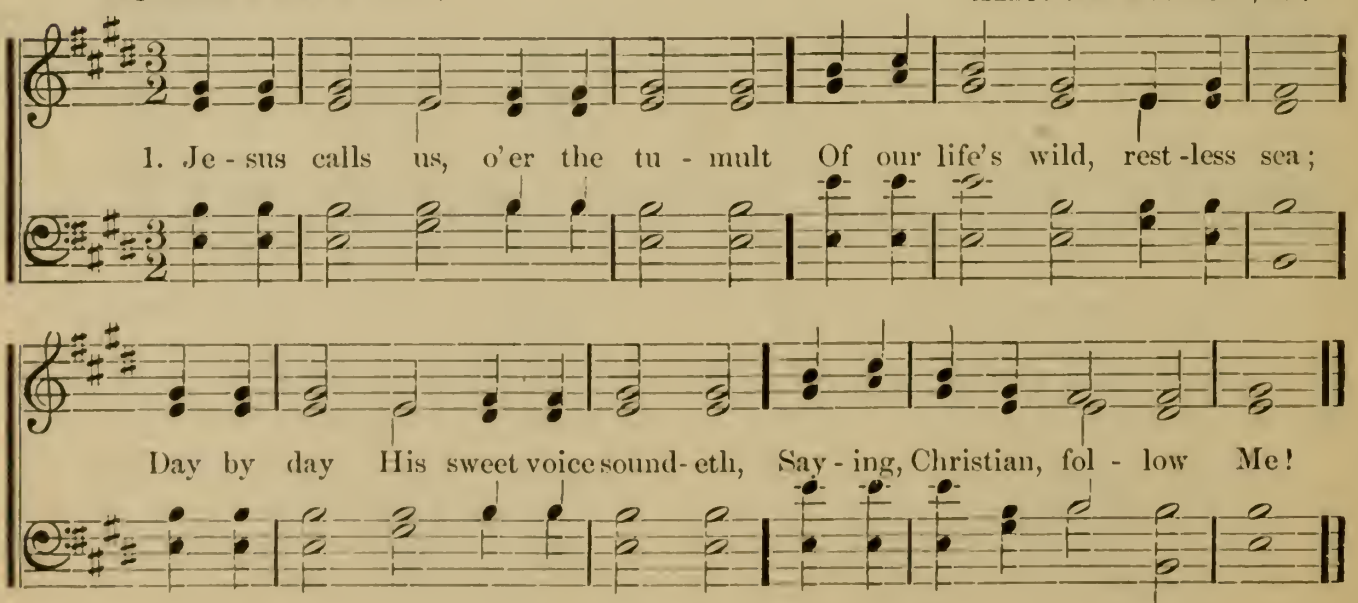
2 Come with your fears to Jesus,
Fears that you cannot quell;
Trust to the word of Jesus,
Trust,—it will all be well.
Come with your cares to Jesus,
Burdens you cannot bear;
Roll upon Him your burden,
Cast upon Him your care.

3 Come with your dreary failure,
Come with your faded dreams,
Come to the loving Shepherd,
Come to the quiet streams.
Come as you are to Jesus,
Ye who are sin-stained come.
Come to the Lord who leadeth
Safe to the Father's Home.

Rev. James Carter, 1894.

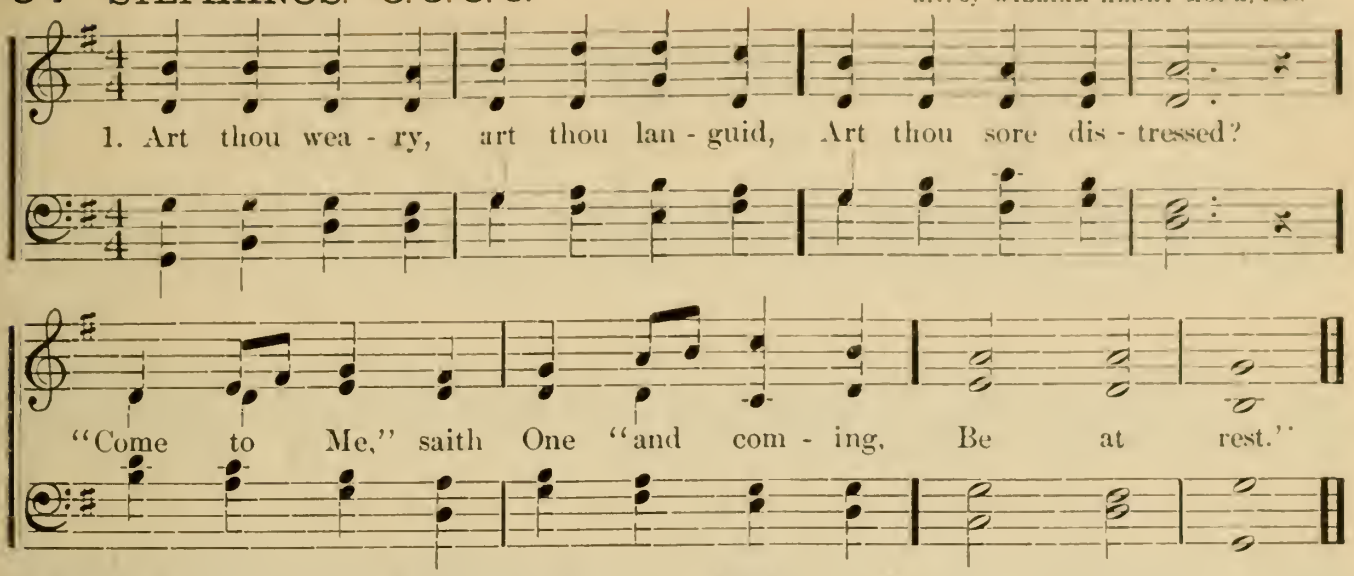
DORRNANCE. 8. 7.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY, 1850.



97 STEPHANOS. 8. 5. 8. 3.

Rev. Sir HENRY WILLIAM BAKER, 1868
Arr. by WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1868.



2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

4 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

5 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till Heaven
Pass away."

Stephen of St. Sabas, c. 750.
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neal, 1862.

98

1 Come, thou weary, Jesus calls thee
To His wounded side;
"Come to Me," saith He, "and ever
Safe abide."

2 Seeking Jesus? Jesus seeks thee,—
Wants thee as thou art;
He is knocking, ever knocking
At thy heart.

3 Wilt thou still refuse His offer?
Wilt thou say Him nay?
Wilt thou let Him grieved, rejected,
Go away?

4 If thou let Him, He will save thee,—
Make thee all His own:
Guide thee, keep thee, take thee, dying,
To His throne.

Rev. S. C. Morgan.

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99 (DORRNANCE). 8. 7.

1 Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow Me!

2 Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,—
Saying, Christian, love Me more!

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
Christian, love Me more than these!

4 Jesus calls us! by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all!

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1852. Ab.

100 8. 7.

1 Laboring and heavy laden
With my sins, O Lord, I roam,
While I know Thou hast invited
All such wanderers to their home.

2 Make my stubborn spirit willing
To obey Thy gracious voice,
At the cross to leave its burden,
And departing to rejoice.

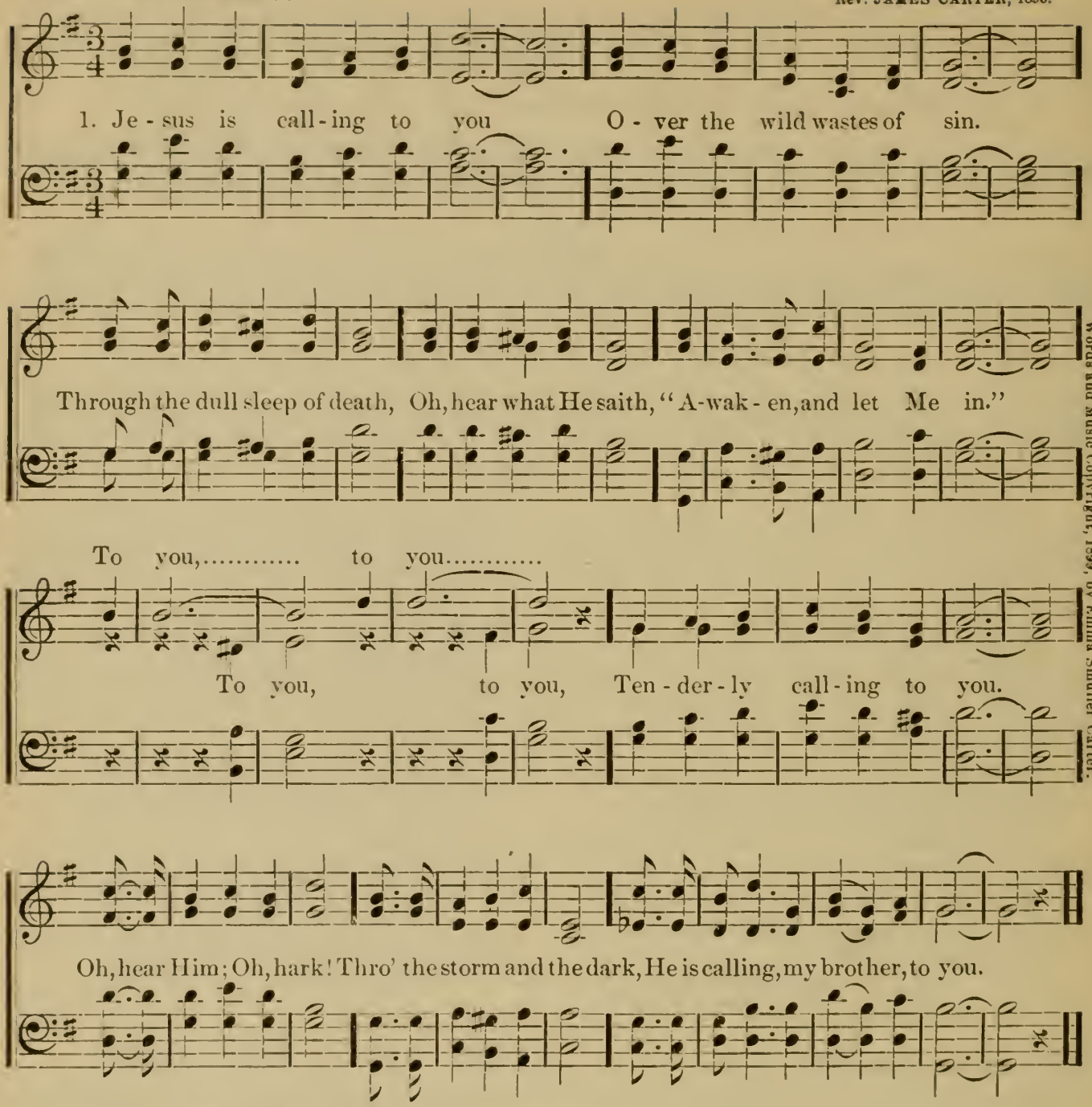
3 Thy sweet yoke I'd take upon me,
And would learn, O Lord, of Thee;
Thou art meek in heart, and lowly,
Teach me like Thyself to be.

4 Laboring and heavy laden,
Lord, no longer will I roam:
Here I fix my habitation,
In Thy sheltering love at home.

Rev. Jeremiah Eames Rankin, 1855.

101 ENTREATY.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1896.



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2 Jesus has suffered for you,
Suffered and died on the tree.
Oh, you never can know
That sharpness of woe
And terrible agony.
For you, for you,
Lovingly suffered for you.
Shall it all be in vain?
Will you slay Him again?
O my brother, He died for you.

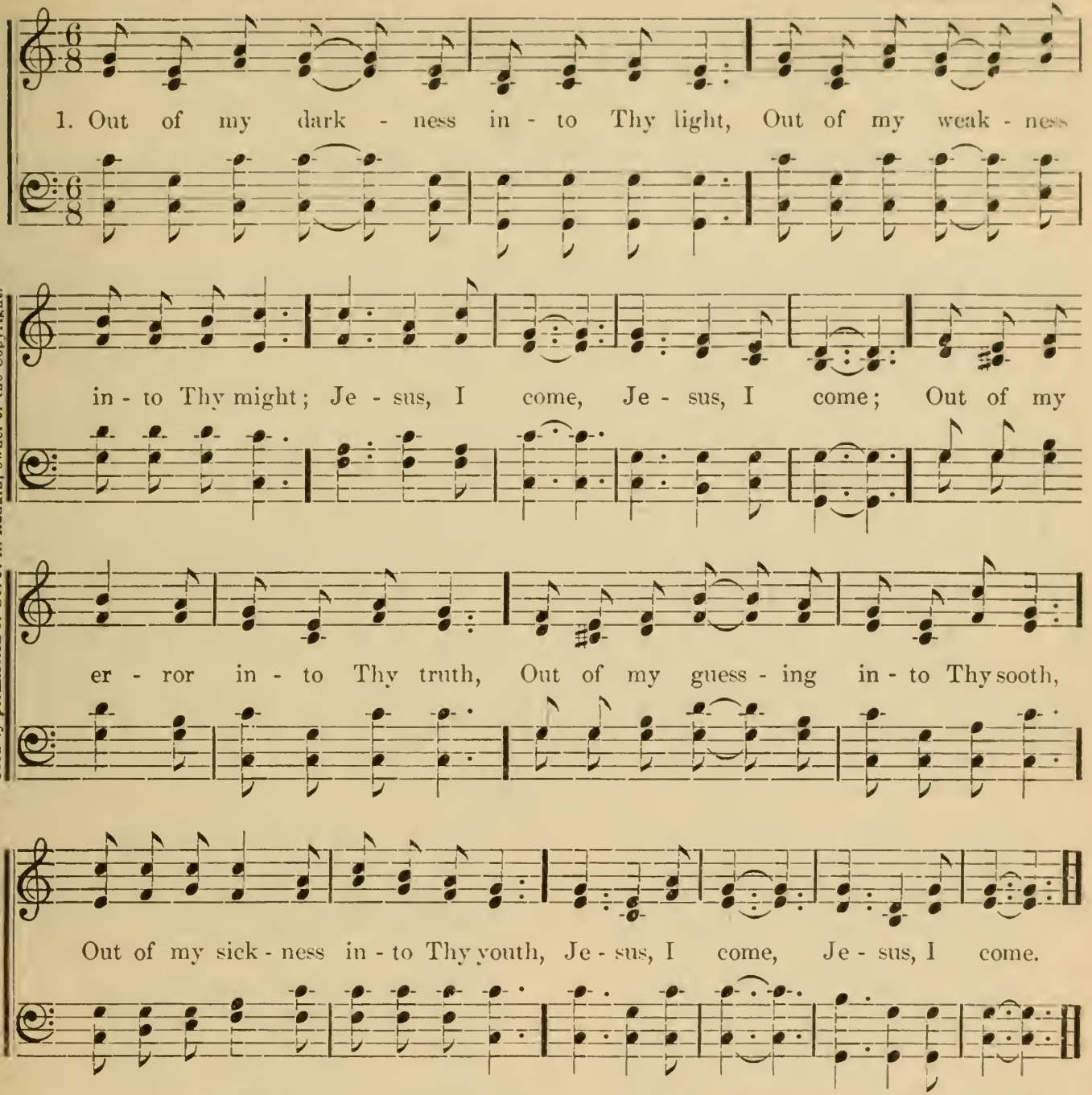
3 Jesus will give unto you
Pardon and cleansing from sin;
From your bondage release,
And fill you with peace.
Oh, hasten, and let Him in.
For you, for you,
Freest forgiveness for you.
There is mercy for all,
Hear Him tenderly call,
O my brother, to you, to you.

4 Jesus is waiting for you;
Waiting, that heavenly Guest.
From the door of your heart
Oh, shall He depart,
Or enter, and give you rest?
For you, for you,
Patiently waiting for you.
With His love and His light
He is waiting to-night,
O my brother, for you, for you.

Emma Smuller Carter, 1895.

102 JESUS, I COME.

O. R. BARROWS, 1896.



Used by permission of Dr. J. E. Rankin, owner of the Copyright.

2 Out of my bondage and sorrow and strife,
Into Thy freedom, forgiveness and life;
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Out of unrest to breathing Thy balm,
Out of my tumult into Thy calm,
Out of my woes to song and to psalm,
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come.

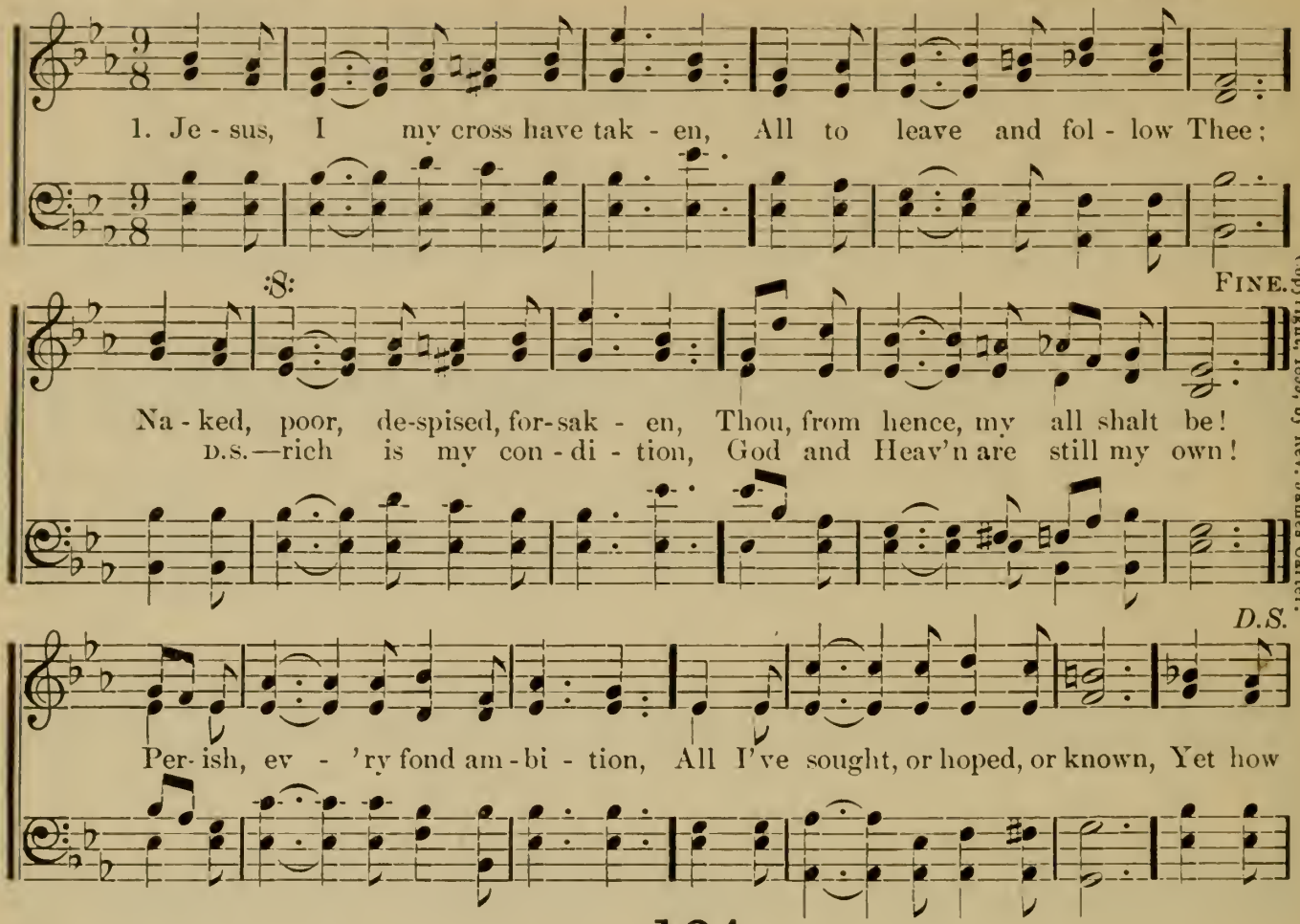
3 Out of death's horrors and madness and chains,
Into life's comforts and glories and gains;
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Out of sin's guilt and terror and gloom,
Out of the region and shade of the tomb,
Here where the lost still find there is room,
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come.

4 Out of my pride and perverseness of will,
Free from that void Thou only canst fill,
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Out of my will, my Sovereign to own,
Trusting Thy merits, Jesus alone,—
Lately so lost, to crown and to throne,
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come.

Rev. Jeremiah Eames Rankin, 1896.

103 WHITAKER. 8. 7. D.

FRIEDRICH FREIHERR VON FLOTOW, 1847.
Arr. by C. ARTHUR JACQUES, 1898.



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104

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast,
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come disaster, scorn, and pain!
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on Thee!
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh! while Thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, 1824. Ab.

1 Take me, O my Father, take me!
Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
That which Thou wouldst have me, make me,
Let Thy will in me be done.
Long from Thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying—
Take me to Thy love, my God!

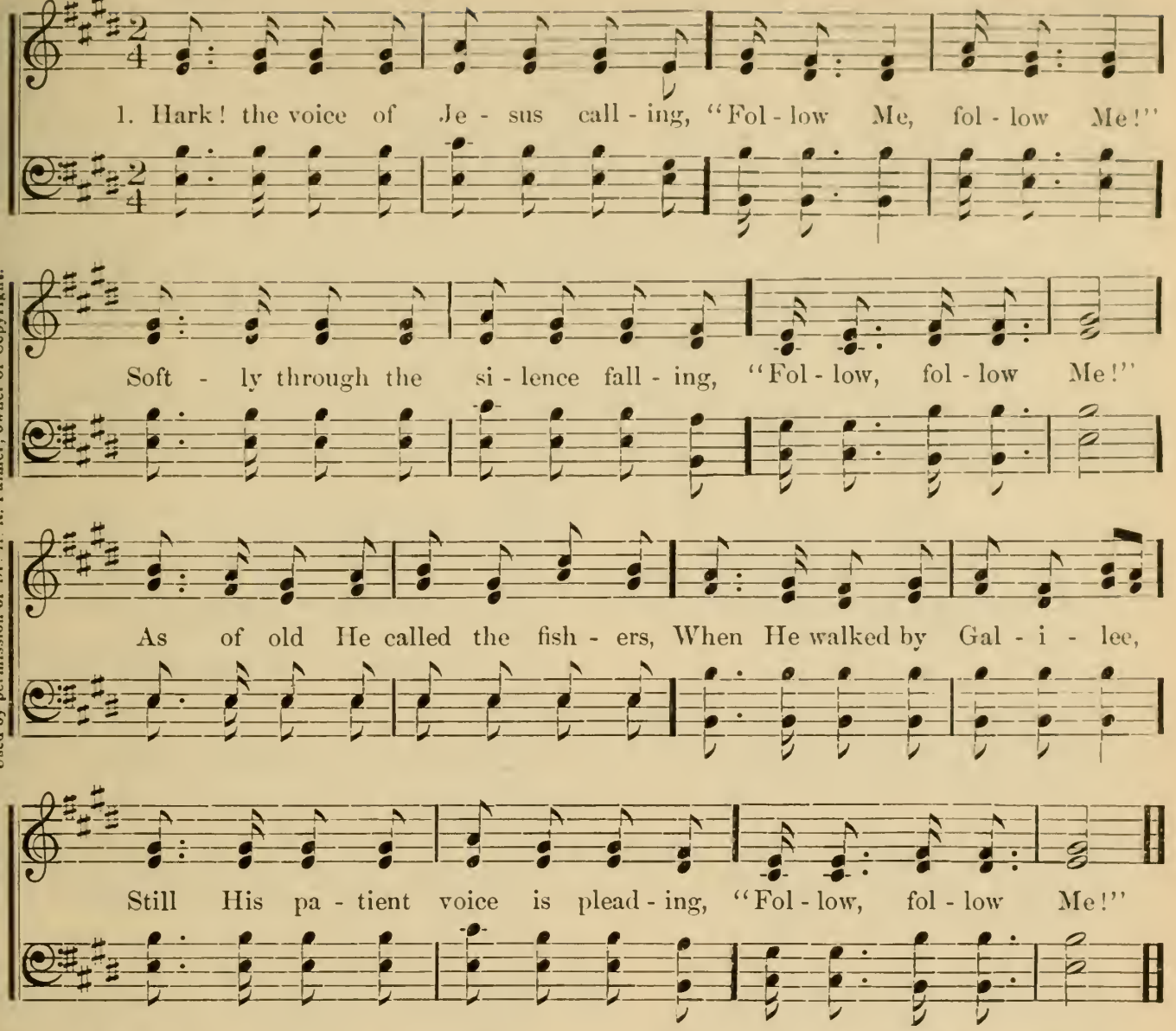
2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.
Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer—
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bare our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee;
Father, take me! all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast;
In Thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest!

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1864. Ab.

105 PALMER.

HORATIO RICHMOND PALMER, c. 1870



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2 Who will heed the holy mandate,
"Follow Me, follow Me!"
Leaving all things at His bidding,
"Follow, follow Me!"
Hark! that tender voice entreating
Mariners on life's rough sea,
Gently, lovingly, repeating,
"Follow, follow Me!"

3 Hearken, lest He plead no longer,
"Follow Me, follow Me!"
Once again, oh, hear Him calling,
"Follow, follow Me!"
Turning swift at Thy sweet summons,
Evermore, O Christ, would we,
For Thy love all else forsaking,
Follow, follow Thee!

Miss Mary B. Sleight, c. 1870.

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106 (WHITAKER). 8. 7. D.

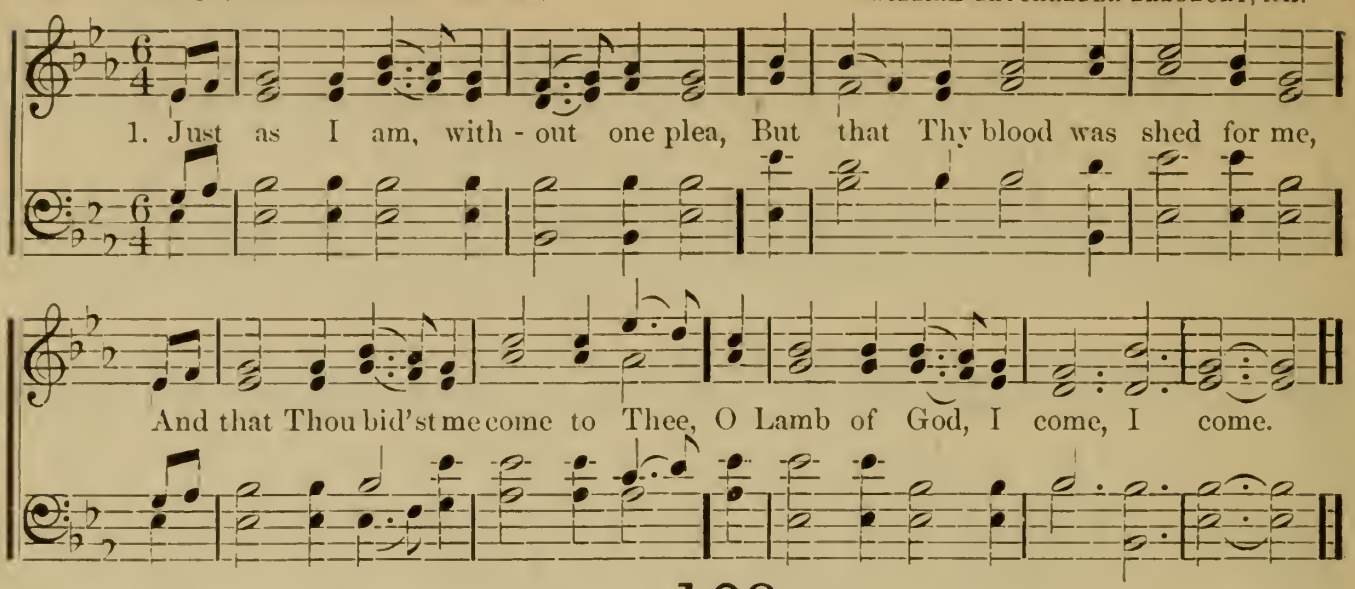
1 Take my heart, O Father! take it;
Make and keep it all Thine own;
Let Thy Spirit melt and break it—
This proud heart of sin and stone.
Father, make me pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

2 Ever let Thy grace surround me,
Strengthen me with power divine,
Till Thy cords of love have bound me:
Make me to be wholly Thine.
May the blood of Jesus heal me,
And my sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
Guide me in the path to Heaven.

Unknown Writer, 1849.

107 WOODWORTH. L. M.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY, 1849.



2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
By fears within and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down:
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Miss Charlotte Elliott, 1836. Ab. and sl. alt.

108

1 God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

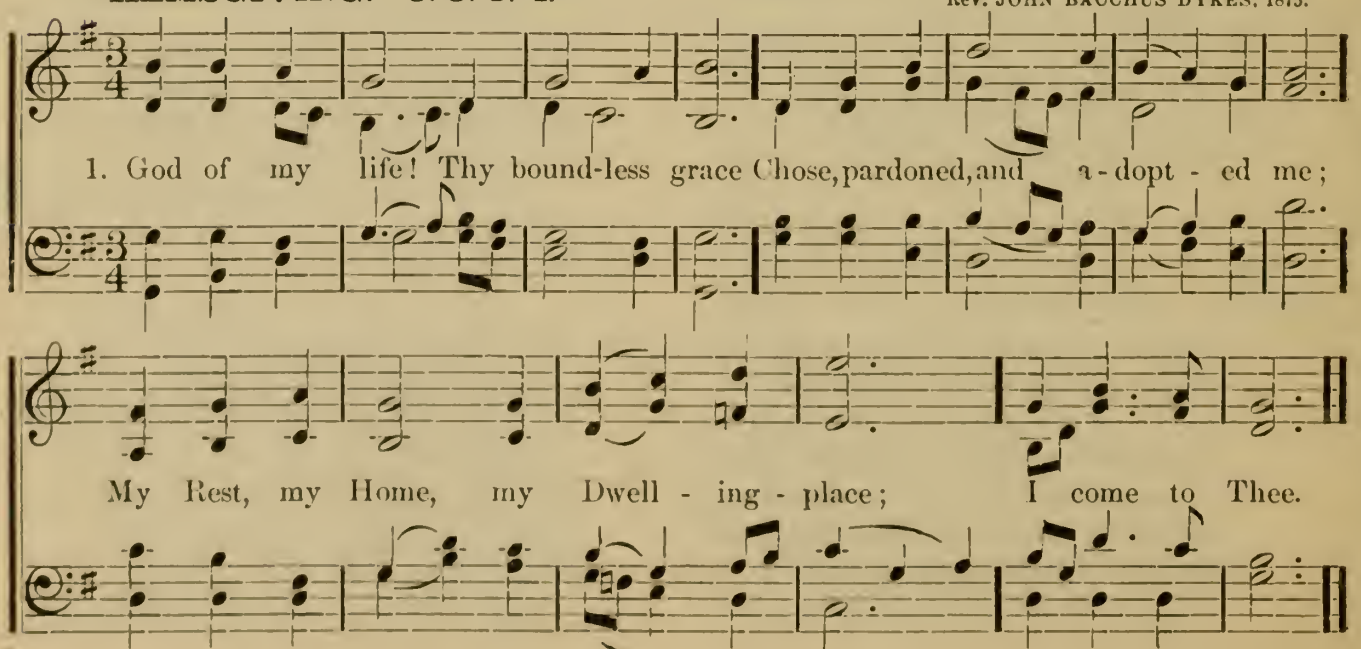
3 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, and still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

4 God calling yet! I cannot stay,
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world, farewell from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Rev. Gerhard Tersteegen, 1735.
Tr. by Sarah Findlater, 1855. Ab. and alt.

ALMSGIVING. 8. 8. 8. 4.

Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1875.



109 TRUSTING. 7.

WILLIAM GUSTAVUS FISCHER, 1869.

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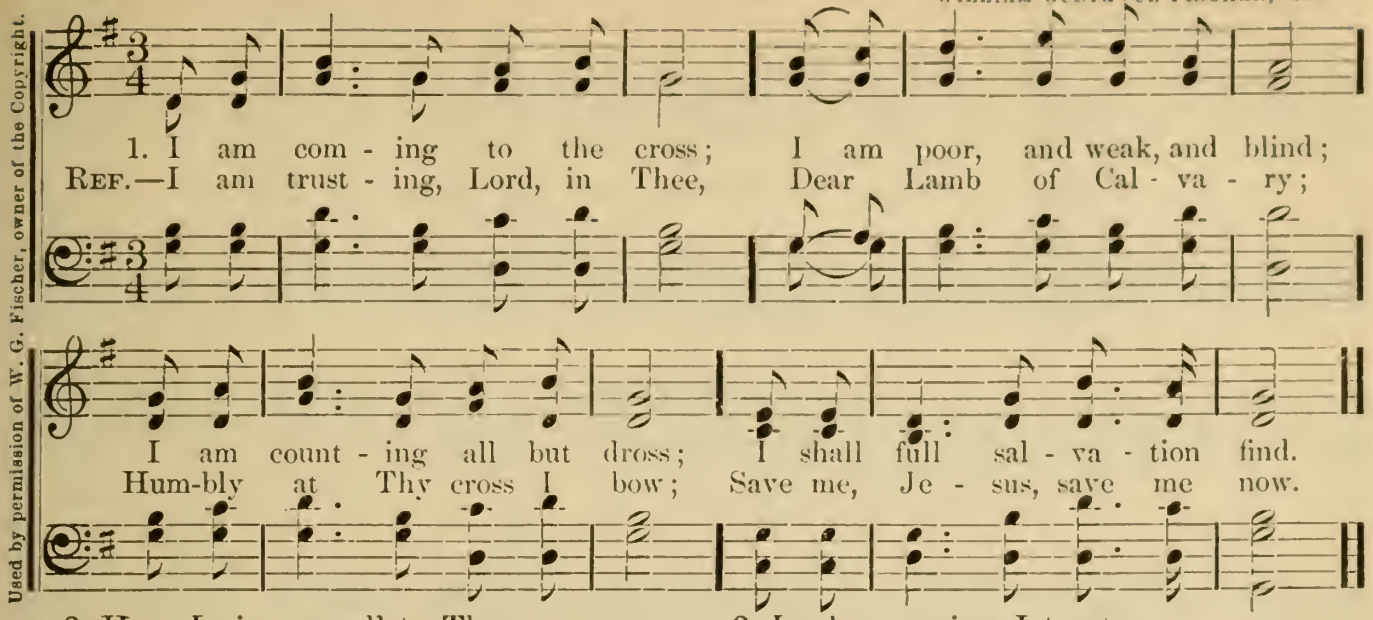


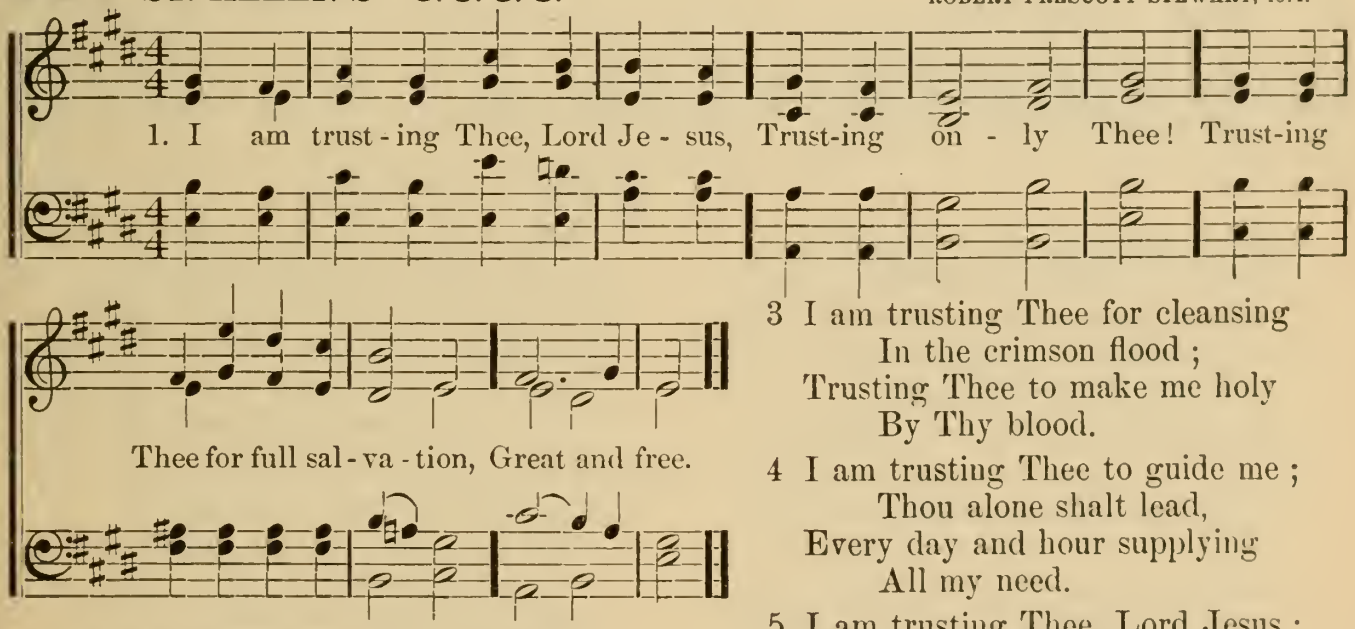
2 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends and time and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine for evermore.

3 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

Rev. William McDonald, 1858. Ab.

110 ST. HELEN'S. 8. 5. 8. 3.

ROBERT PRESCOTT STEWART, 1874.



2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, 1874. Ab.

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111 (ALMSGIVING). 8. 8. 8. 4.

1 God of my life! Thy boundless grace
Chose, pardoned, and adopted me;
My Rest, my Home, my Dwelling-place;
I come to Thee.

2 Jesus, my Hope, my Rock, my Shield!
Whose precious blood was shed for me,
Into Thy hands my soul I yield;
I come to Thee.

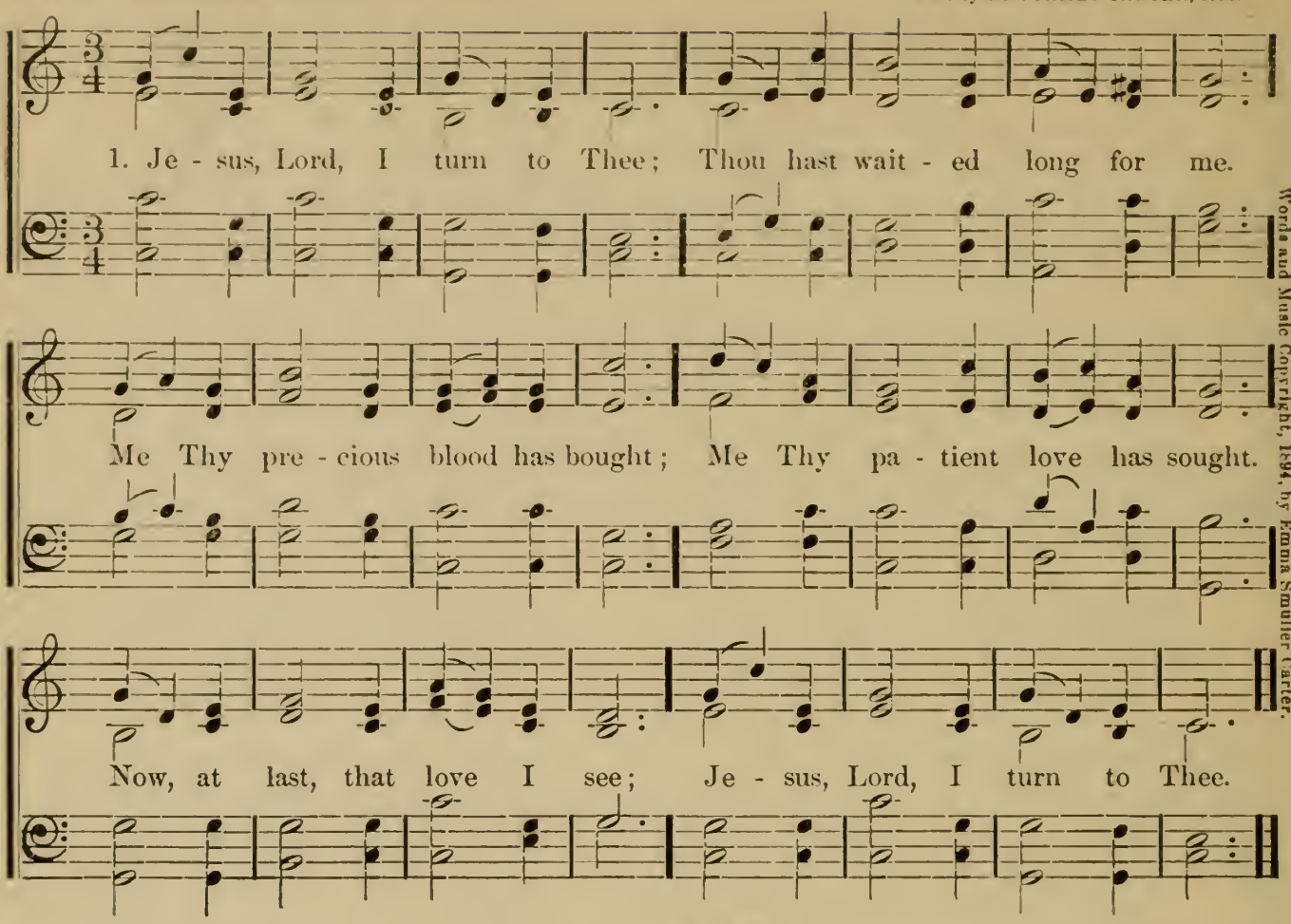
3 Spirit of glory and of God!
Long hast Thou deigned my guide to be;
Now be Thy comfort sweet bestowed;
I come to Thee.

4 I come to join that countless host,
Who praise Thy Name unceasingly;
Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
I come to Thee.

Miss Charlotte Elliott, 1841.

112 SUBMISSION. 7. 61.

EMMA SMULLER CARTER, 1894.
Arr. by Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1894.



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2 Pardon, Lord, Thy willful child,
Stubborn, selfish, sin-defiled;
Wayward, wandering from Thy fold;
Lost upon the mountains cold.
Tenderly Thou callest me;
Jesus, Lord, I turn to Thee.

3 Take me, Saviour, to Thy breast;
Give me shelter, give me rest.
Safe with Thee I would abide;
Keep me ever near Thy side;
Pardon, cleanse, and strengthen me.
Jesus, Lord, I turn to Thee.

4 When temptations come again,
May I fear to give Thee pain;
When I stumble in the way,
Hold me fast, dear Lord, I pray.
To none other can I flee;
Jesus, Lord, I turn to Thee.

5 All Thine own Thou dost defend;
Thou wilt keep them to the end.
Now, O Lord, for life or death,
I would look to Thee in faith;
Now, and for eternity,
Jesus, Lord, I turn to Thee.

Emma Smuller Carter, 1894.

113 (TOPLADY).

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

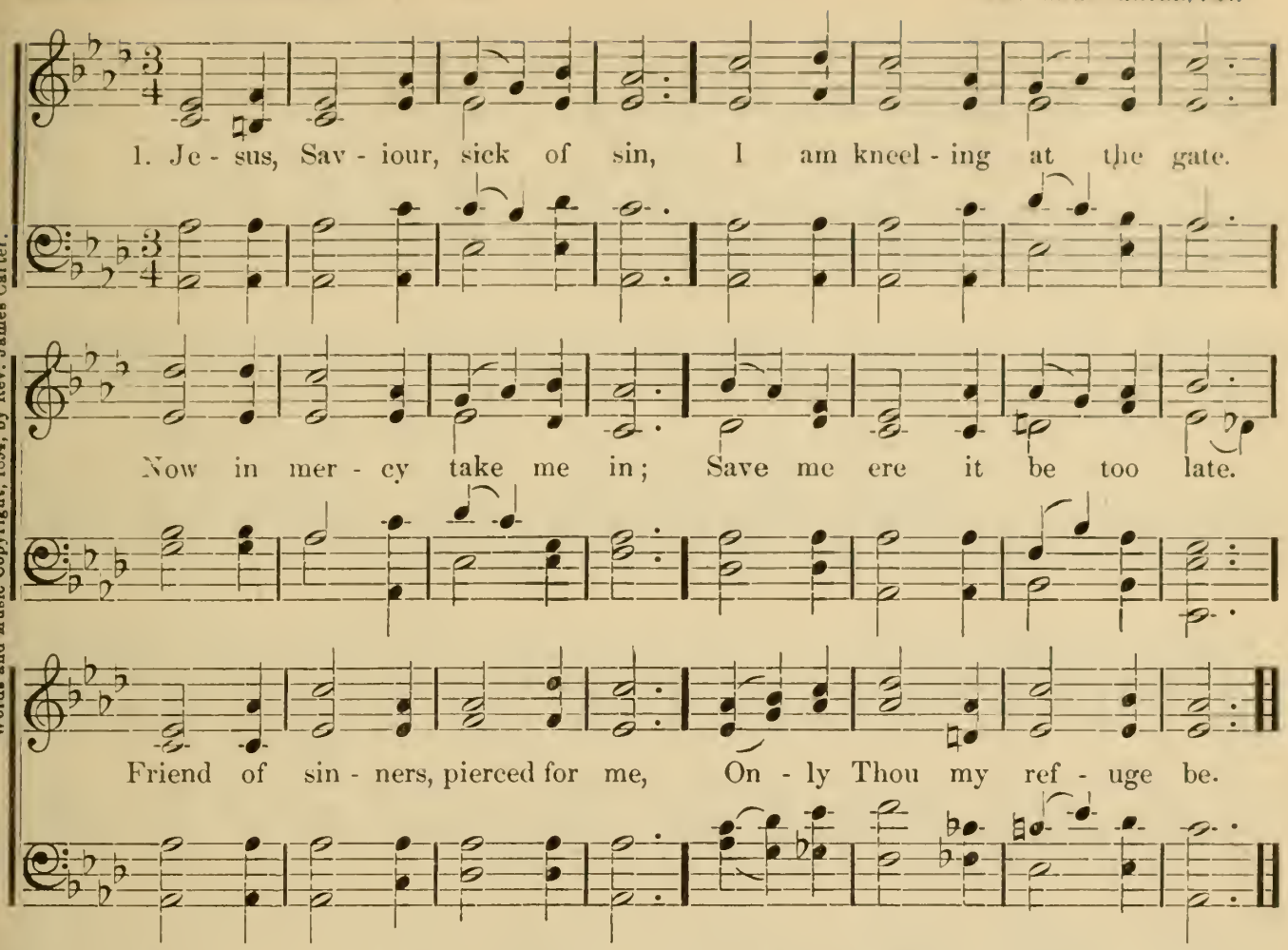
3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady, 1776.

114 PENITENCE. 7. 61.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1894.



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2 From Thy way I've wandered far;
Far from peace and safety gone;
Marked with many a stain and scar,
Now I seek Thy cross alone.
Friend of sinners, pierced for me,
Only Thou my refuge be.

3 All the years Thy tenderness
Touched my heart, while I refused;
While Thy patience strove to bless,
I that patience still abused.
Friend of sinners, pierced for me,
Only Thou my refuge be.

4 Nothing have I of excuse;
Nothing worthy I possess,
Naught of value or of use,
Nothing save my sinfulness.
Friend of sinners, pierced for me,
Only Thou my refuge be.

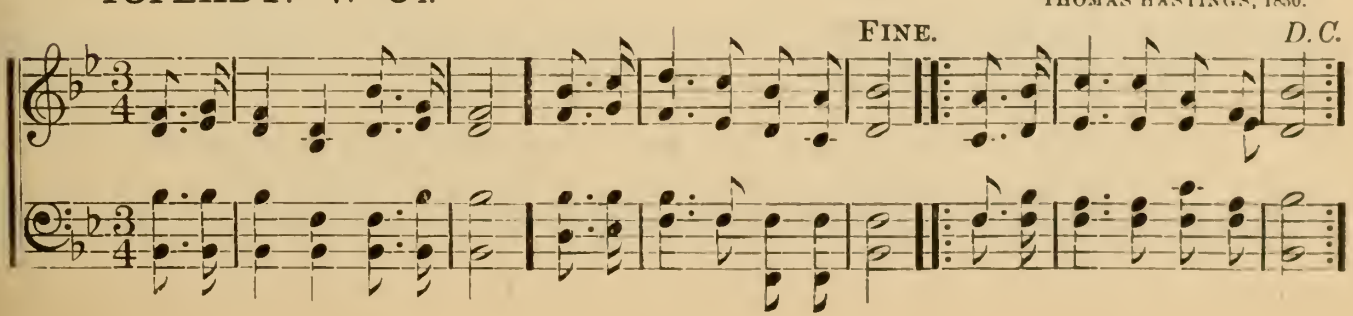
5 So I come to Thee, O Lord,
Weary of the endless strife,
Pleading but Thy faithful word,
Pleading for my forfeit life.
Friend of sinners, pierced for me,
Only Thou my refuge be.

6 Saviour, I Thy grace implore;
Burdened with my load of sin,
I am kneeling at the door;
Open, Lord, and take me in.
Friend of sinners, pierced for me,
Only Thou my refuge be.

Rev. James Carter, 1894.

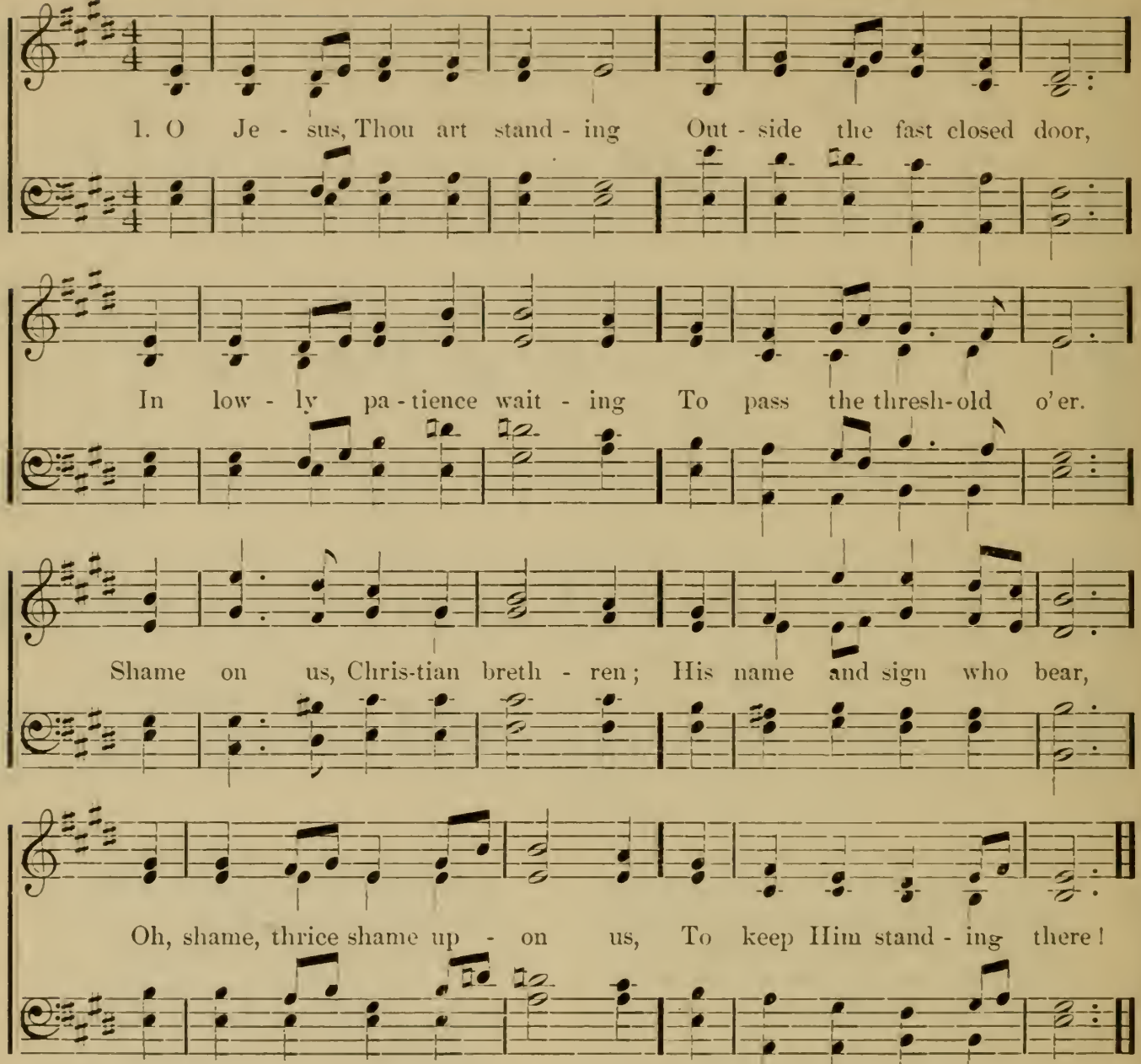
TOPLADY. 7. 61.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.



115 ST. HILDA. 7.6. D.

JUSTIN HEINRICH KNECHT, 1793.
Rev. EDWARD HUSBAND, 1571.



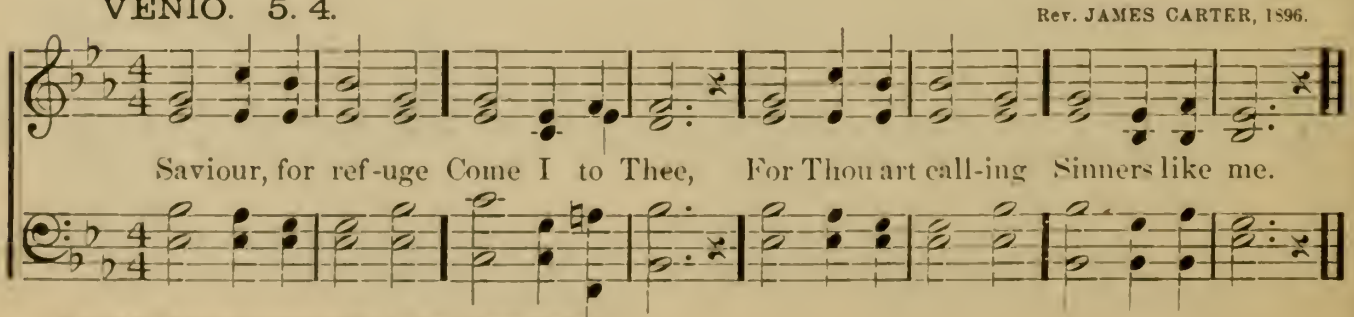
2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo, that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred.
Oh, love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
Oh, sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more.

Bp. William Walsham How, 1867.

VENIO. 5. 4.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1896.



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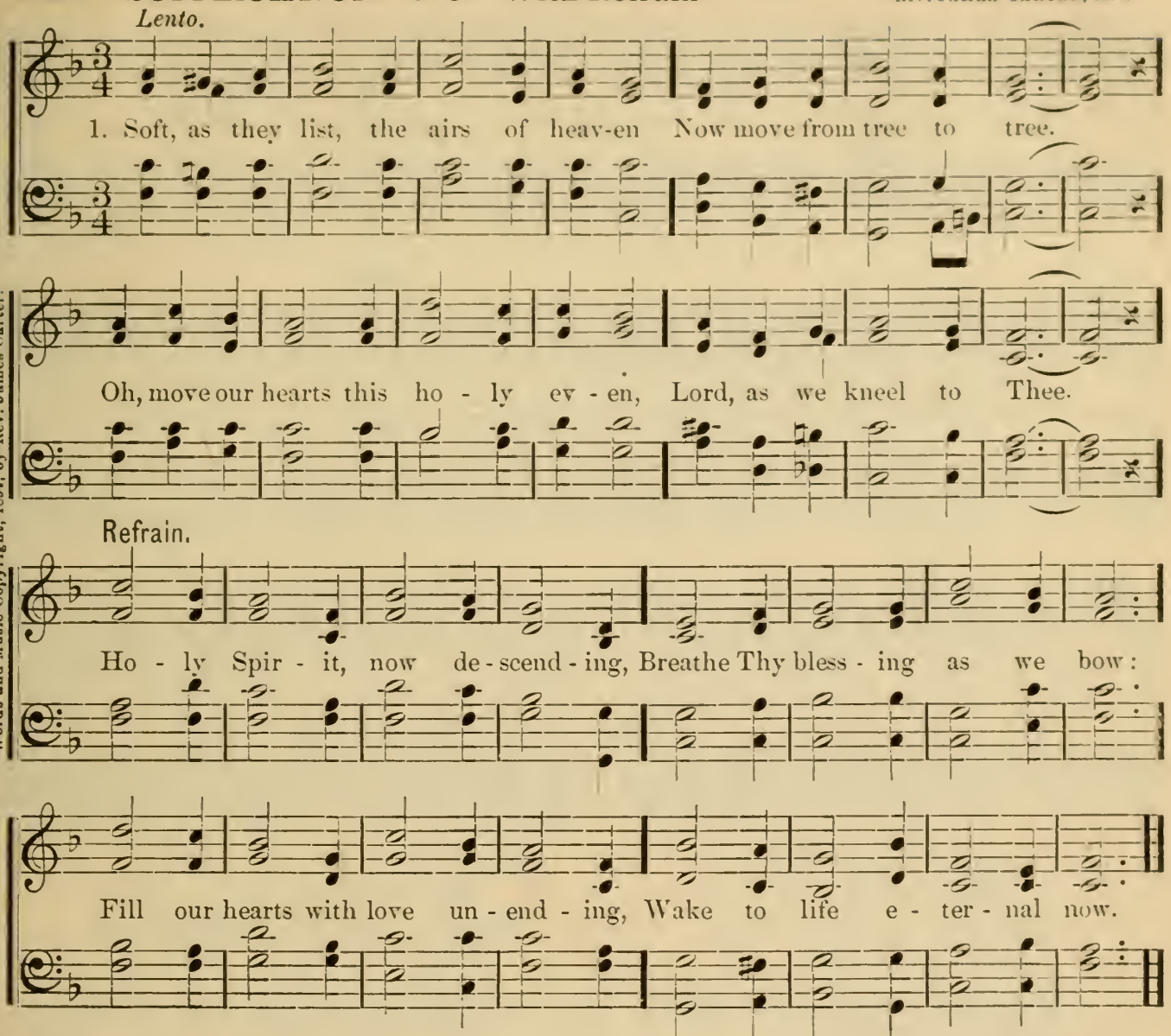
116 SUPPLICATION. 9. 6. With Refrain.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1894.



Words and Music Copyright, 1894, by Rev. James Carter.

2 Sway, as the pliant boughs are swaying,
Each stubborn, willful soul,
Teach us to yield, while we are praying,
Our hearts to Thy control.

3 Turn not from us, O Spirit Holy;
Though oft we turn astray.
Come, as our hearts are bending lowly,
And teach us how to pray.

4 Cover with clouds of deep contrition,
For sins that mar our years;
Then smile with promise of remission
And span with hope our tears.

Emma Smuller Carter, 1894.

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117 (VENIO). 5. 4.

1 Saviour, for refuge
Come I to Thee,
For Thou art calling
Sinners like me.

2 Lord, Thou has promised;
How can I doubt?
Not one who cometh
Wilt Thou cast out.

3 No plea I offer,
Only my sin;
Here stand I, knocking;
Lord, take me in.

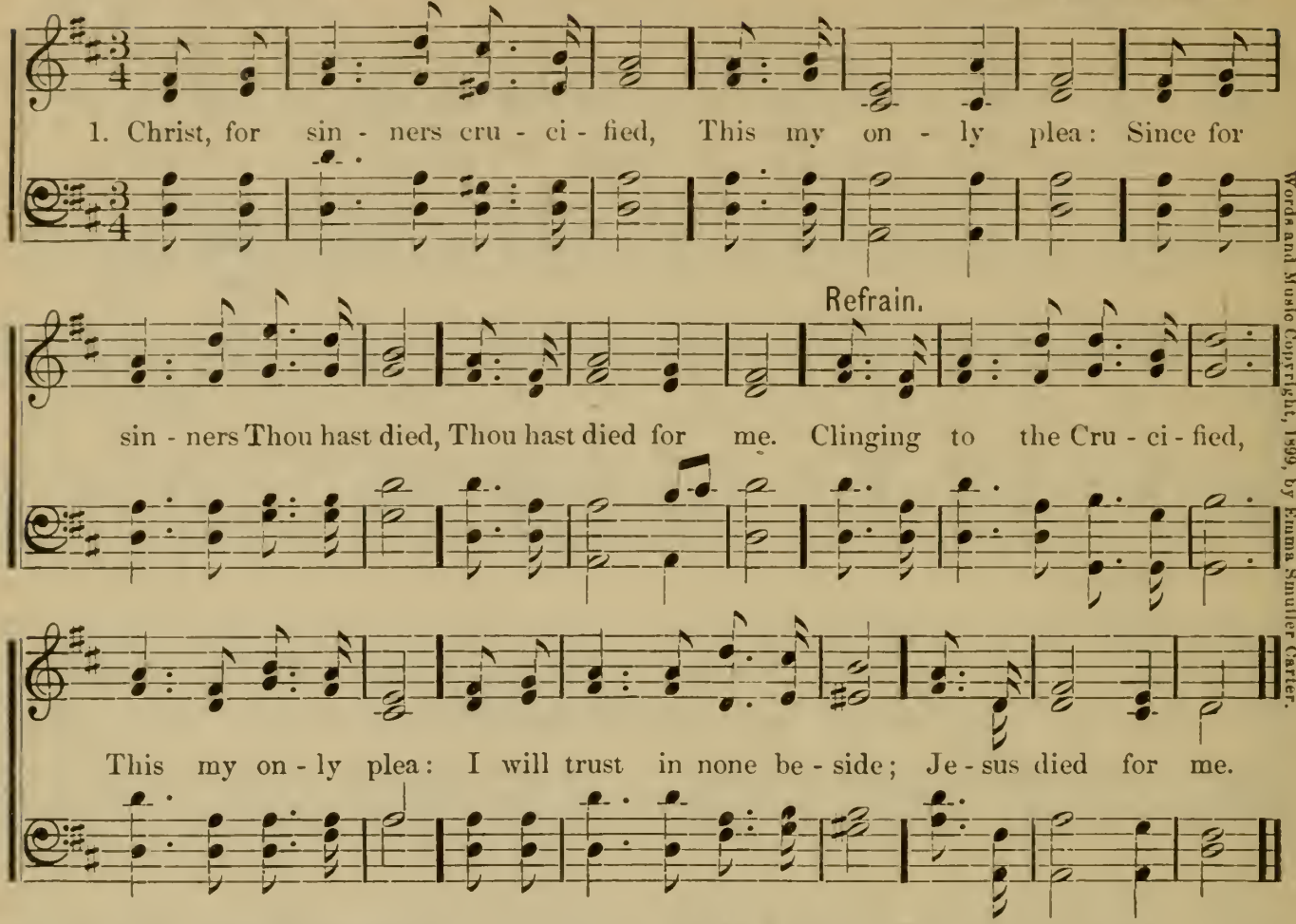
4 Fettered by Satan,
Come I to Thee;
Speak but the word, Lord;
Thy suppliant free.

5 How can I combat
Love so divine?
King, claim Thy captive;
Lord, I am Thine!

Rev. James Carter, 1896.

118 JESUS MIHI MORITUR.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1896.



Words and Music Copyright, 1899, by Emma Smuller Carter.

2 I no other fitness have;
This my claim must be:
Jesus died the lost to save,
Jesus died for me.

3 Thou hast waited at my door,
Oh! so patiently,
Gently saying o'er and o'er,
"Child, I died for thee."

4 Now before Thy door, O Lord,
Me a suppliant see,
Pleading but that gracious word,
Jesus died for me.

5 Pleading, trembling 'neath my sin,
Oh! how tenderly
Thou dost say: "Come, enter in;
Love, and live for Me."

Emma Smuller Carter, 1896.

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119 (OLIVET). 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

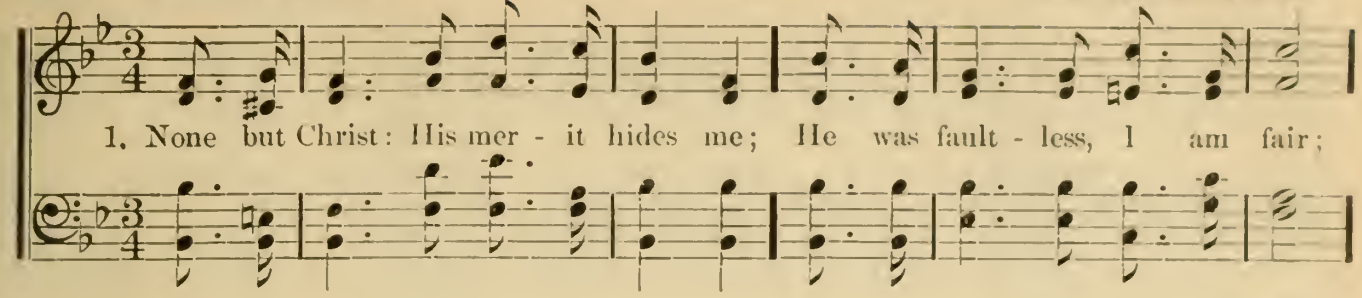
3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

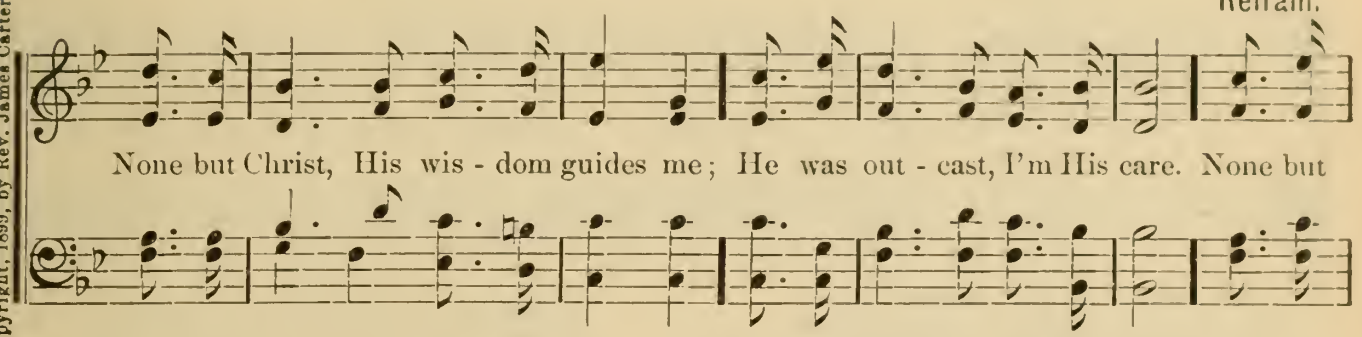
Rev. Ray Palmer, 1830.

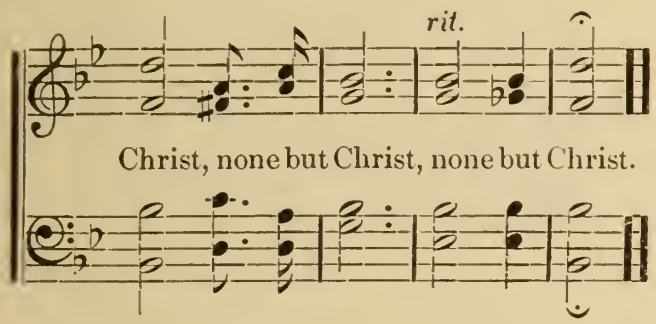
120 ERCILDOUN. 8. 7. With Refrain.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1896.



Refrain.





2 None but Christ: His Spirit seals me,
Gives me freedom with control;
None but Christ: His bruising heals me,
And His sorrow soothes my soul.

3 None but Christ: His life sustains me;
Strength and song to me He is;
None but Christ: His love constrains me,
He is mine and I am His.

Anne Ross Cousin, 1876.

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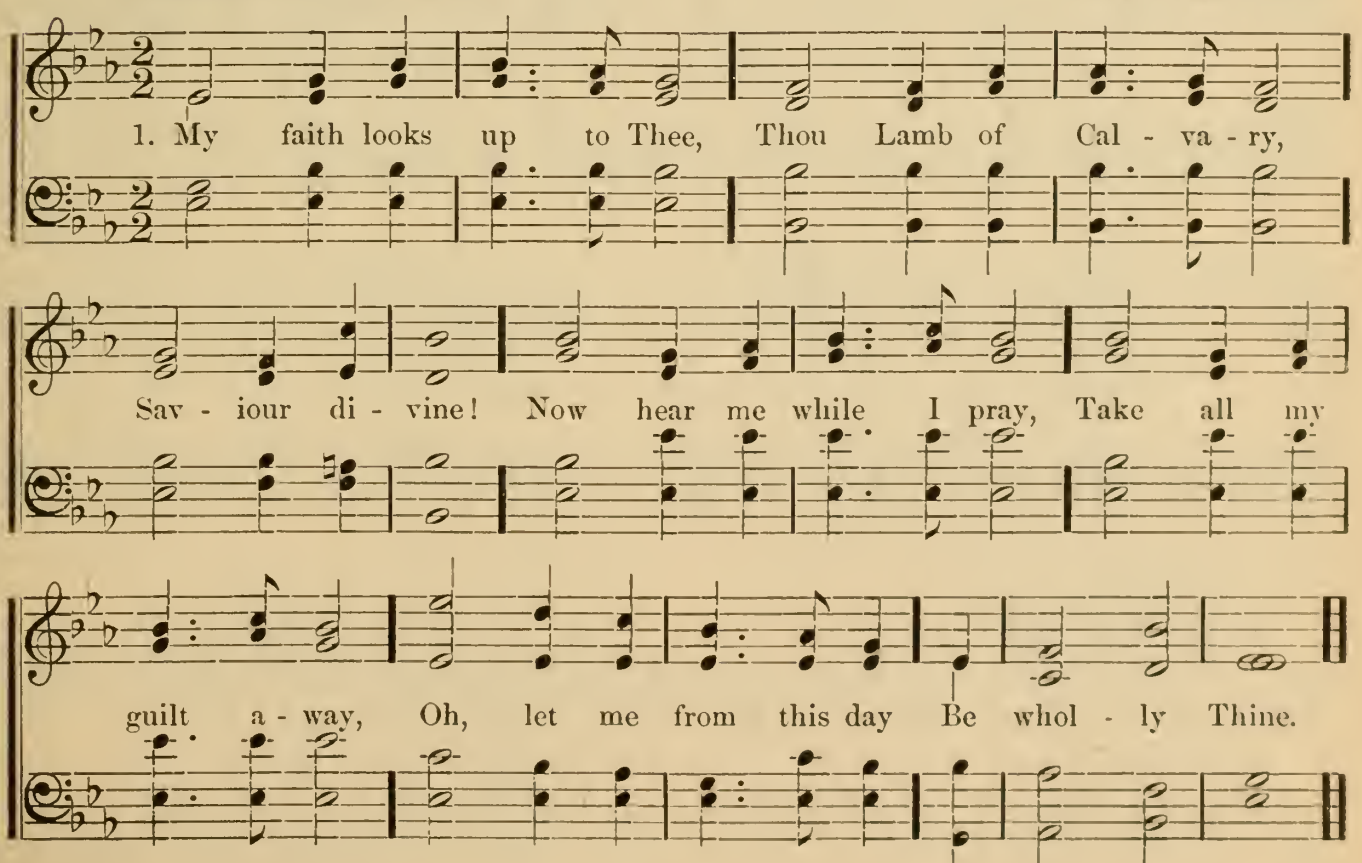
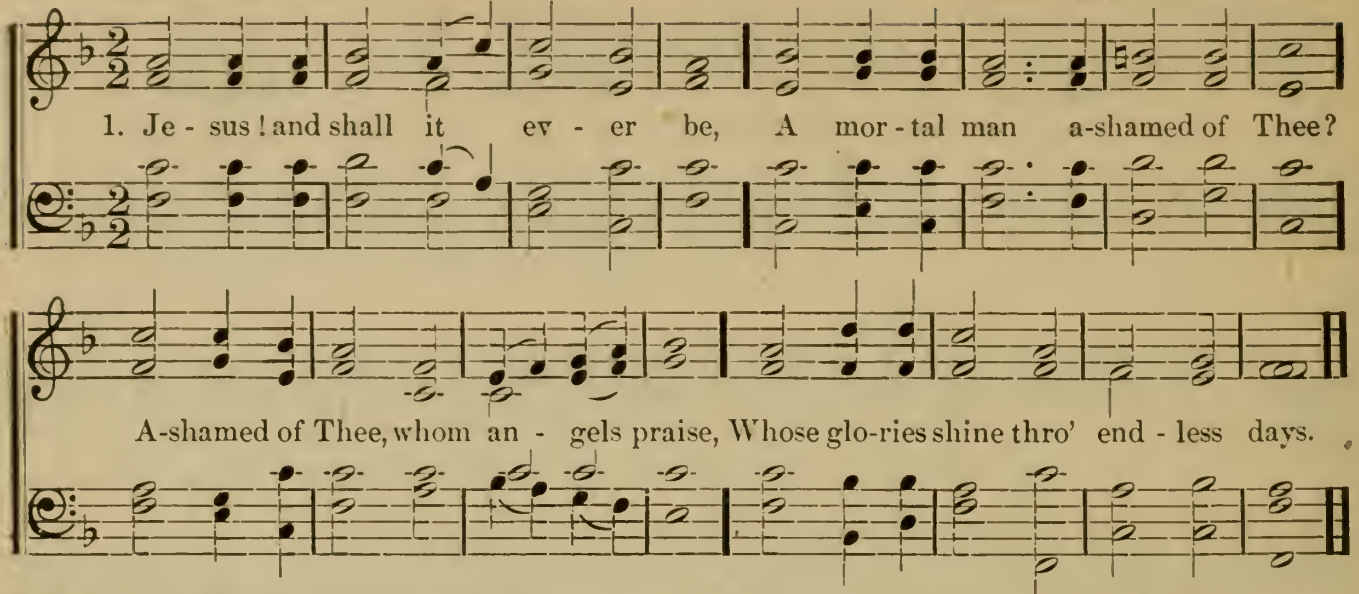
OLIVET. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.



121 FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

HENRY KEMBLE OLIVER, 1832.



2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of Heaven depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

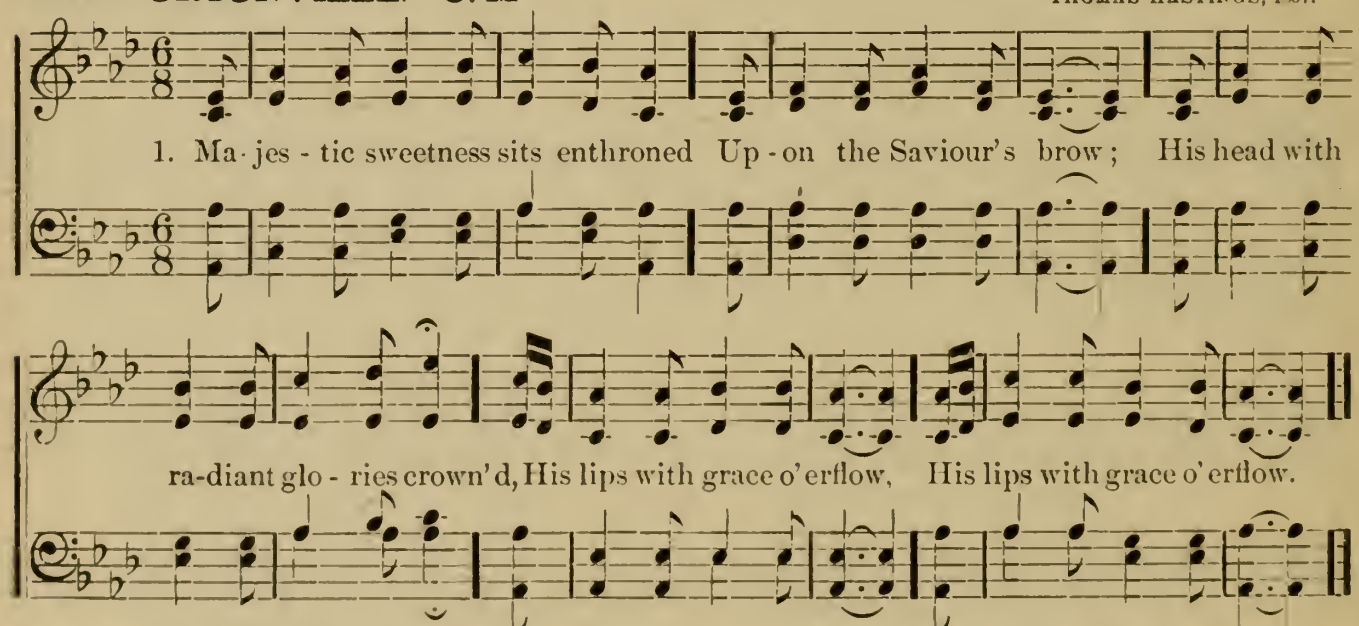
4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Rev. Joseph Grigg, 1765. Ab. and alt.
Rev. Benjamin Francis, 1787.

122 ORTONVILLE. C. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837.



2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

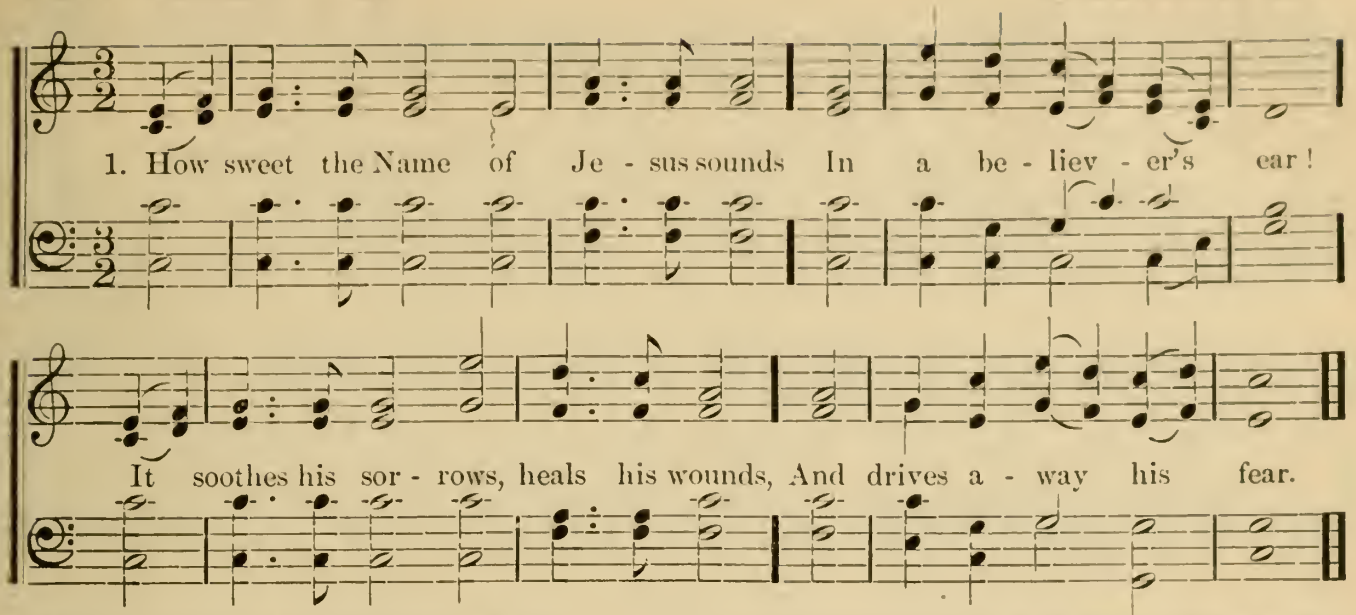
4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be Thine.

Rev. Samuel Stennett, 1787. Ab.

123 HEBER. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.



2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would Thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name,
Refresh my soul in death.

Rev. John Newton, 1779. V. 3 sl. alt.

124

1 My God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine;
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

2 Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all.

3 Let every thought, and work, and word
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service Lord,
And death the gate of Heaven!

Matthew Bridges, 1848. Ab.

125

1 Jesus, the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast:
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

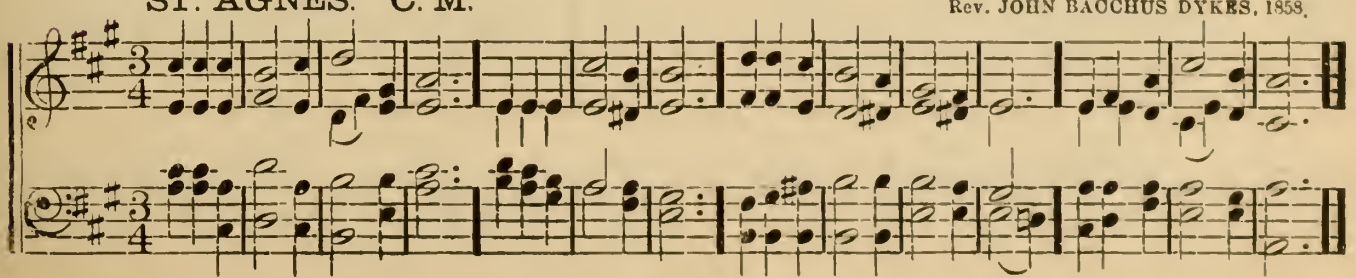
4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show,
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux, c. 1150.
Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall, 1849.

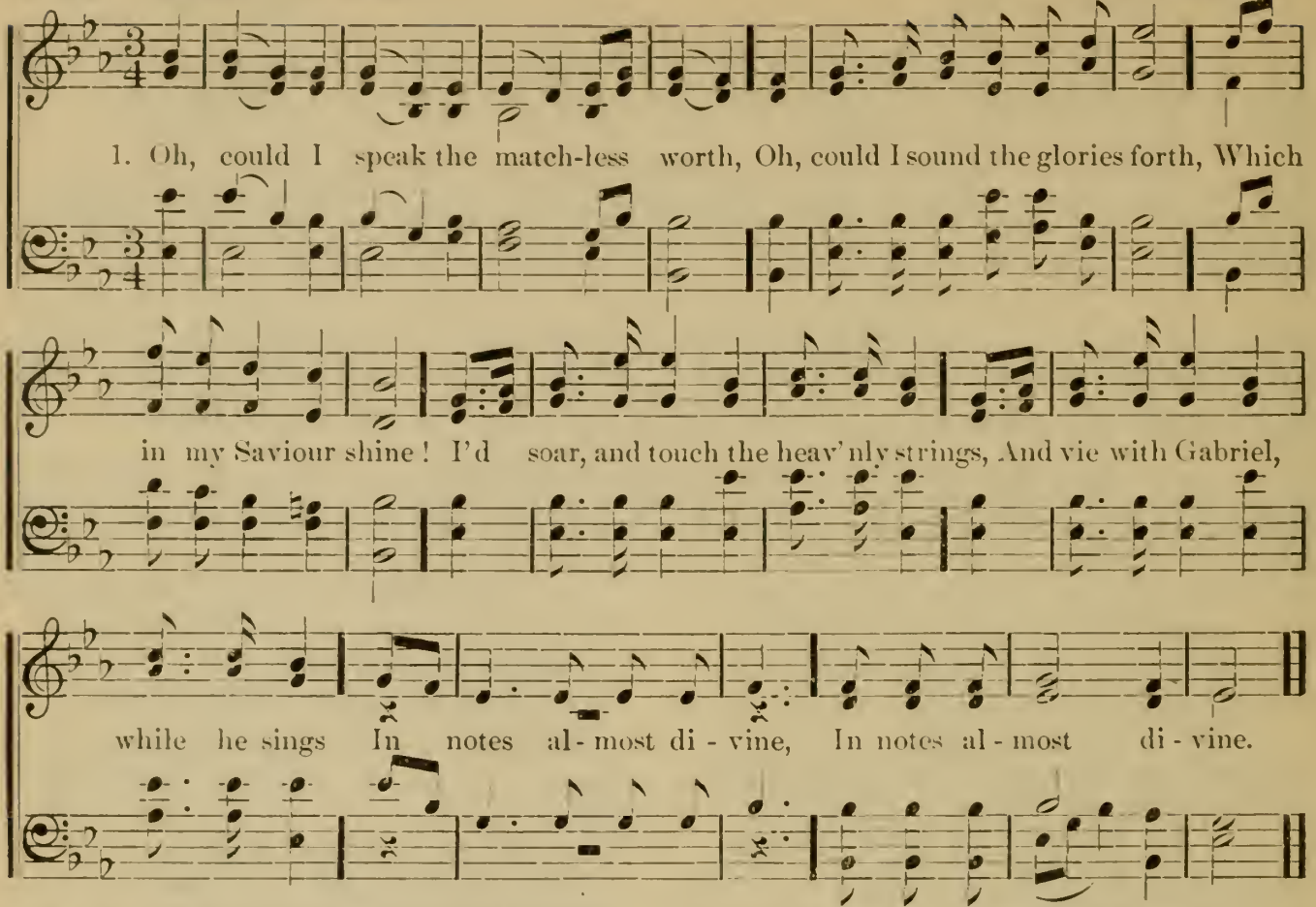
ST. AGNES. C. M.

Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1858.



126 ARIEL. C. P. M.

JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART,
LOWELL MASON, 1836.



2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt,
Of sin and wrath divine!
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

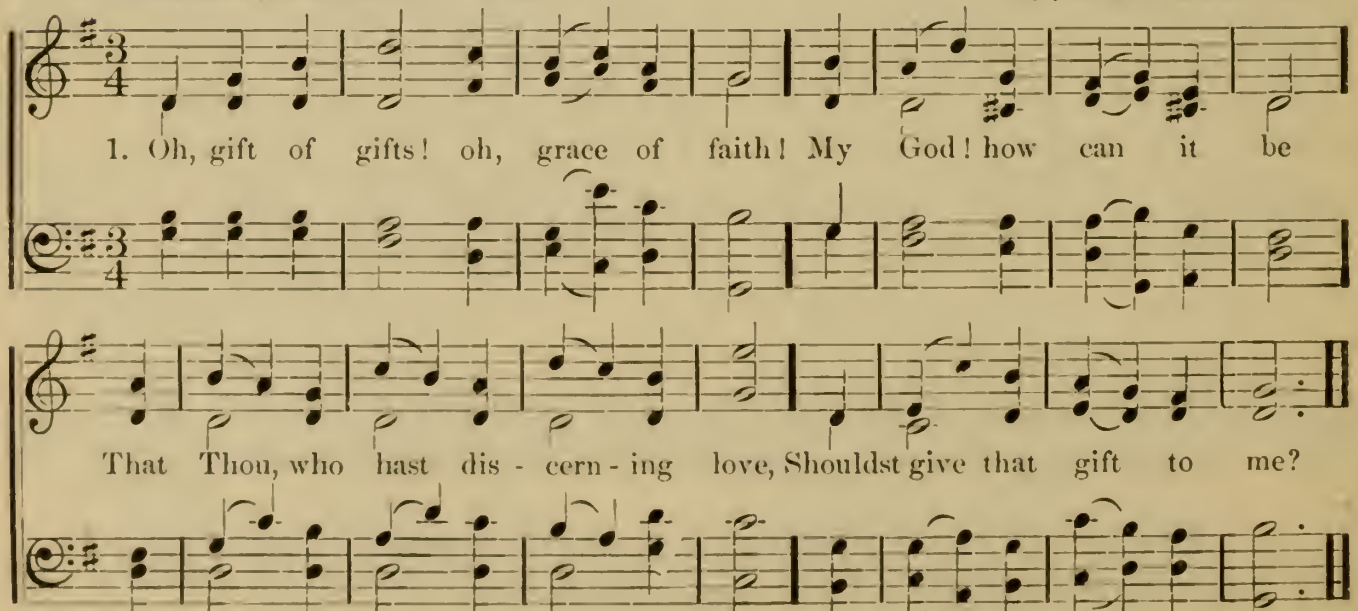
3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face:
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

Rev. Samuel Medley, 1789. Ab.

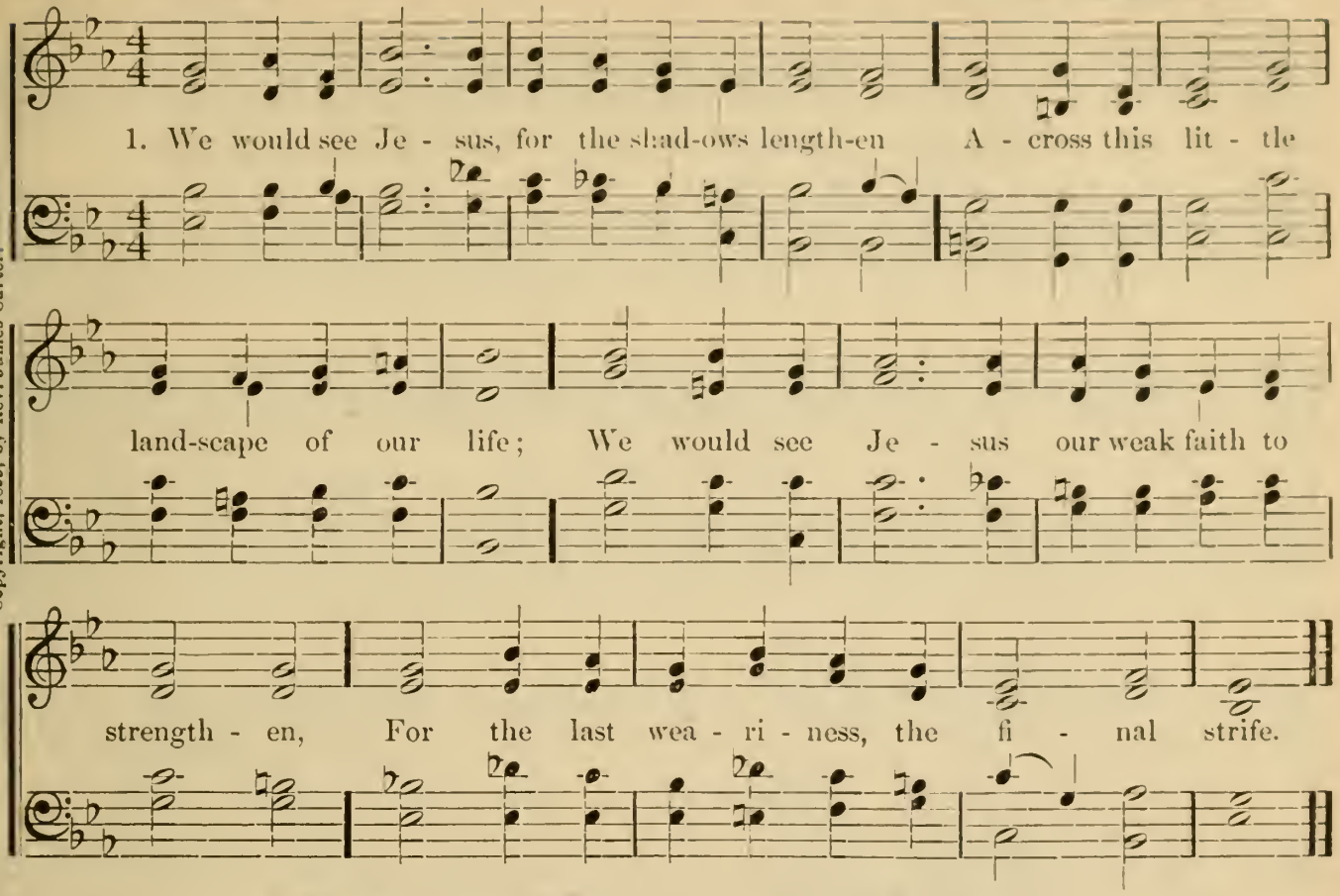
CHESTERFIELD. C. M.

Rev. THOMAS HAWEIS, 1792.



127 STOWE. 11. 10.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1895.



Copyright, 1899, by Rev. James Carter.

2 We would see Jesus,—the great Rock Foundation,
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace;
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

3 We would see Jesus;—this is all we're needing,
Strength, joy and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night!

Unknown Writer, 1858. Ab.

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128 (CHESTERFIELD). C. M.

1 Oh, gift of gifts! oh, grace of faith!
My God! how can it be
That Thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?

2 Ah, Grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

3 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light—
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright.

4 Oh, happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O Faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death!

Rev. Frederick William Faber, 1849. Ab.

129 C. M.

1 Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God!
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy Name.

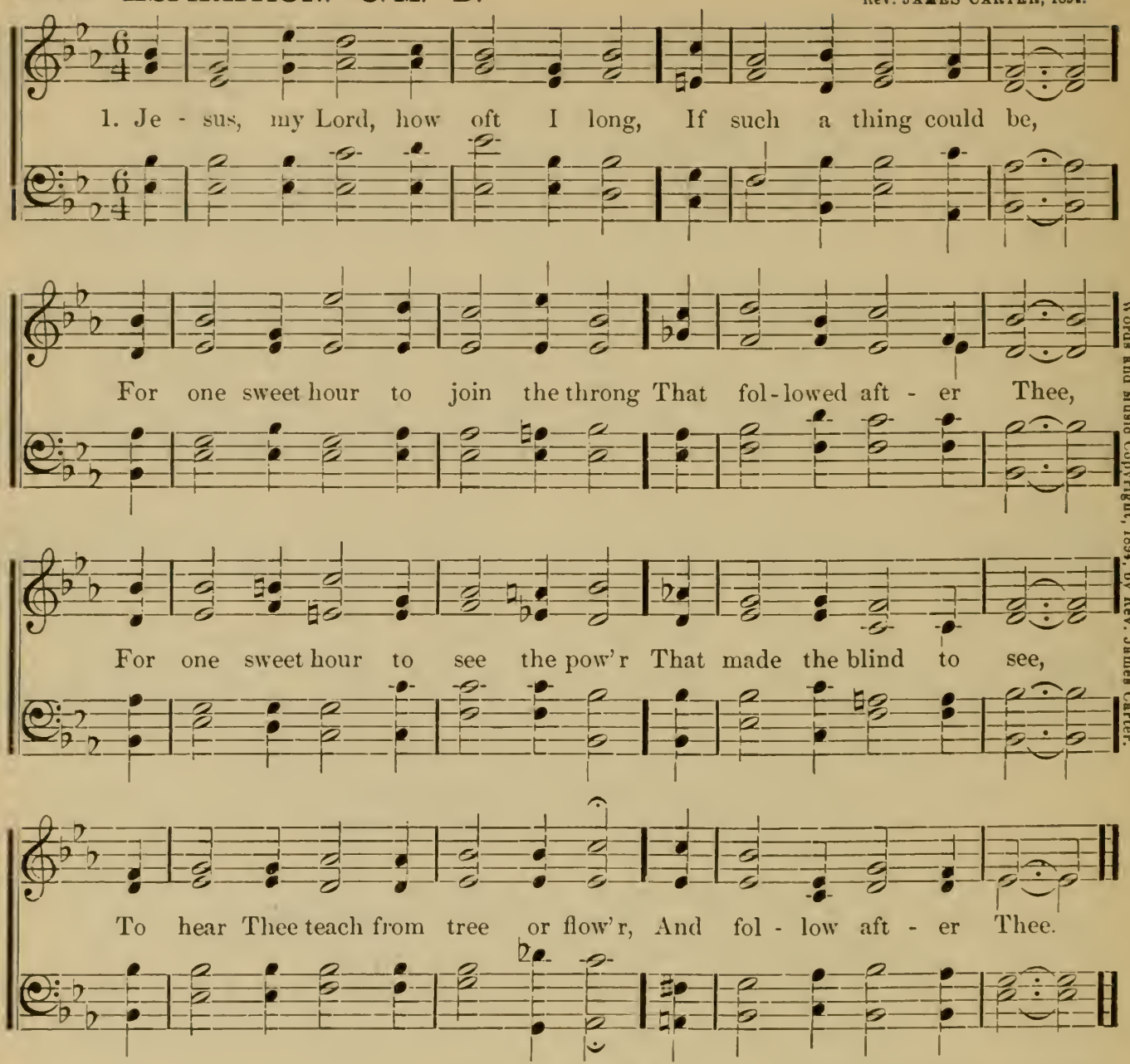
3 Jesus,—the Name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrows cease;
'Tis music to my ravished ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1738. Ab.

130 ASPIRATION. C. M. D.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1894.



Words and Music Copyright, 1894, by Rev. James Carter.

2 The lame, the blind, to be with them,
What joy were that to me,
If I might touch Thy garment's hem,
And follow after Thee.
Yet, Lord, if I am leading such,
Blind souls that seek to see,
Near to Thy helping, healing touch,
I follow after Thee.

3 If, answering my prayer, Thy word
Some captive soul set free;
Do not I walk with them, O Lord,
Who follow after Thee?
With joy I'll serve, with joy I'll sing,
Till I some day shall see
Thy look of love, my Lord, my King,
And ever dwell with Thee.

Emma Smuller Carter, 1894.

131

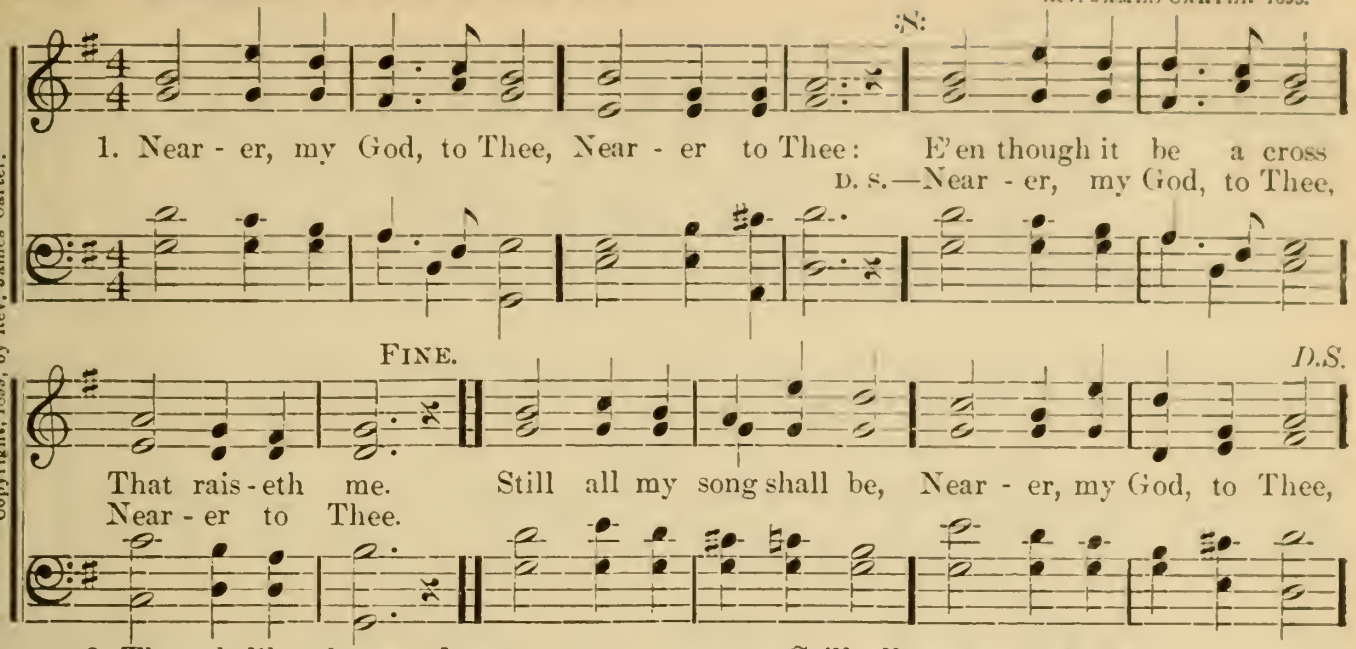
1 Talk with me, Lord, Thyself reveal,
While here on earth I rove;
Speak to my heart, and let me feel
The kindling of Thy love.
With Thee conversing, I forget
All time and toil and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.

2 Thou callest me to seek Thy face;
Thy face, O God, I seek,—
Attend the whispers of Thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.
Let this my every hour employ,
Till I Thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my Heaven in Thee.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740

132 BETHEL. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Rev. JAMES CARTER 1895.



Copyright, 1899, by Rev. James Carter.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto Heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Sarah Flower Adams, 1841. Ab.

133

1 More love to Thee, O Christ,
More love to Thee!
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

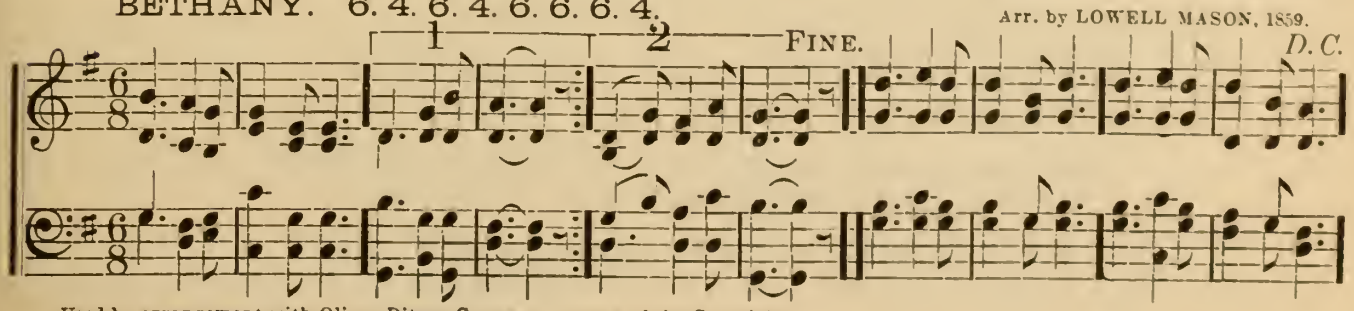
2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,—
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise,
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

Elizabeth Payson Prentiss, 1869.

BETHANY. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1859.



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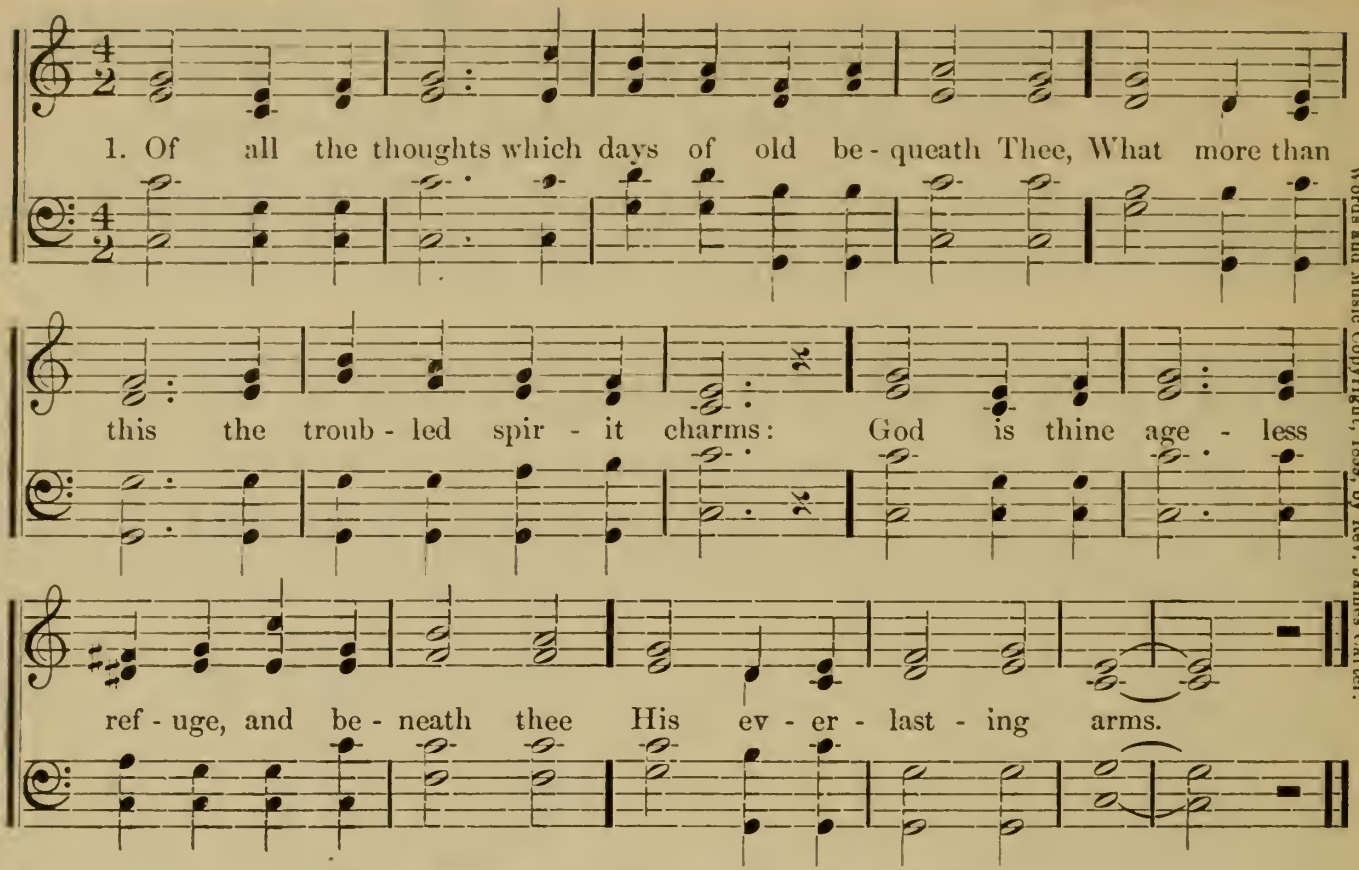
134 WILTWYCK. 11. 10. 11. 6.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1897.



Words and Music Copyright, 1899, by Rev. James Carter.

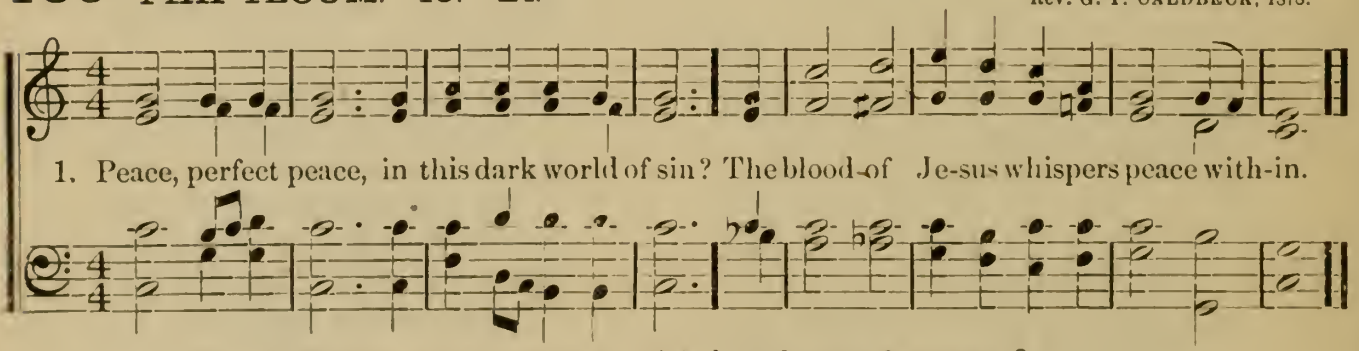
2 Rest, weary one, on Jesus' bosom leaning,
There safe abide secure from all alarms.
Sweet is the trust that learns the secret meaning,
In everlasting arms.

3 Peace, warring heart, 'mid earth's discordant noises;
Firm is thy fortress safe from all that harms.
List to the quiet of the heavenly voices,
In everlasting arms.

Rev. James Carter, 1897.

135 PAX TECUM. 10. 21.

Rev. G. T. CALDBECK, 1878.



2 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

3 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

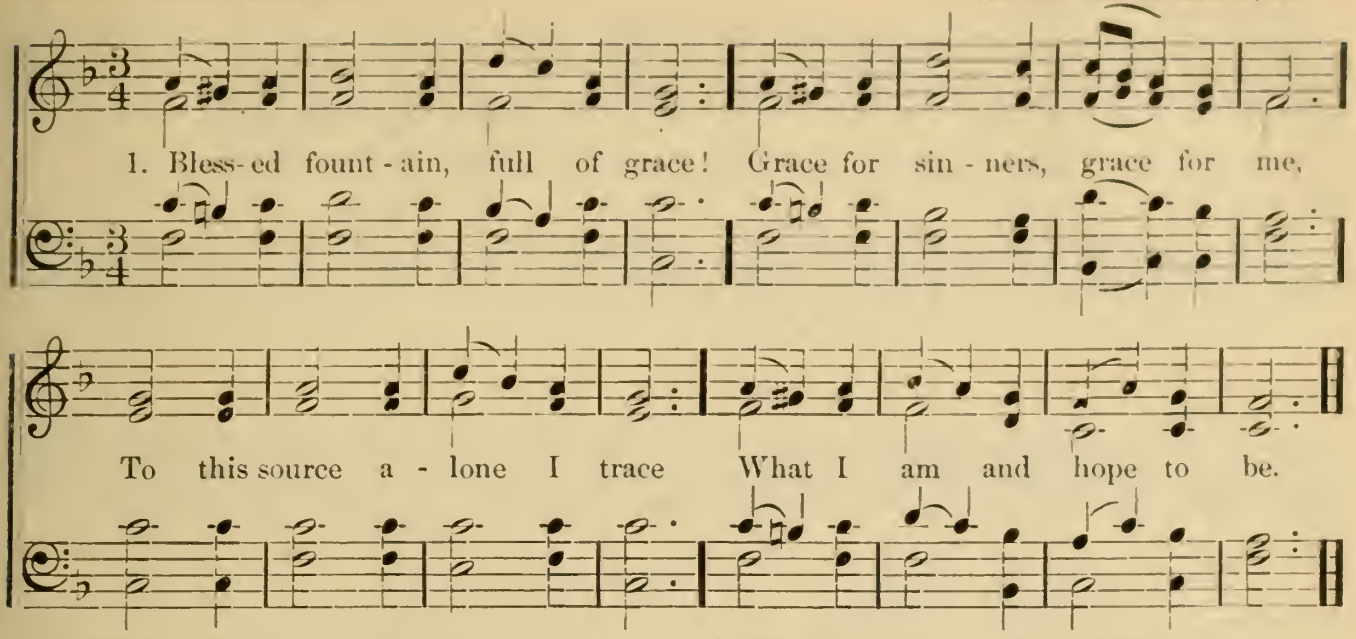
4 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

5 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to Heaven's perfect peace.

Bp. Edward Henry Bickersteth, 1875. Ab.

136 ESHTEMOA. 7.

TIMOTHY BATTLE MASON, 1852



2 What I am, as one redeemed,
Saved and rescued by the Lord;
Hating what I once esteemed,
Loving what I once abhorred.

3 What I hope to be ere long,
When I take my place above;
When I join the heavenly throng;
When I see the God of love.

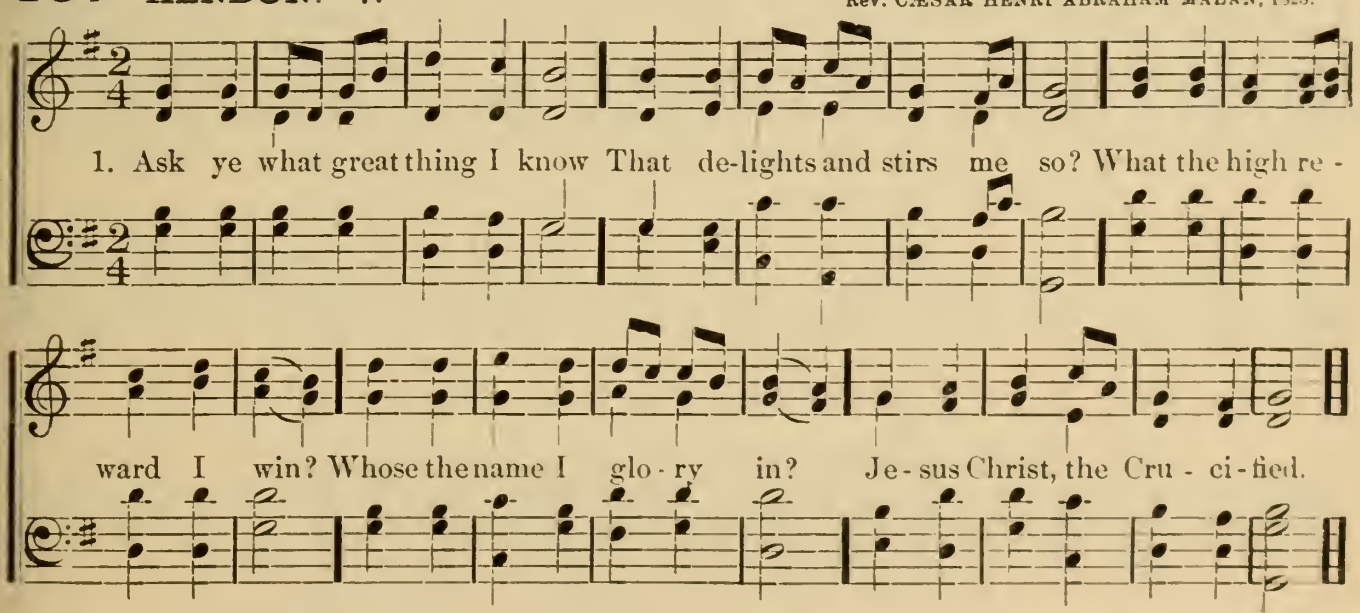
4 Then I hope like Him to be,
Who redeemed His saints from sin,
Whom I now obscurely see,
Through a vail that stands between.

5 Blesséd fountain, full of grace!
Grace for sinners, grace for me;
To this source alone I trace
What I am, and hope to be.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1809.

137 HENDON. 7.

Rev. CÆSAR HENRI ABRAHAM MALAN, 1828.



2 What is faith's foundation strong?
What awakes my lips to song
He who bore my sinful load,
Purchased for me peace with God,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

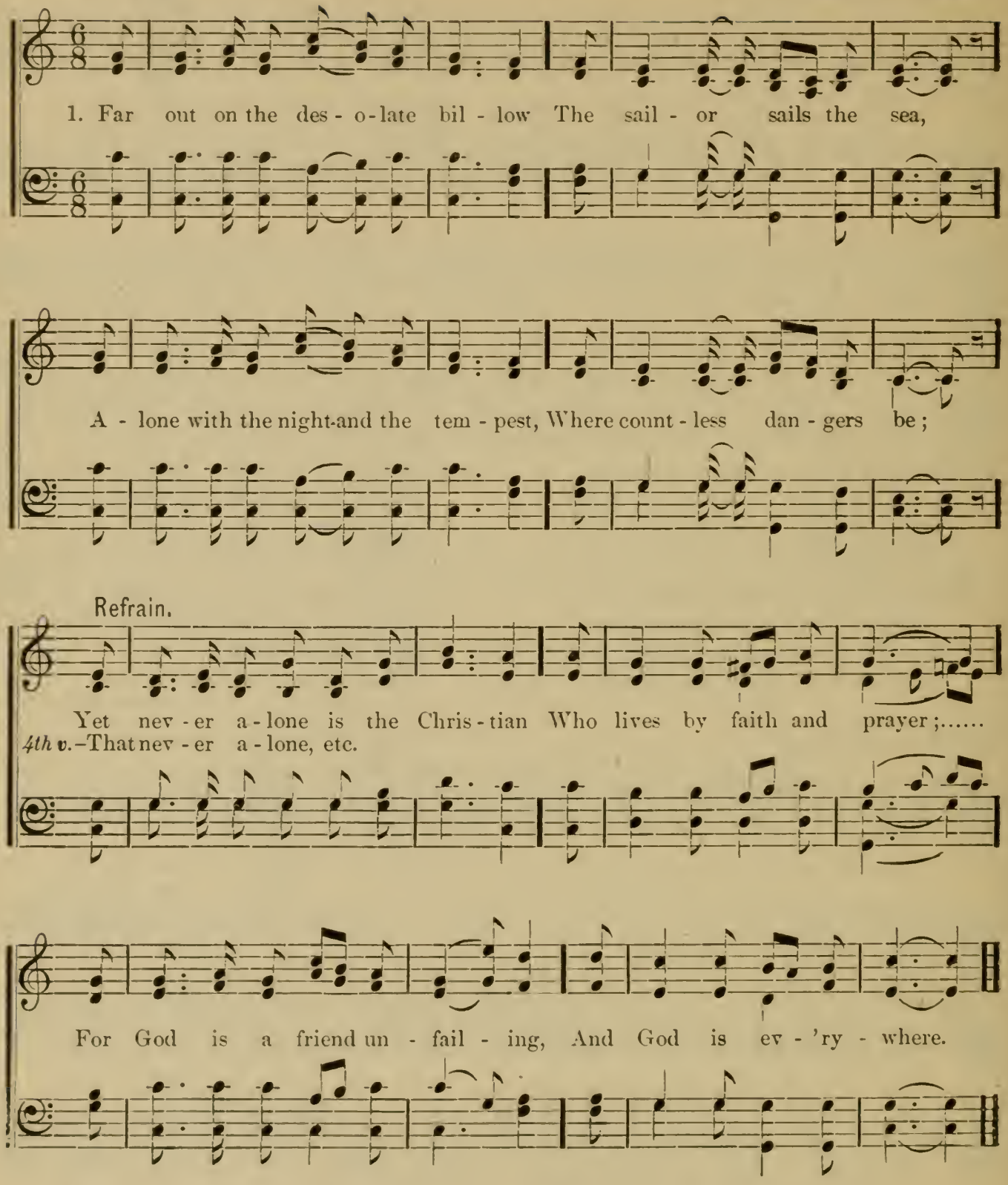
3 Who is Life in life to me?
Who the Death of death will be?
Who will place me on His right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

4 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so:
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

Rev. Johann Cristoph Schwedler, 1741.
Tr. by Rev. Benjamin Hall Kennedy, 1863. Ab.

138 LORELEI.

FRIEDRICH SILCHER.



2 Far down in the earth's dark bosom
The miner mines the ore;
Death lurks in the dark behind him,
And hides in the rock before;

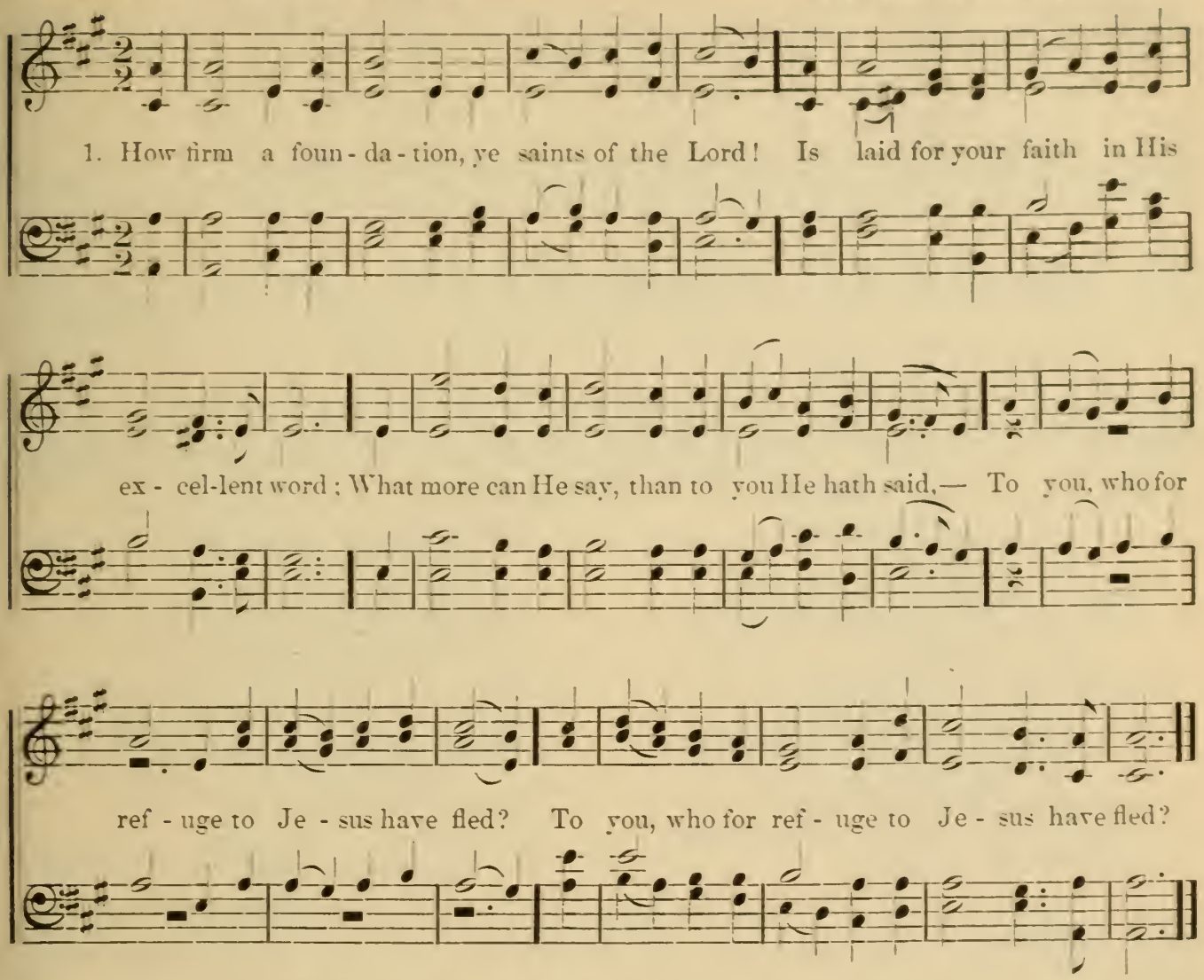
3 Forth into the dreadful battle
The steadfast soldier goes,
No friend, when he lies a-dying,
His eyes to kiss and close;

4 Lord, grant, as we sail life's ocean,
Or delve in its mines of woe,
Or fight in the terrible conflict,
This comfort all to know:

Rossiter Worthington Raymond, 1870.

139 PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11.

MARC ANTOINE PORTOGALLO, 1770.



2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
I, I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

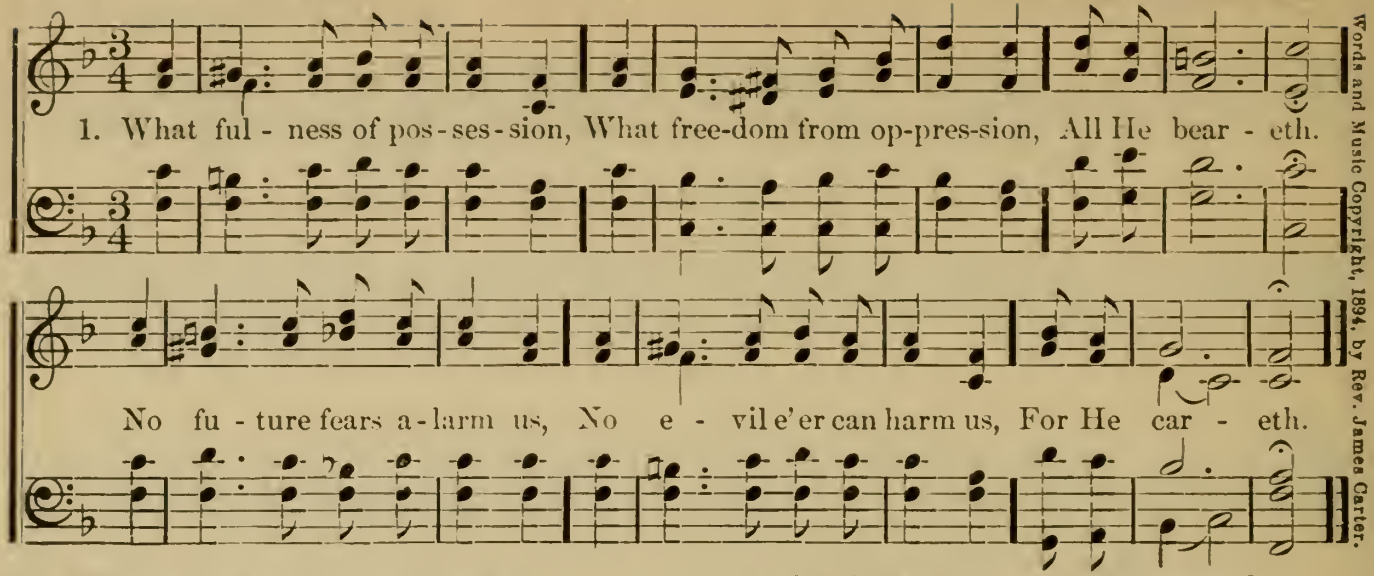
5 "Ev'n down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake!"

Keen, 1787. Ab.

140 ER SORGET. 7. 7. 4. 7. 7. 4.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1894.



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2 The pathway may be dreary,
Our feet be worn and weary,
But He shareth
Our toil; and, close beside us,
With power to guard and guide us,
Still He careth.

3 Full strong is our Defender,
Yet not more strong than tender;
And He weareth
A gentle smile for winning;
Though hearts be hard with sinning,
Still He careth.

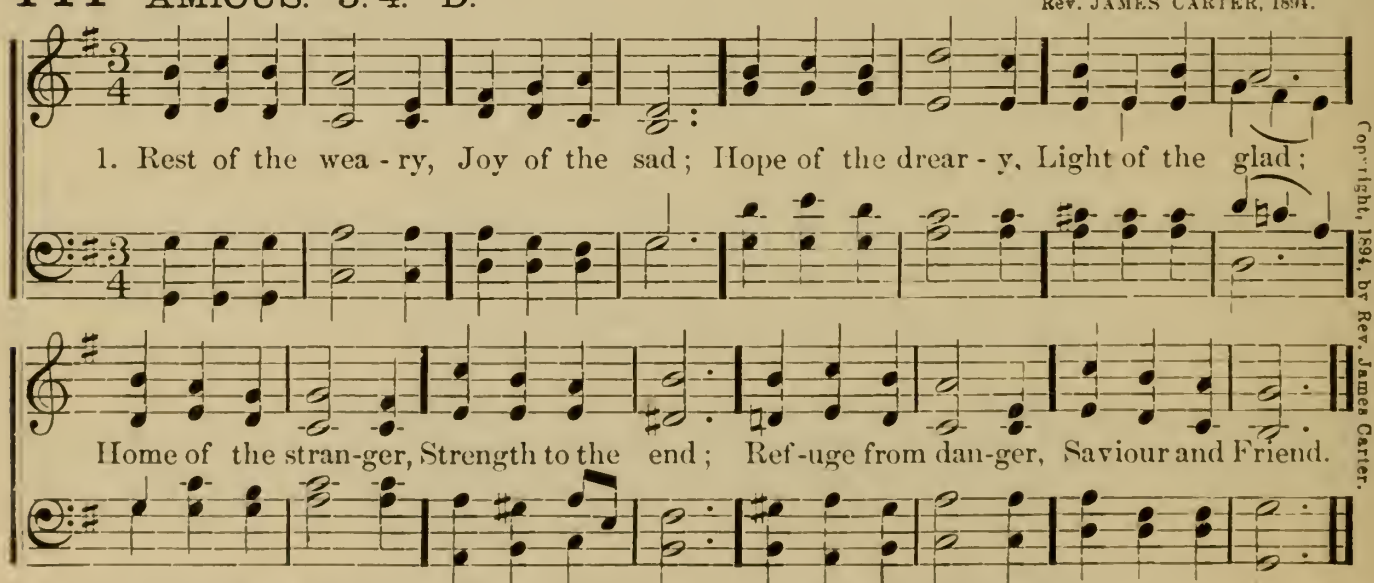
4 Doth fear of want oppress us?
Doth dread of death distress us?
He declareth:
'Tis safe on Him relying;
For living and for dying,
Still He careth.

5 To-day He soothes our sorrow;
Bright mansions for to-morrow
He prepareth.
For all our earthly story,
For all our future glory,
Safe He careth.

Emma Smuller Carter, 1894.

141 AMICUS. 5. 4. D.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1894.



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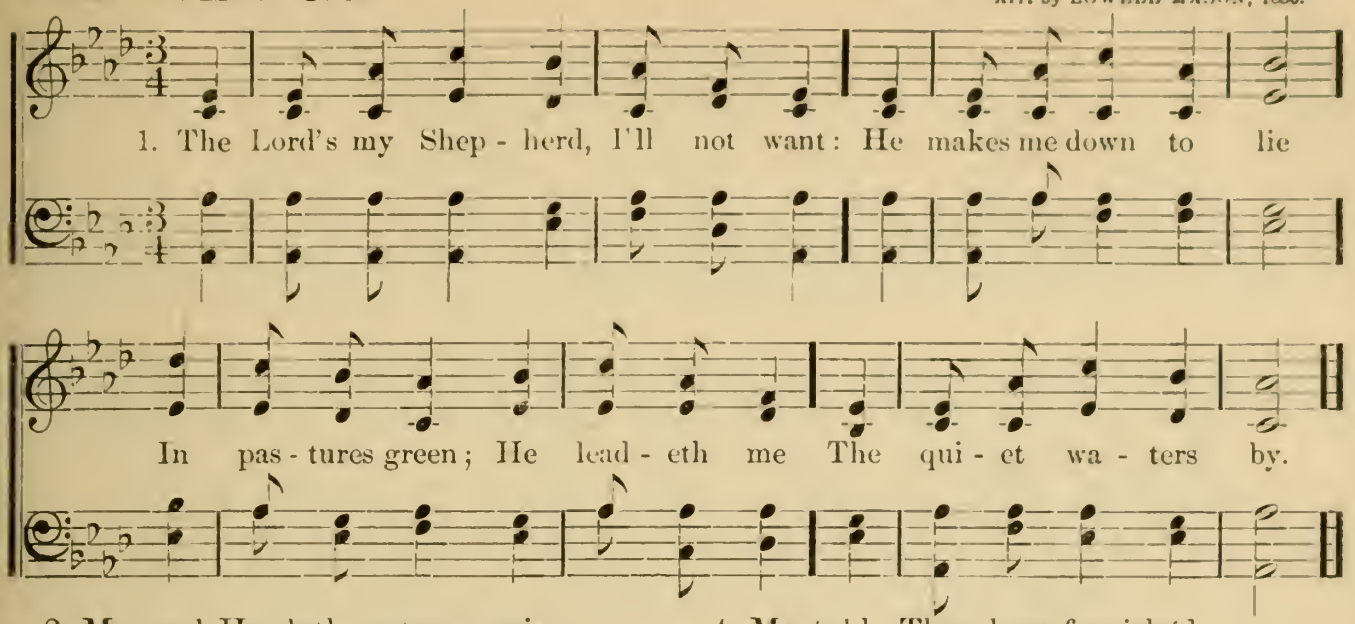
2 Pillow where lying,
Love rests its head;
Peace of the dying,
Life of the dead;
Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end,
Breath of the holy,
Saviour and Friend.

3 Ever confessing
Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing,
Glory, and praise;
All my endeavor,
World without end,
Thine to be ever,
Saviour and Friend!

Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1863.

142 EVAN. C. M.

Rev. WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL, 1846.
Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1850.



2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for His own Name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

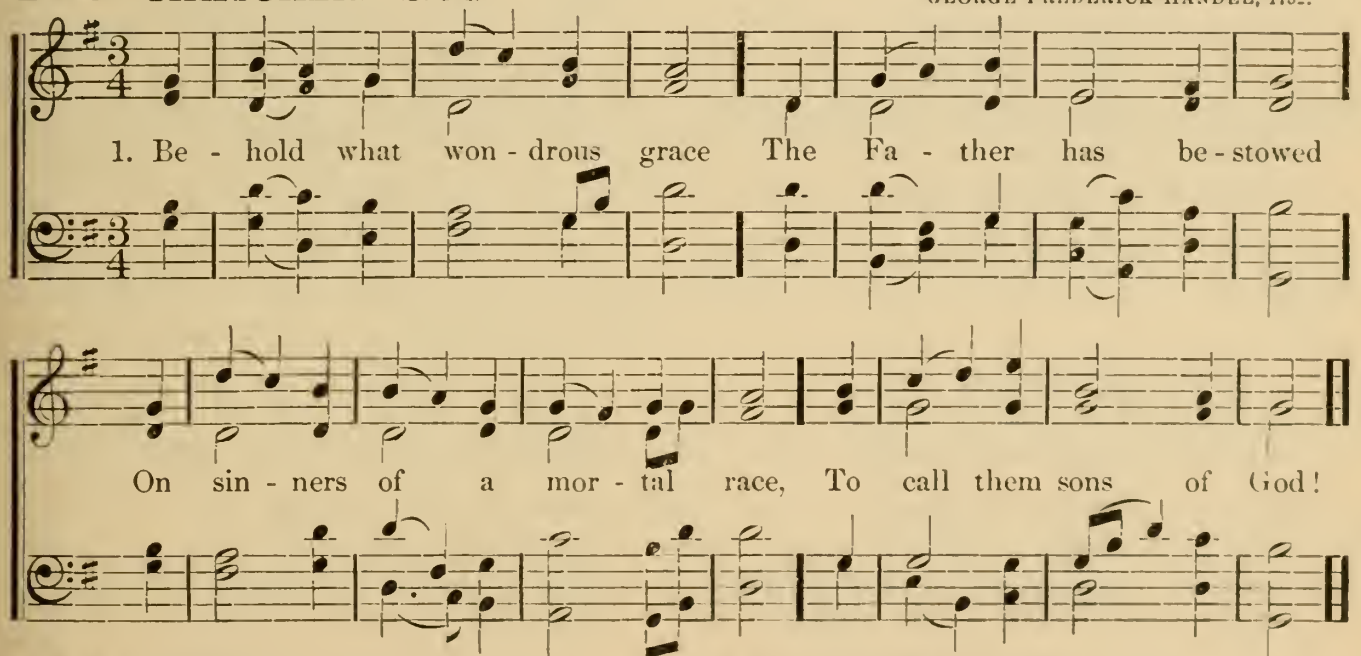
4 My table Thou hast furnishéd
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy, all my life,
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Francis Rous, 1643. Much alt.

143 THATCHER. S. M.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, 1732.



2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

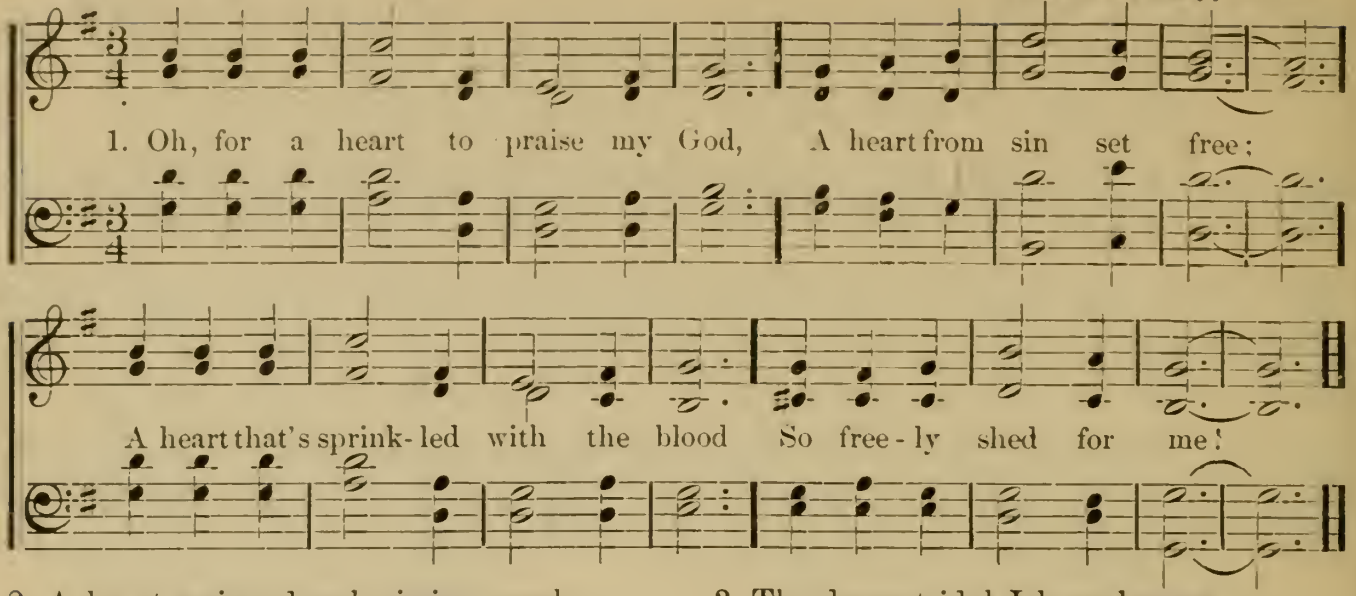
4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707. Ab.

144 LAMBETH. C. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE [?] cir. 1800.



2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;
A copy, Lord! of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord! impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,—
Thy new, best Name of Love.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742. Ab. and sl. alt.

145

1 Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,—
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet Messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper, 1772. Ab.

146

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

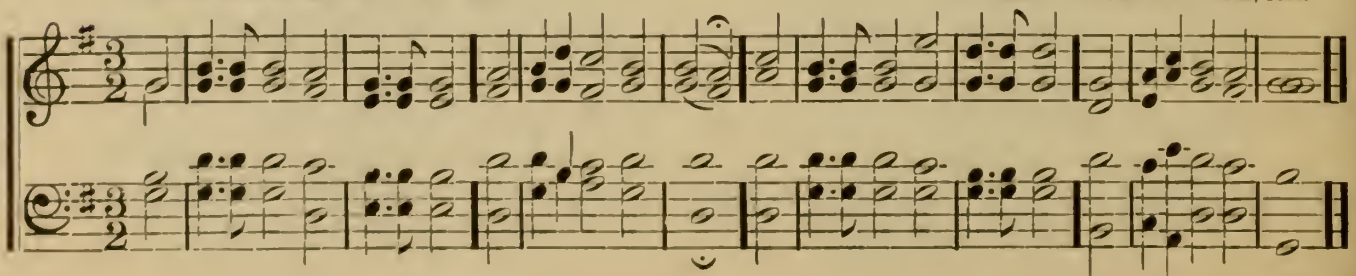
3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, my all!—

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707.

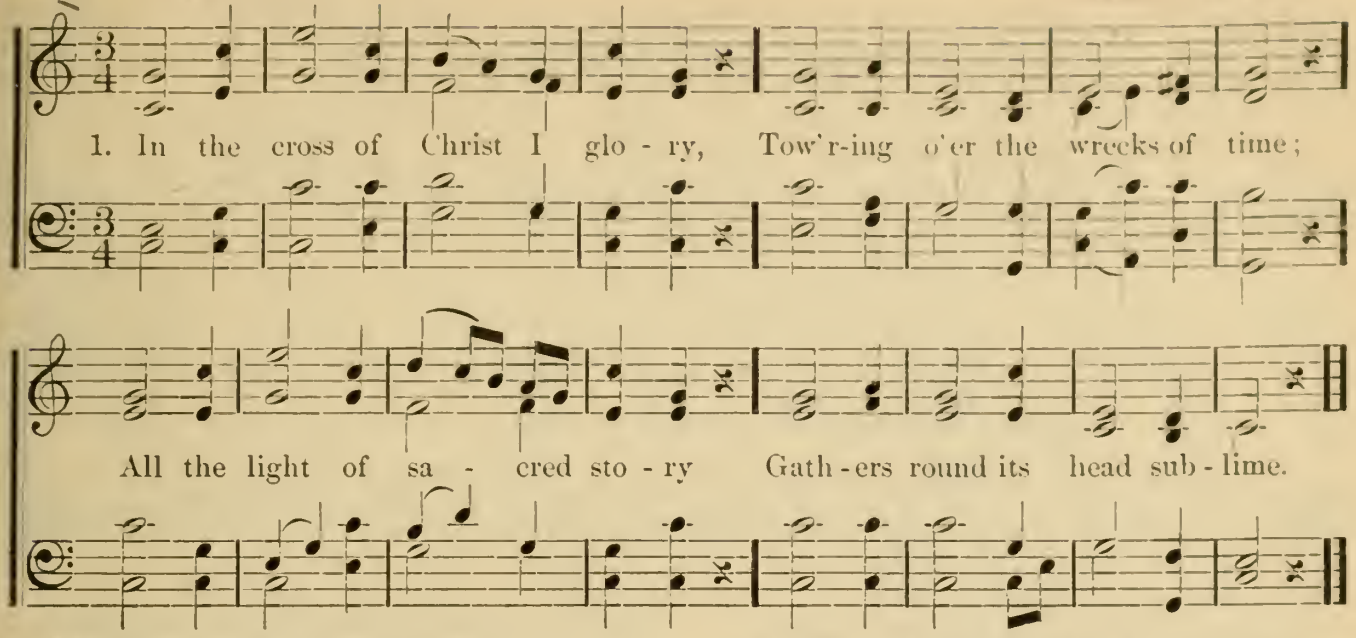
ARLINGTON. C. M.

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE, 1844.



147 RATHBUN. 8. 7.

ITHAMAR CONKEY, 1851.



2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more luster to the day.

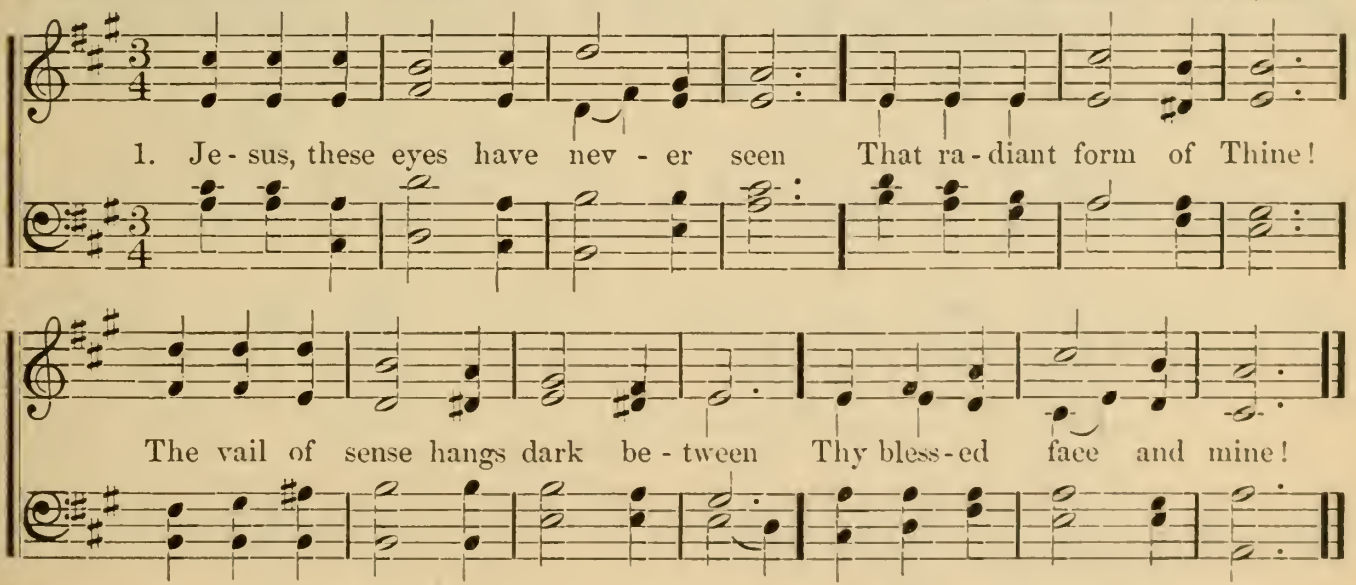
4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

148 ST. AGNES. C. M.

Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1858.



2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

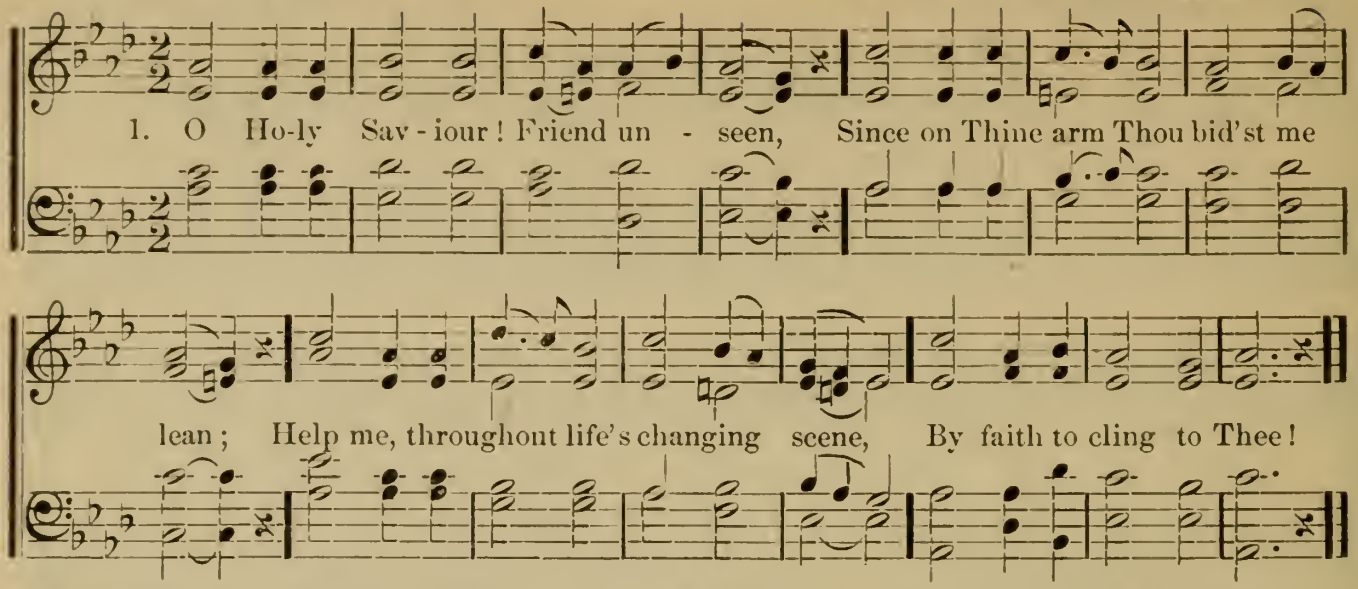
4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love Thee, dearest Lord!—and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending vail shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art!

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1858.

149 FLEMMING. 8. 8. 8. 6.

FRIEDRICH FERDINAND FLEMMING, 1810.



2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what Thou wilt, I'll not repine;
For, as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to Thee.

3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to Thee.

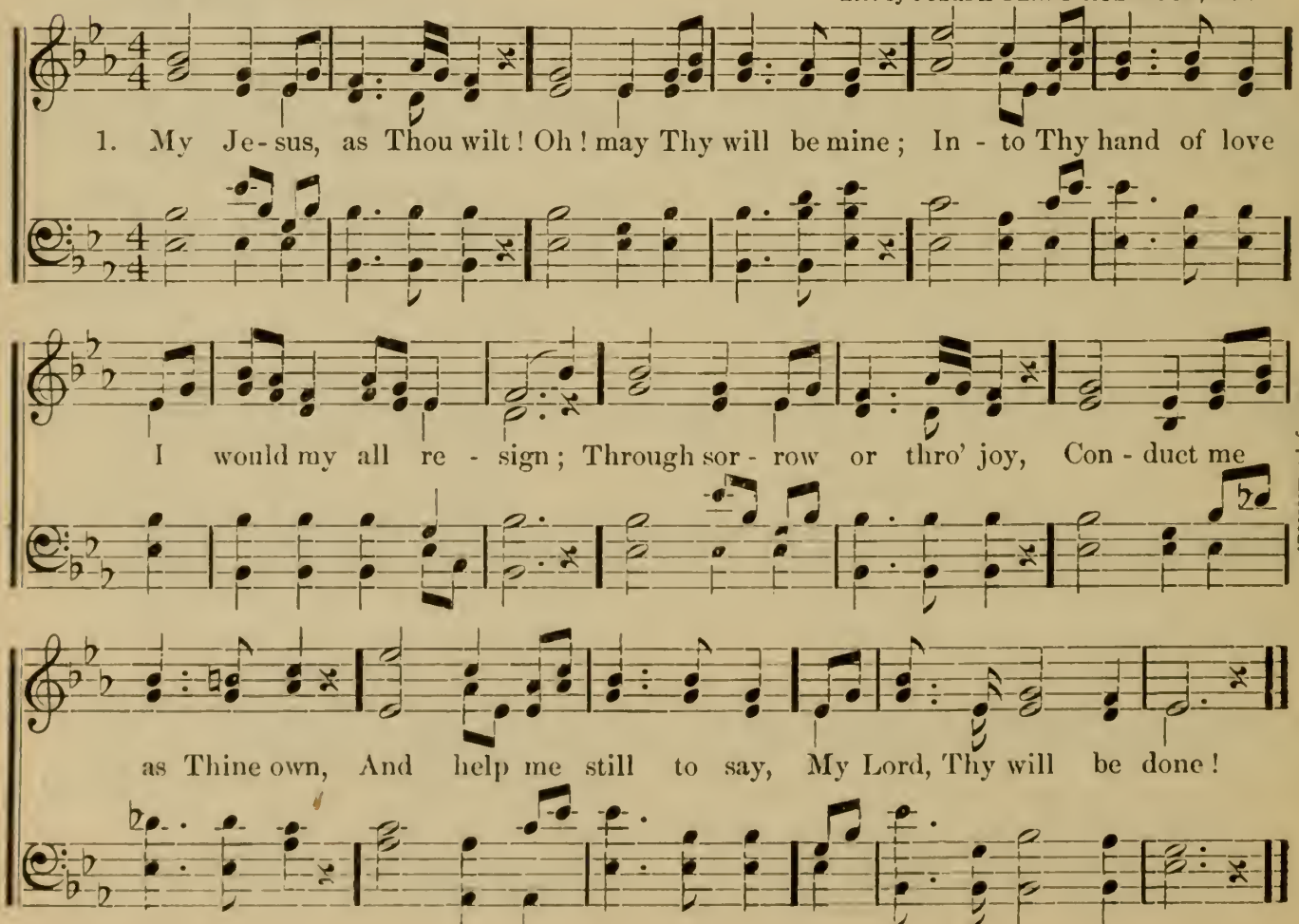
4 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to Me!"

5 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to Thee!

Miss Charlotte Elliott, 1834. Ab. and sl. alt.

JEWETT. 6. D.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER, 1820.
Arr. by JOSEPH PERRY HOLBROOK, 1862.



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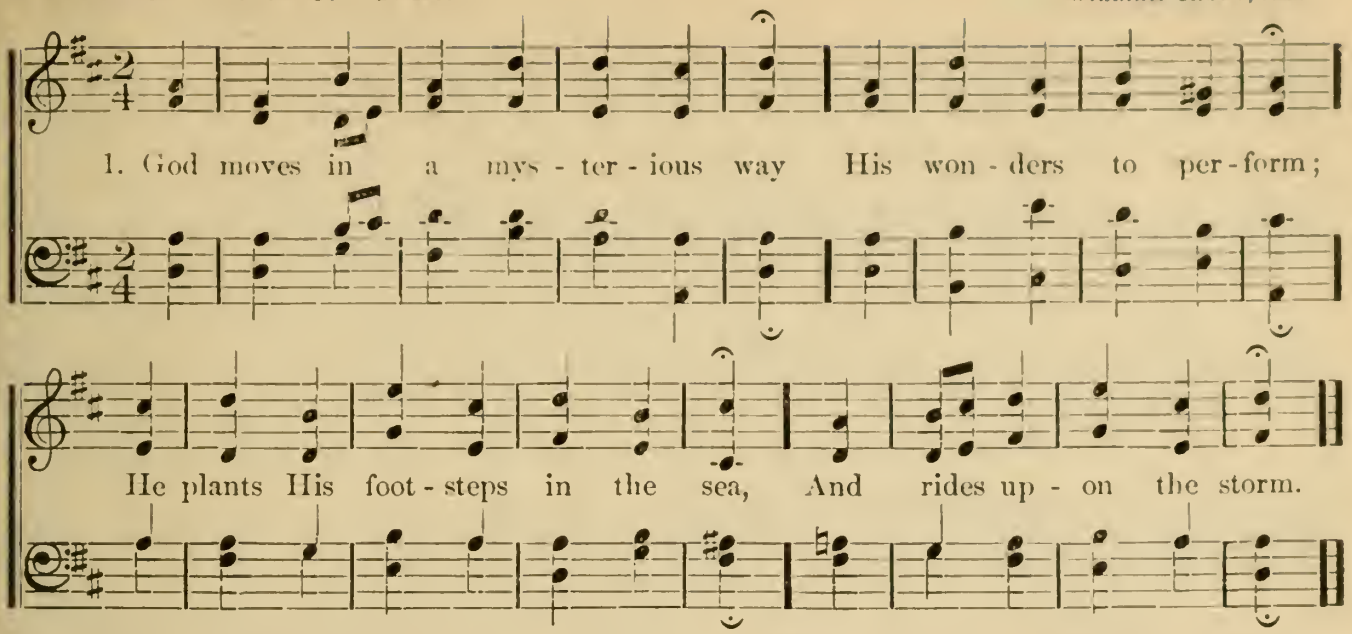
150 ST. ANN'S. C. M.

WILLIAM CROFT, 1708.



2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

William Cowper, 1773. Ab.

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151 (JEWETT). 6. D.

1 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Oh! may Thy will be mine;
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign;
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear:
Since Thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee:
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

Rev. Benjamin Schmolke, 1716.
Tr. by Miss Jane Borthwick, 1854. Ab.

152 6. D.

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot:
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

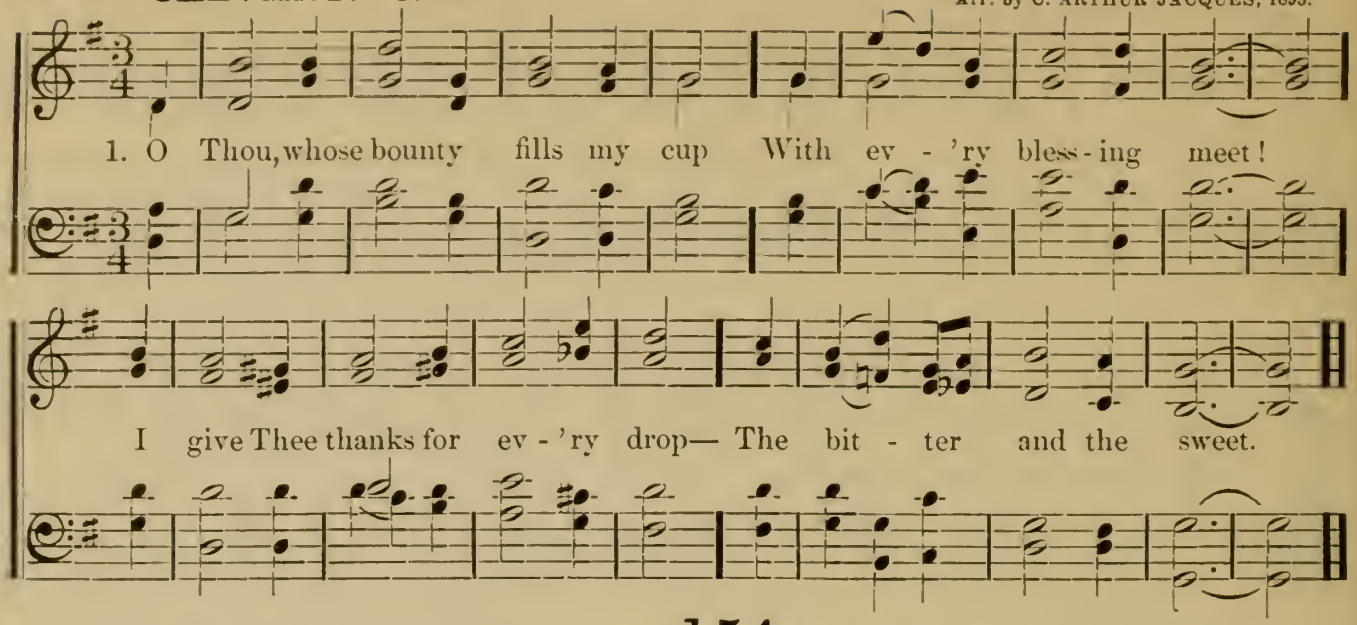
2 The kingdom that I seek,
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857. Ab.

153 CALVARY. C. M.

LUDWIG SPOHR, 1835.
Arr. by C. ARTHUR JACQUES, 1895.



2 I praise Thee for the desert road,
And for the river-side;
For all Thy goodness hath bestowed,
And all Thy grace denied.

3 I thank Thee for both smile and frown,
And for the gain and loss;
I praise Thee for the future crown,
And for the present cross.

4 I thank Thee for the wing of love,
Which stirred my worldly nest;
And for the stormy clouds which drove
The flutterer to Thy breast.

5 I bless Thee for the glad increase,
And for the waning joy;
And for this strange, this settled peace,
Which nothing can destroy.

Jane Crewdson, 1860.

154

1 We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God!
Deep as the soundless sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in Thee.

2 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee;—

3 That peacé which flows serene and deep—
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep:
God's sunshine o'er the whole!

4 Such, Father, give our hearts such peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

Unknown Writer, 1858. Ab.

155 (RUBINSTEIN). 7.

1 In the dark and cloudy day,
When earth's riches flee away,
And the last hope will not stay,
Saviour, comfort me!

2 When the secret idol's gone
That my poor heart yearned upon,—
Desolate, bereft, alone,
Saviour, comfort me!

3 Thou, who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in Thy love confide;
Saviour, comfort me!

4 So it shall be good for me
Much afflicted now to be,
If Thou wilt but tenderly,
Saviour, comfort me!

George Rawson, 1853. Ab.

156 7.

1 Holy Ghost, the Infinite!
Shine upon our nature's night
With Thy blesséd inward light,
Comforter Divine!

2 We are sinful: cleanse us, Lord;
We are faint: Thy strength afford;
Lost,—until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine!

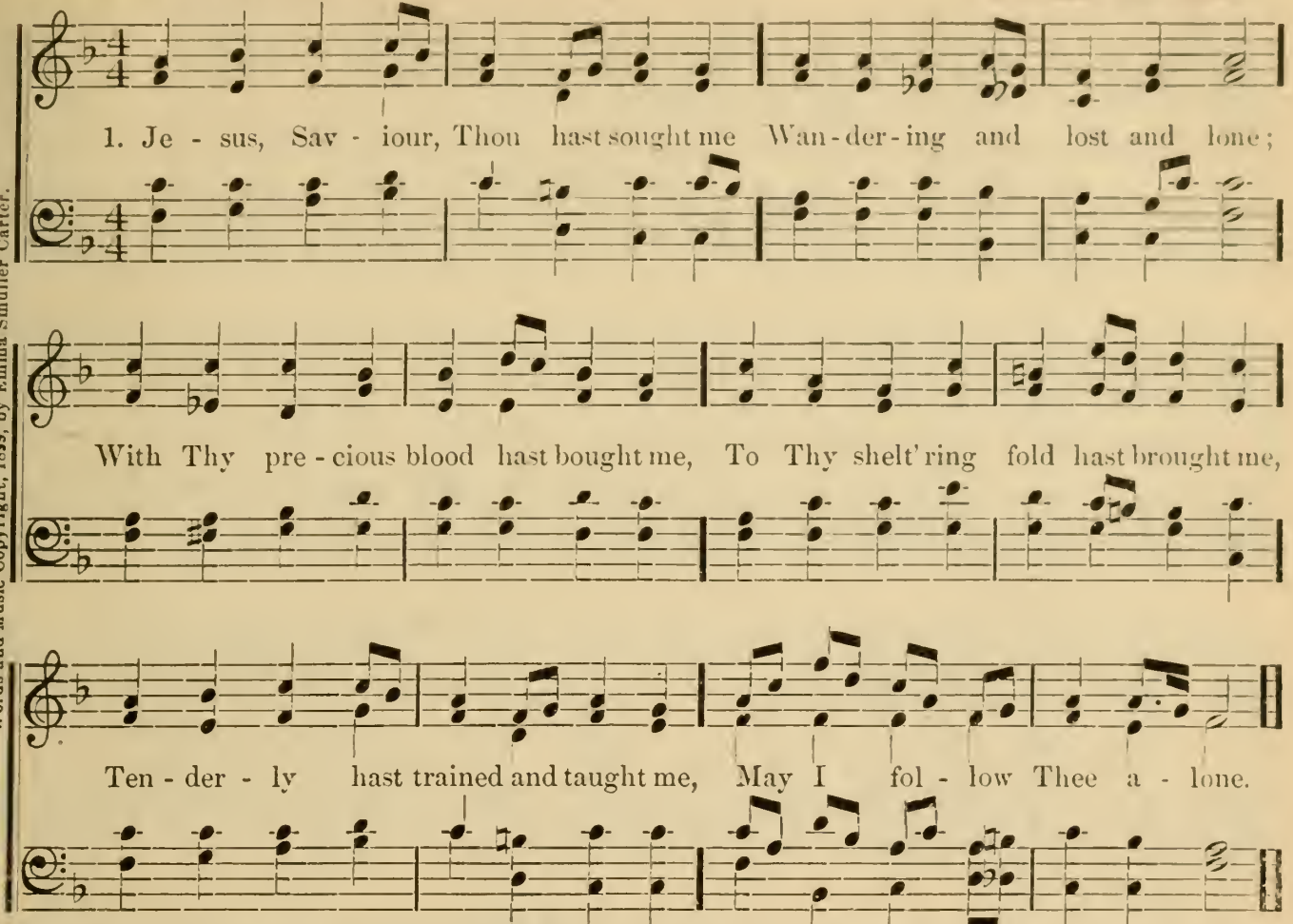
3 Like the dew, Thy peace distill;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine!

4 Search for us the depths of God;
Bear us up the starry road,
To the hight of Thine abode,
Comforter Divine!

George Rawson, 1853. Ab. and sl. alt.

157 DEDICATION. 8.7.8.8.8.7.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1895.



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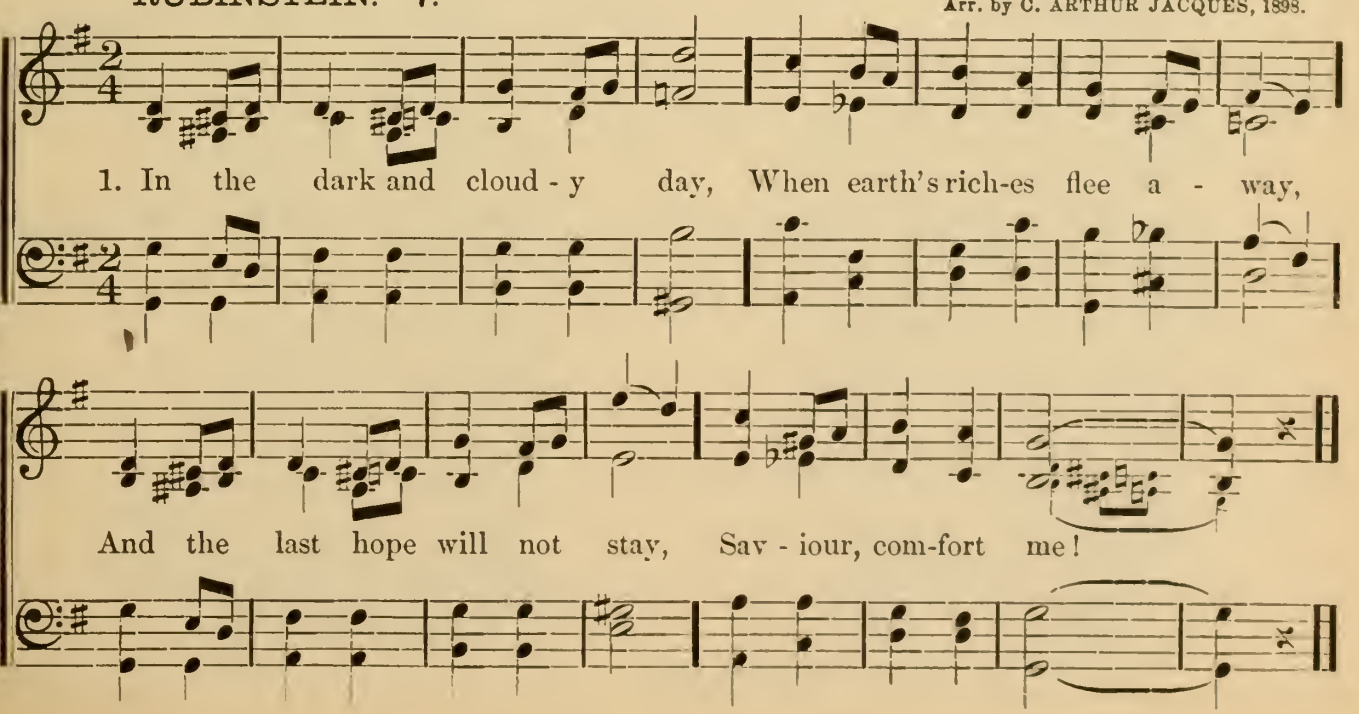
2 When the world, my heart alluring,
Softly calls, in tempting tone;
Then the right resolve insuring,
And my faltering step securing,
Make me faithful and enduring;
May I follow Thee alone.

3 Since from bondage Thou hast freed me,
I no future bondage own,
But the bonds of love, that lead me [me,
Through green fields where Thou dost feed
All the way Thou hast decreed me,
Smooth or thorny, to Thy throne.

Emma Smuller Carter, 1895.

RUBINSTEIN. 7.

ANTON GREGOR RUBINSTEIN,
Arr. by C. ARTHUR JACQUES, 1898.



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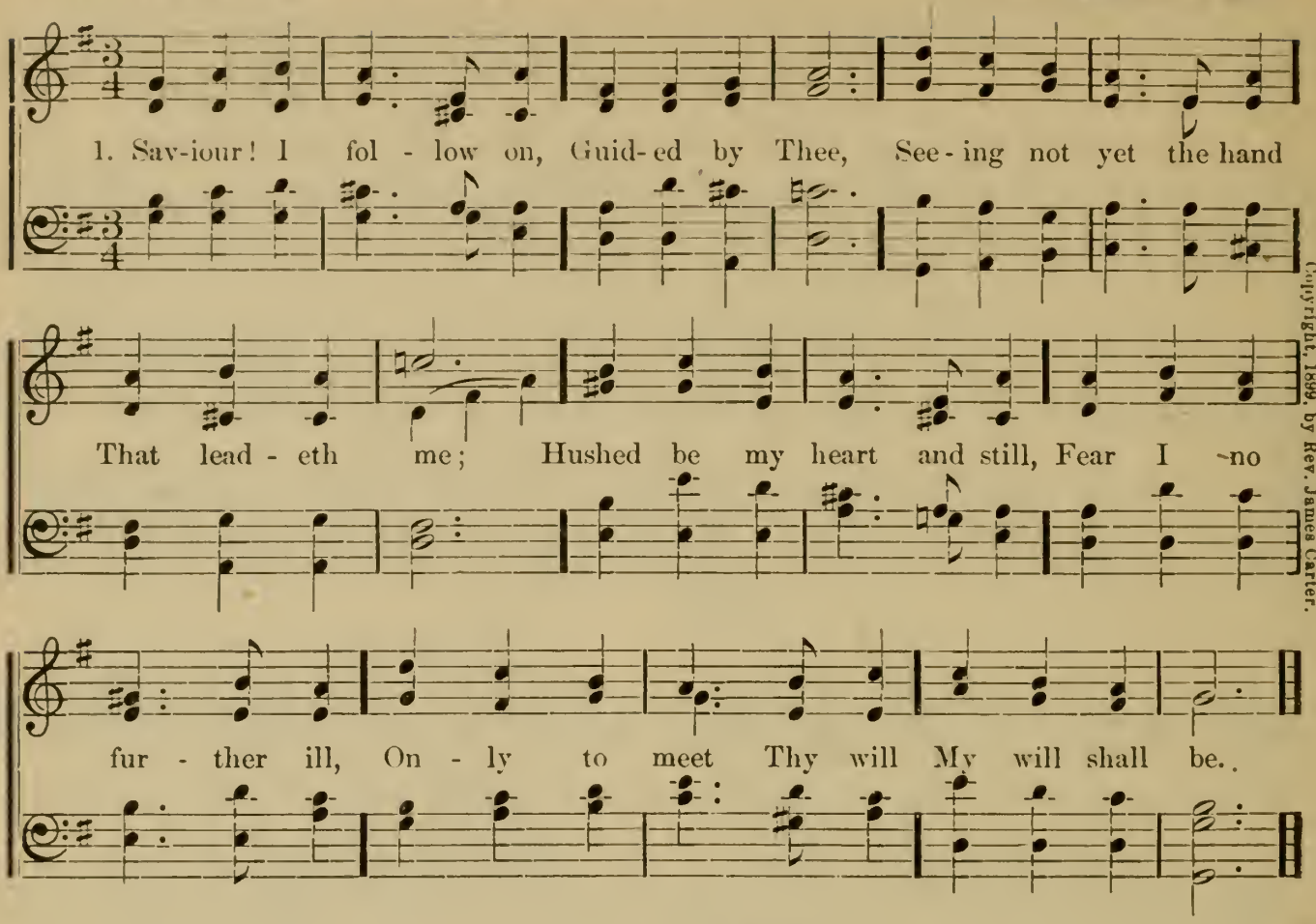
158 ROBINSON. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1878.



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2 Riven the rock for me
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from Heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But Thou dost whisper near,
"Only believe!"

3 Often to Marah's brink
Have I been brought;
Shrinking the cup to drink,
Help I have sought;
And with the prayer's ascent,
Jesus the branch hath rent,
Quickly relief hath sent,
Sweetening the draught.

4 Saviour! I long to walk
Closer with Thee;
Led by Thy guiding hand,
Ever to be;
Constantly near Thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for Him who died
Freely for me!

Rev. Charles Seymour Robinson, 1862.

159

1 I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland;
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home;
Time's wild and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side—
Heaven is my home—
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home;
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
And there I too shall rest;
Heaven is my home.

Rev. Thomas Rawson Taylor, 1836. Ab.

160 WALTER. 7.3.7.7.7.3.

EMMA SMULLER CARTER, 1894.
Arr. by Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1894.

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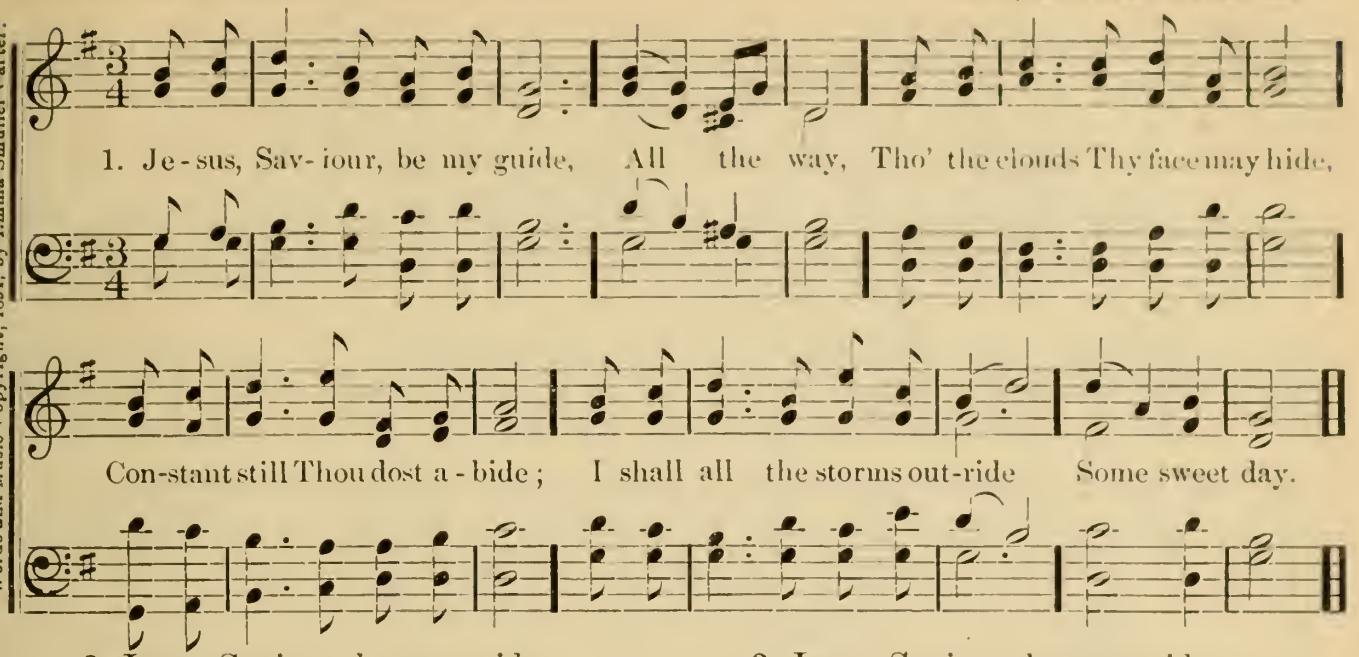


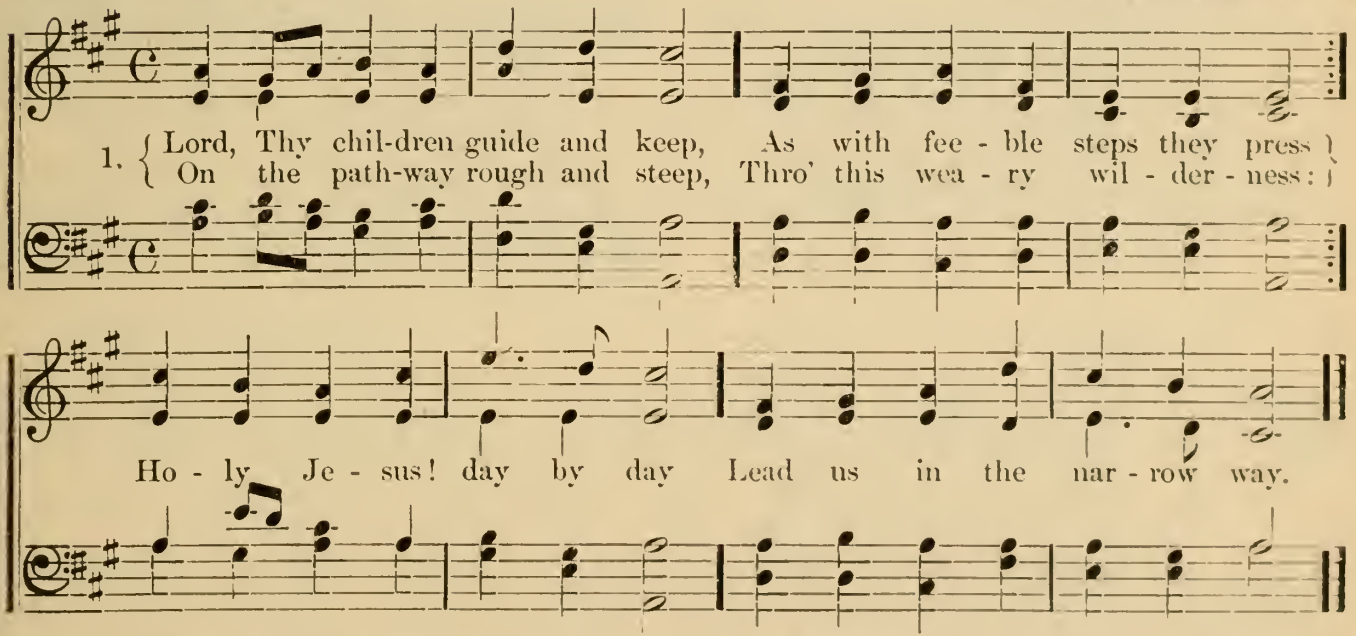
2 Jesus, Saviour, be my guide,
All the way.
Naught of harm can e'er betide,
Naught of good shall be denied;
But I shall be satisfied
Some sweet day.

3 Jesus, Saviour, be my guide,
All the way.
All to Thee I would confide;
Lead me, lead me to Thy side;
There may I be glorified
Some sweet day.

Emma Smuller Carter, 1894.

161 DIX. 7. 61.

CONRAD KOCHER, 1838.
WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1861.



2 There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
Where the feeble faint and die,
Grant us grace to persevere:
Holy Jesus! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

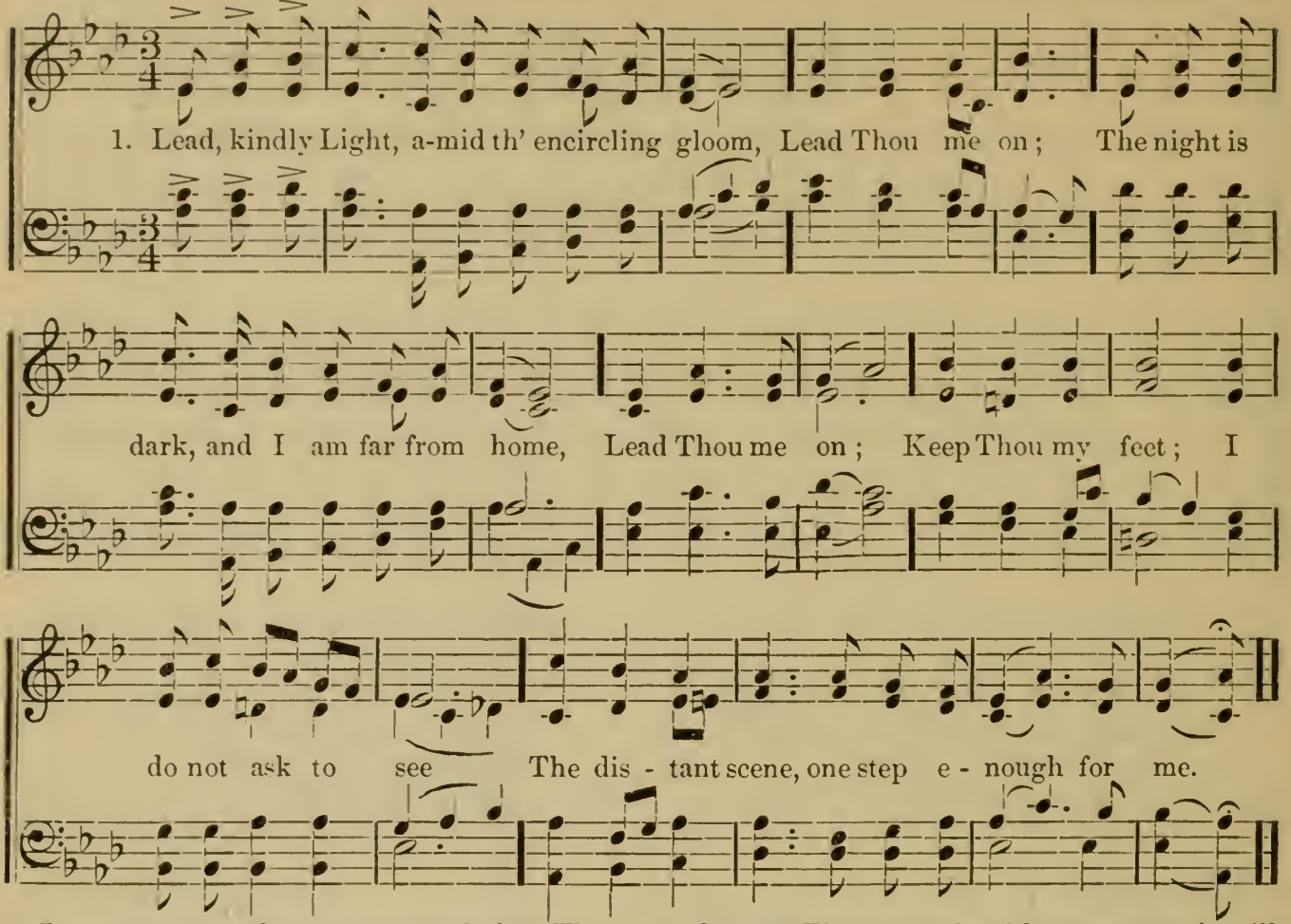
3 There are soft and flowery glades,
Decked with golden-fruited trees,—
Sunny slopes, and scented shades;
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease:
Holy Jesus! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

4 Upward still to purer hights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest!
Holy Jesus! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

Bp. William Walsham How, 1854.

162 LUX BENIGNA. 10. 4. 10. 10.

Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1861.



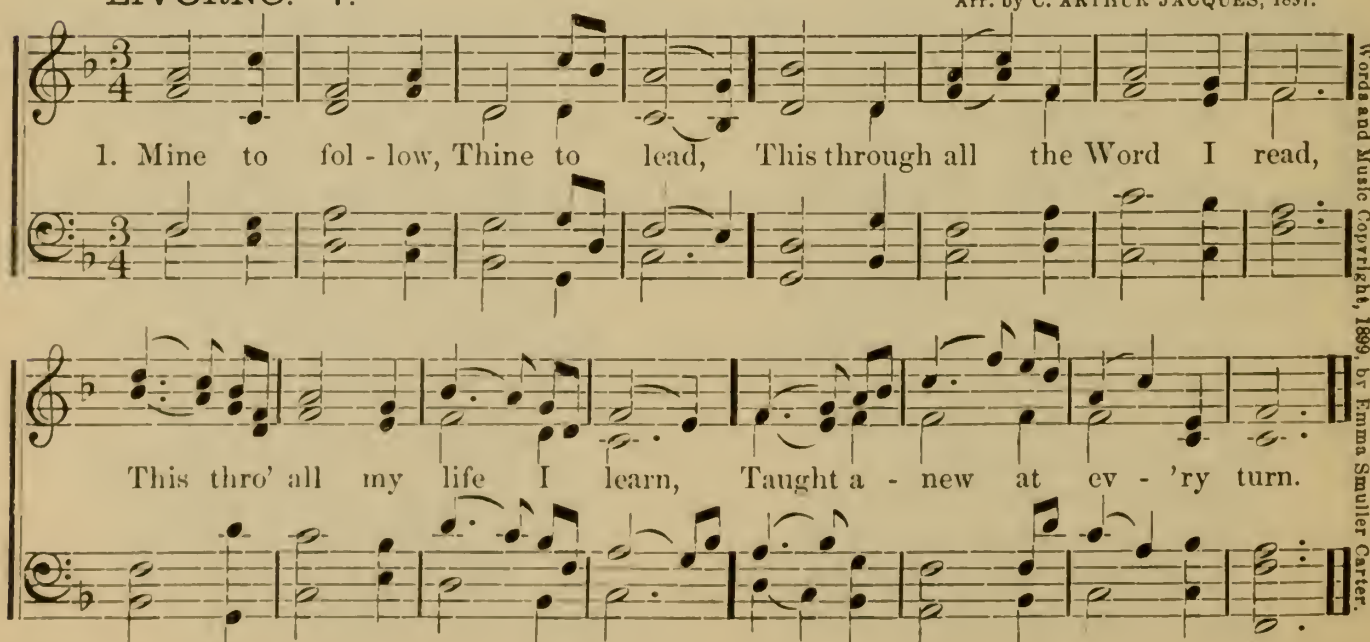
2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not
past years!

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile!

Rev. John Henry Newman, 1833.

LIVORNO. 7.

PIETRO MASCAGNI, 1890.
Arr. by C. ARTHUR JACQUES, 1897.



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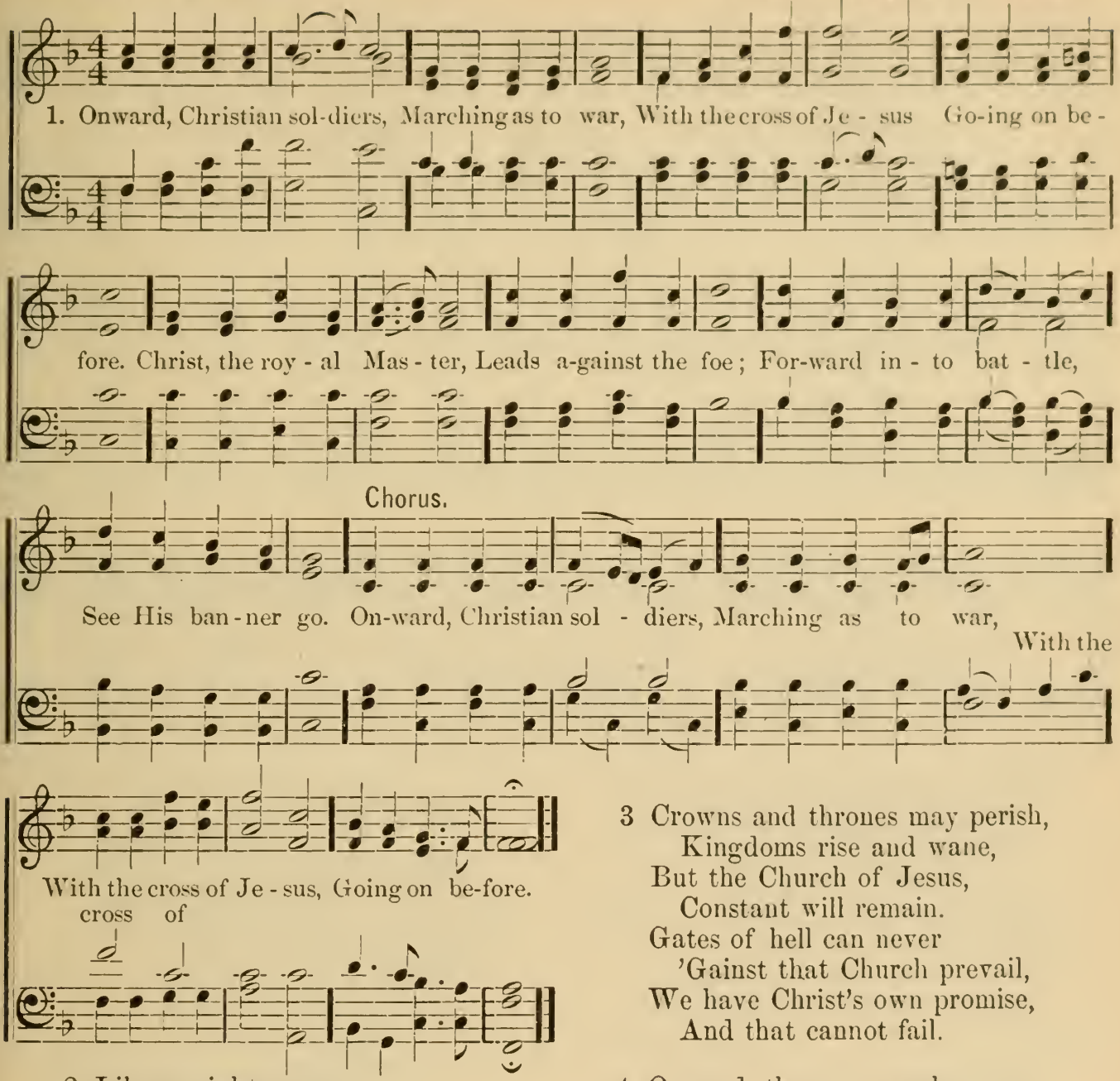
163 GERTRUDE. 6. 5. 12 1.

Sir. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1872.



2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God,
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus,
Constant will remain.
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail,
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865.

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164 (LIVORNO). 7.

1 Mine to follow, Thine to lead,
This through all the Word I read;
This through all my life I learn,
Taught anew at every turn.

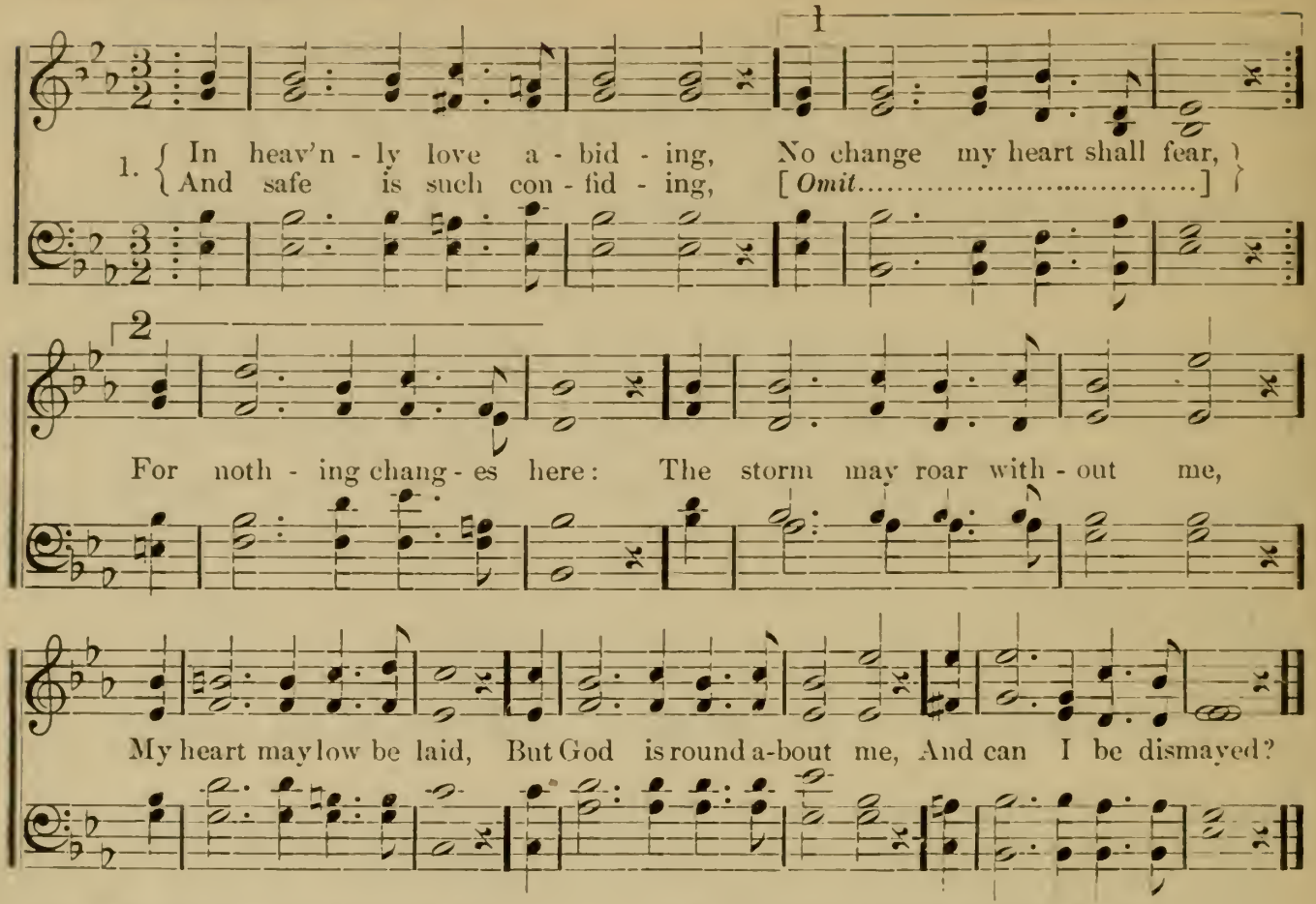
2 Every effort made to bless,
Every failure or success,
Every path in darkness trod,
Guided by the hand of God.

3 Every step I take amiss,
Every triumph, teaches this;
This the law by love decreed:
Mine to follow, Thine to lead.

Emma Smuller Carter, 1897.

165 HODNET. 7.6. D.

SIGISMUND THALBERG, 1850



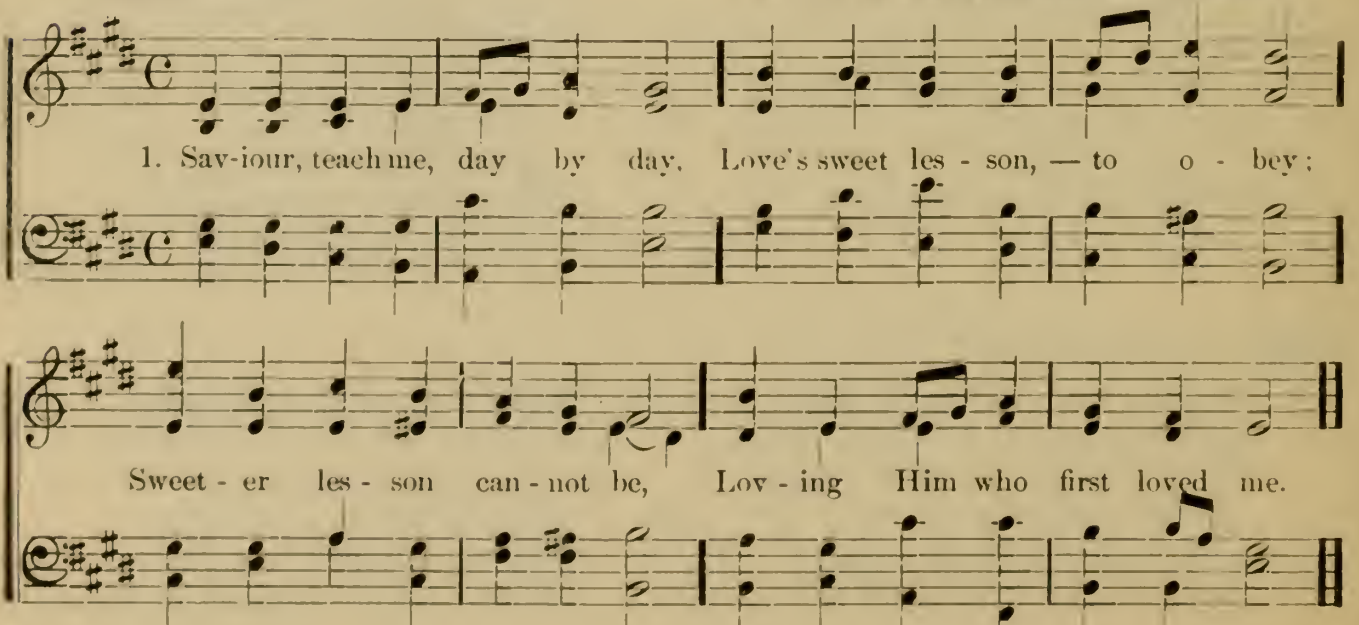
2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been:
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Miss Anna Laetitia Waring, 1850. Sl. alt.

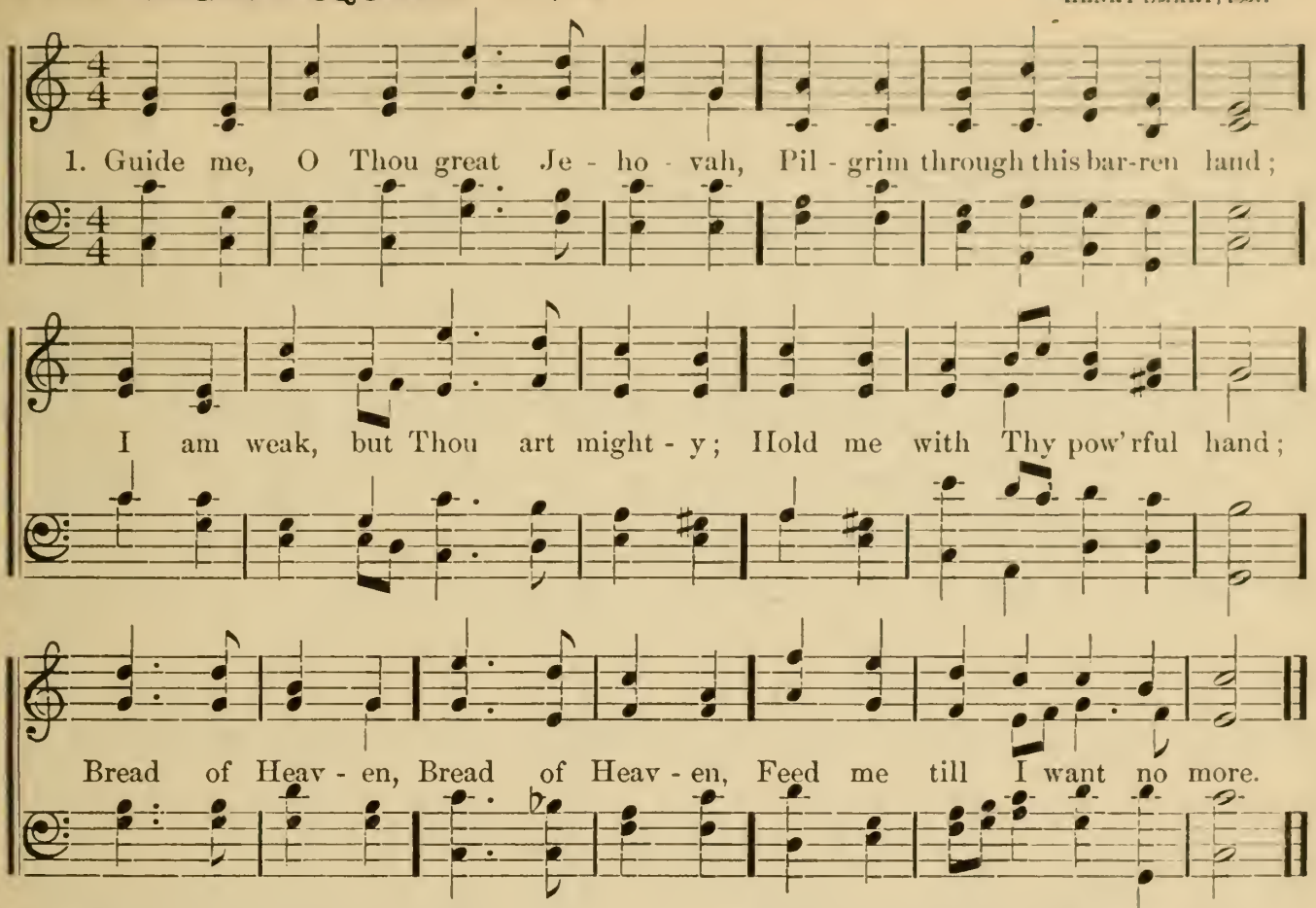
BERLIN. 7.

GEORG CHRISTOPH STRATTNER, 1691.
Rev. JOHANN ANASTASIUS FREYLINGHAUSEN, 1705.



166 REGENT SQUARE. 8. 7. 4.

HENRY SMART, 1867.



2 Open Thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death! and hell's Destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

Rev. William Williams, 1745, 1772. Ab.
Rev. Peter Williams, tr. v. 1, 1771.

167

1 Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston, 1821.

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168 (BERLIN). 7.

1 Saviour! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson,—to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

2 With a child-like heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

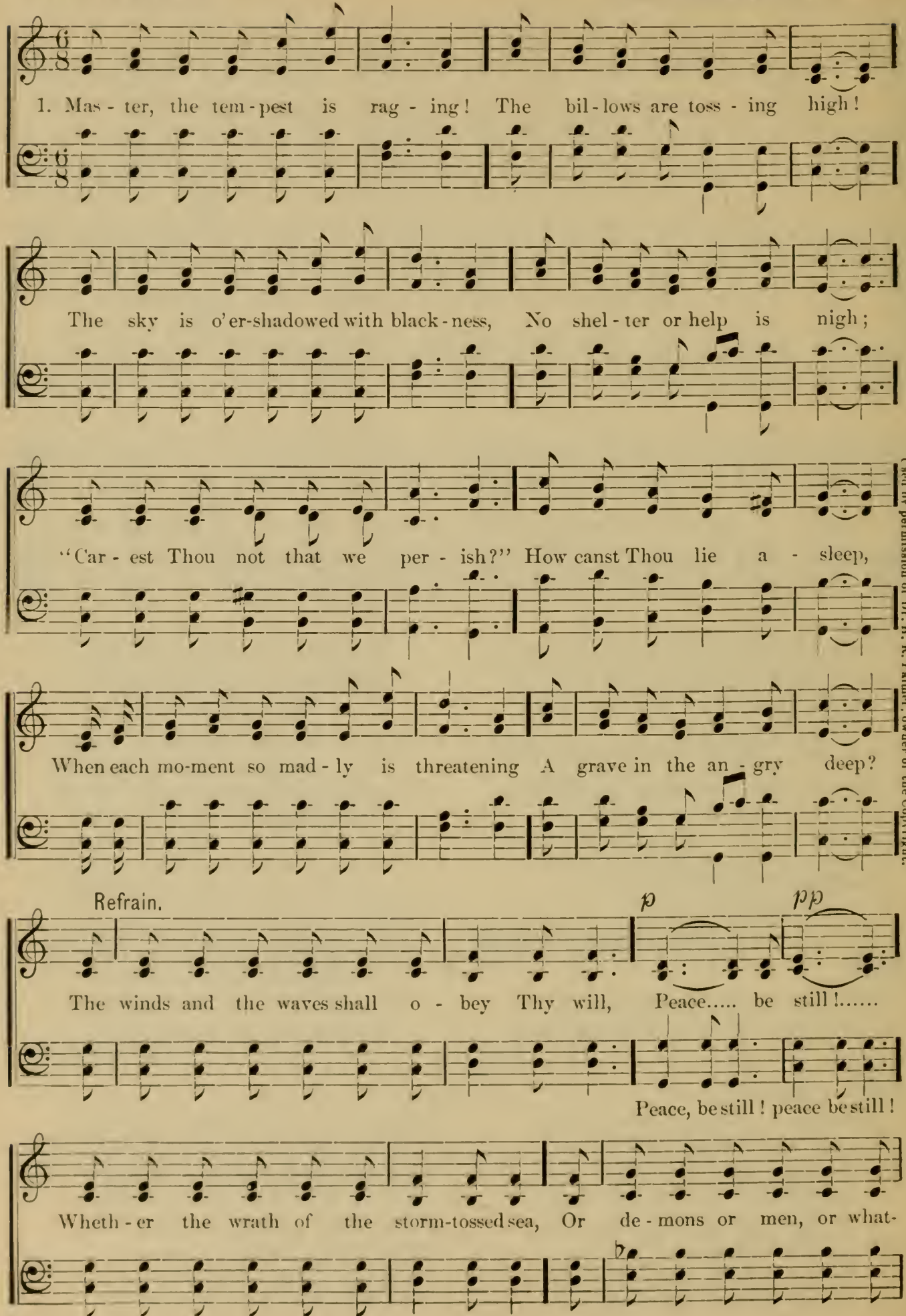
3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

4 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

Miss Jane E. Leeson, 1842. Ab.

169 GALILEE.

HORATIO RICHMOND PALMER, 1874.



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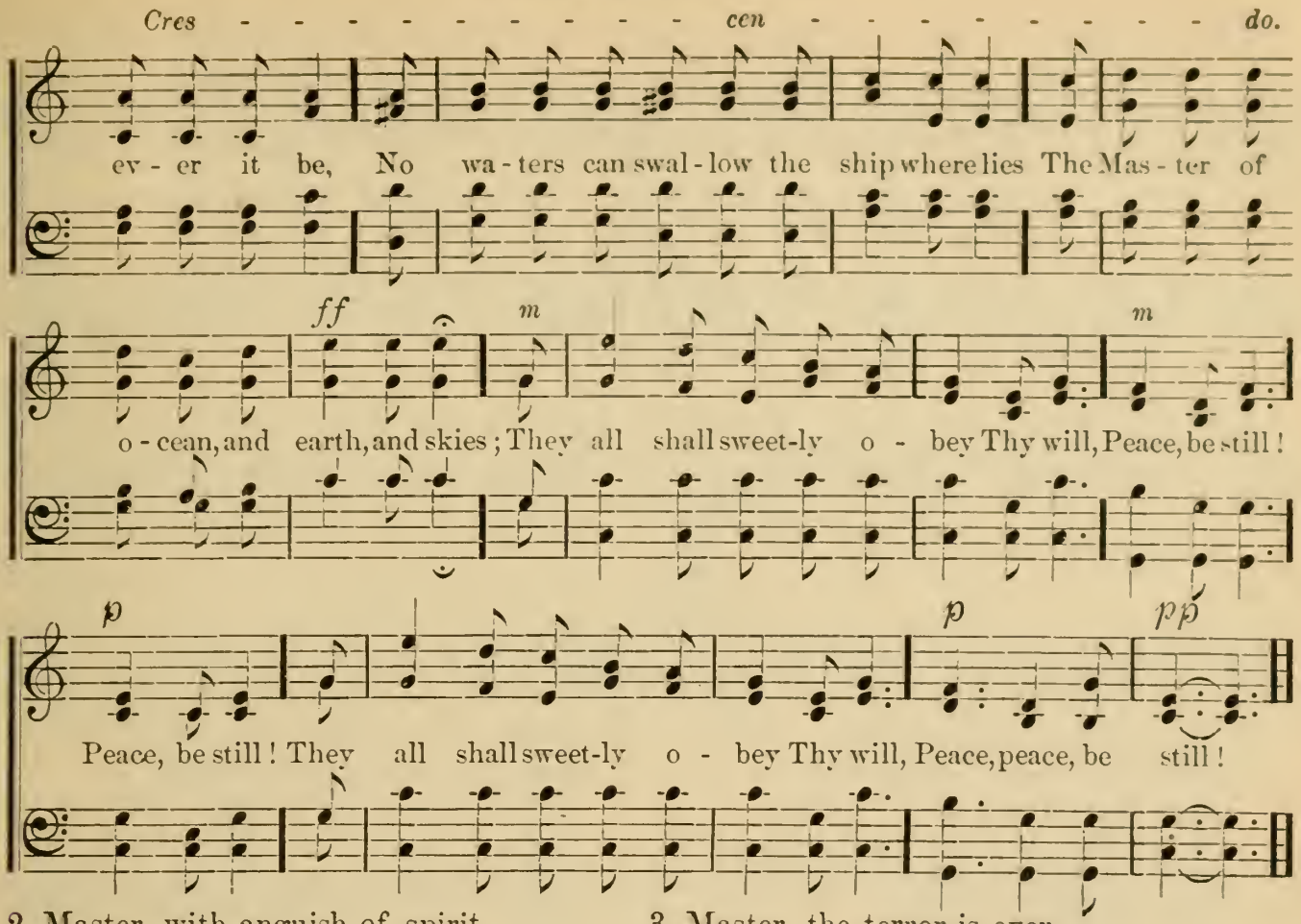


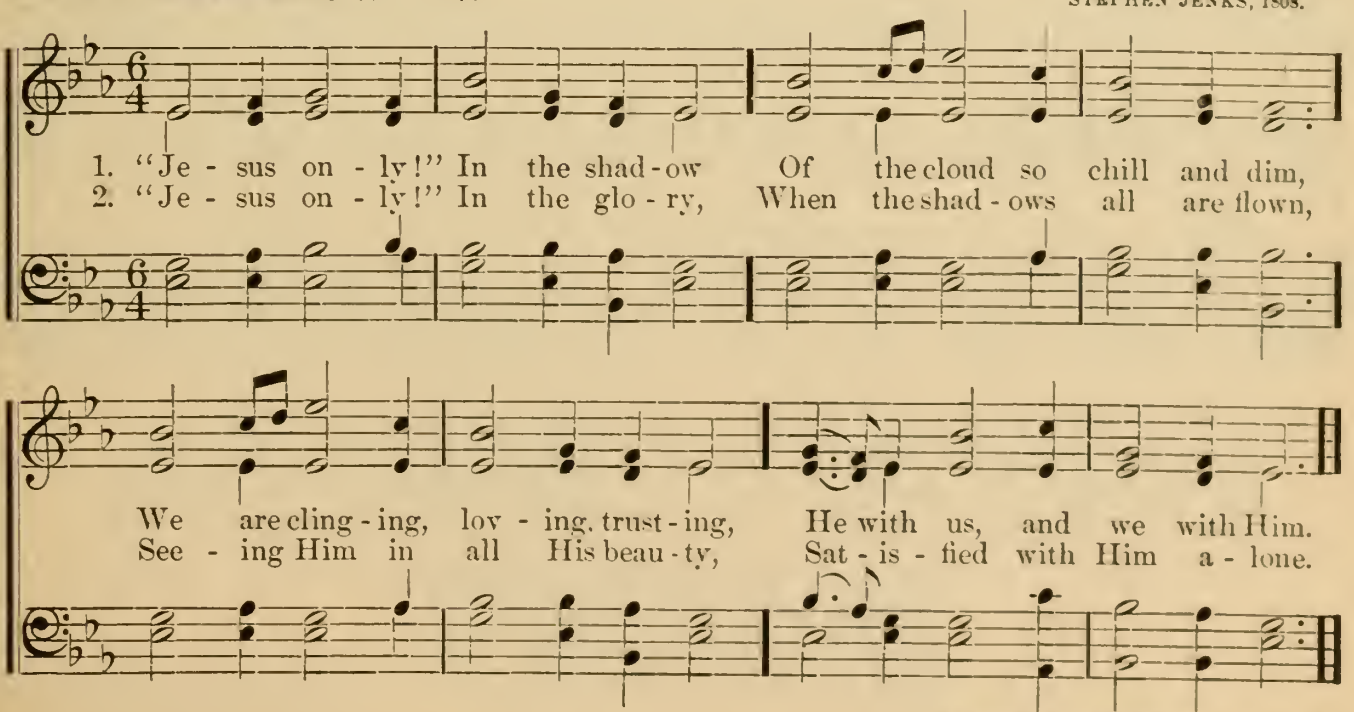
2 Master, with anguish of spirit
I bow in my grief to-day;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled—
Oh, waken and save, I pray!
Torrents of sin and of anguish
Sweep o'er my sinking soul;
And I perish! I perish! dear Master—
Oh, hasten, and take control!

3 Master, the terror is over,
The elements sweetly rest;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored,
And Heaven's within my breast;
Linger, O blesséd Redeemer!
Leave me alone no more;
And with joy I shall make the blest harbor,
And rest on the blissful shore.

Miss Mary A. Baker, 1874.

170 BARTIMEUS. 8. 7.

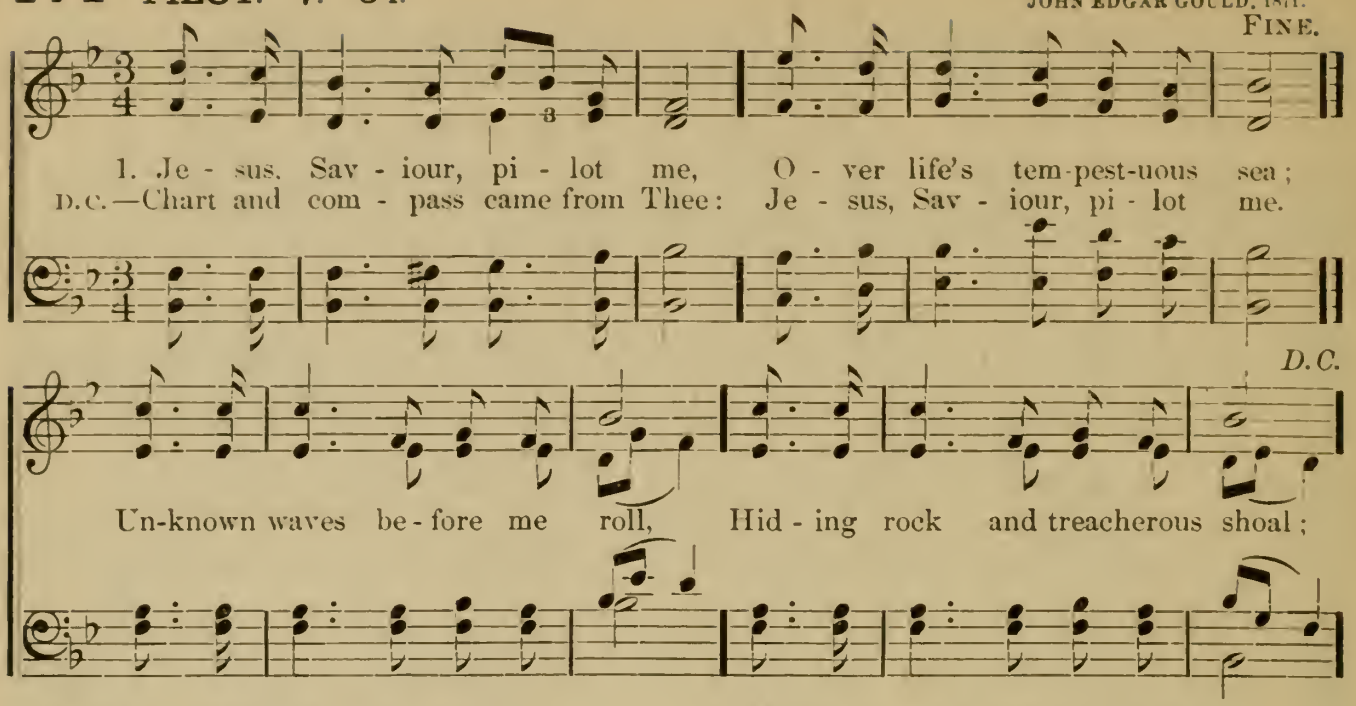
STEPHEN JENKS, 1808.



Frances Ridley Havergal, 1870. Ab.

171 PILOT. 7. 61.

JOHN EDGAR GOULD, 1871.



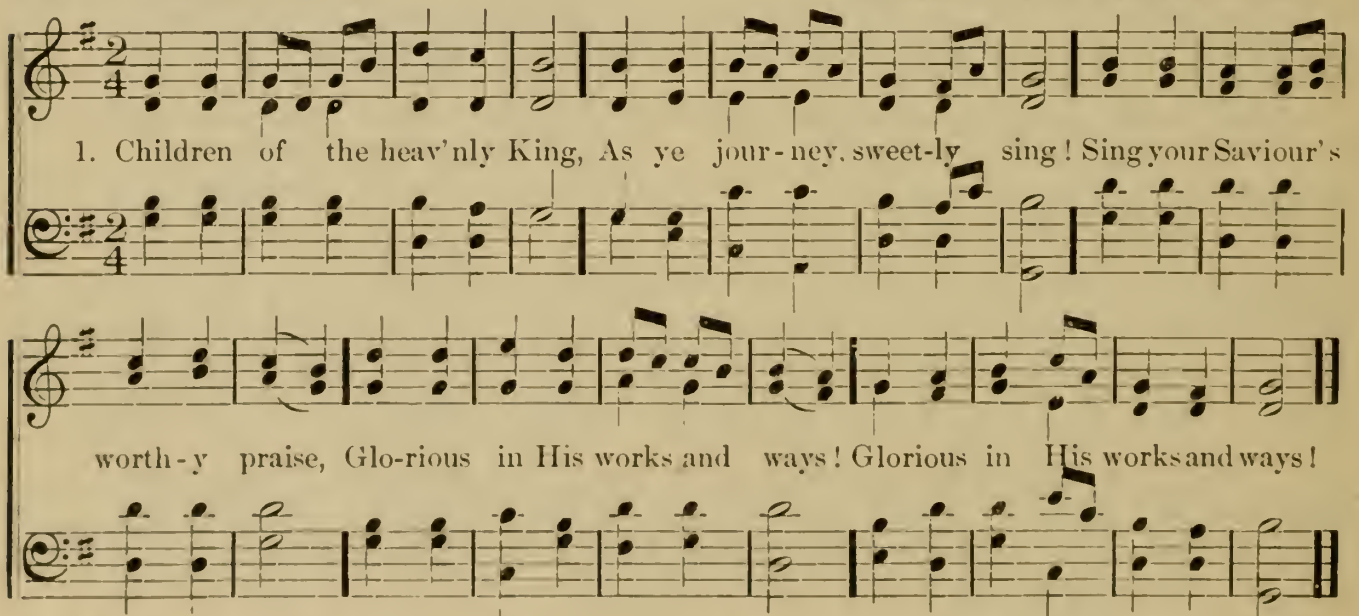
2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

Rev. Edward Hopper, 1871.

172 HENDON. 7.

Rev. HENRI ABRAHAM CÆSAR MALAN, 1827.



2 Ye are traveling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

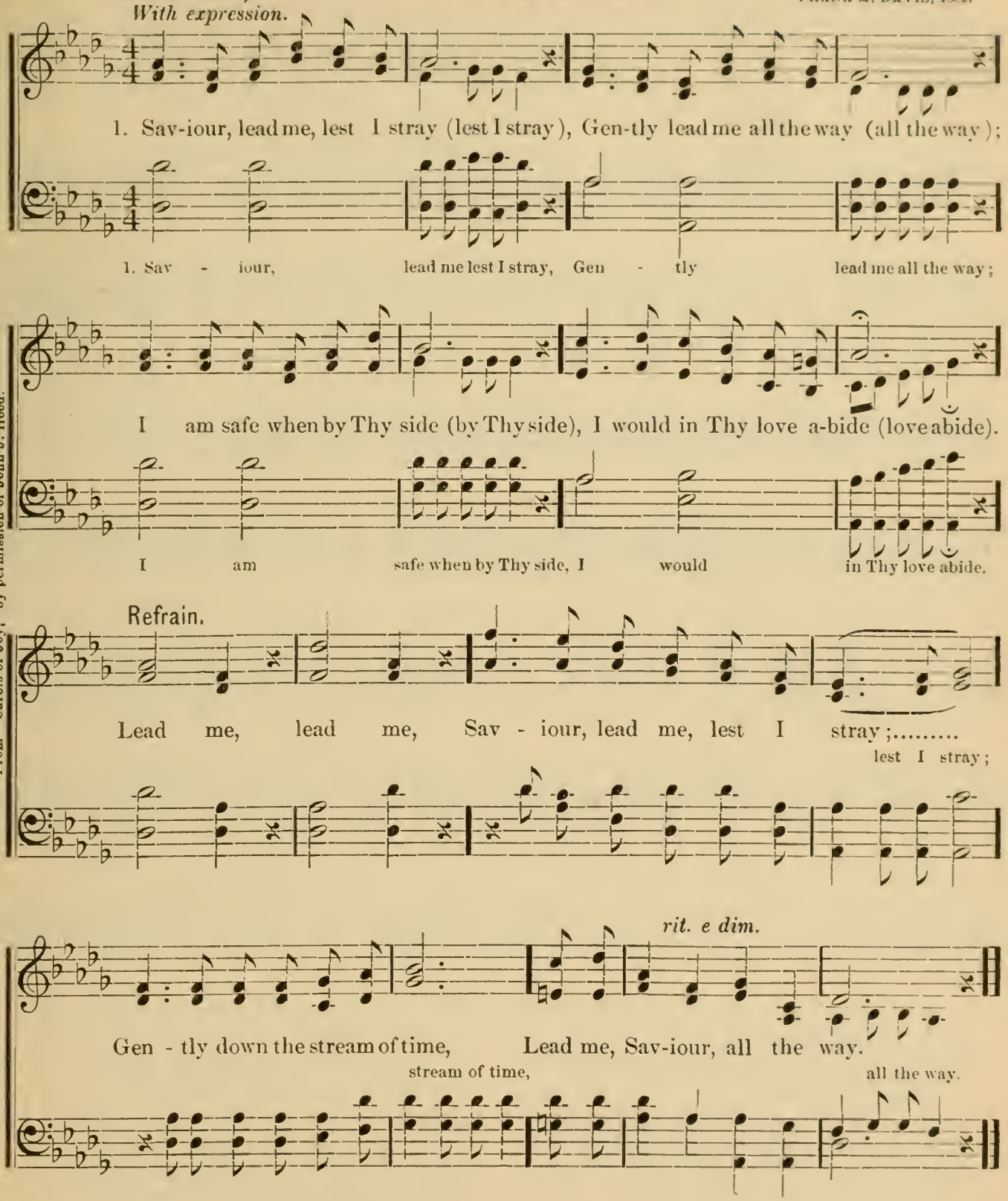
3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

Rev. John Cennick, 1742. Ab.

173 LEAD ME, SAVIOUR. 7. With Refrain.

FRANK M. DAVIS, 1882.



From "Carols of Joy," by permission of John J. Hood.

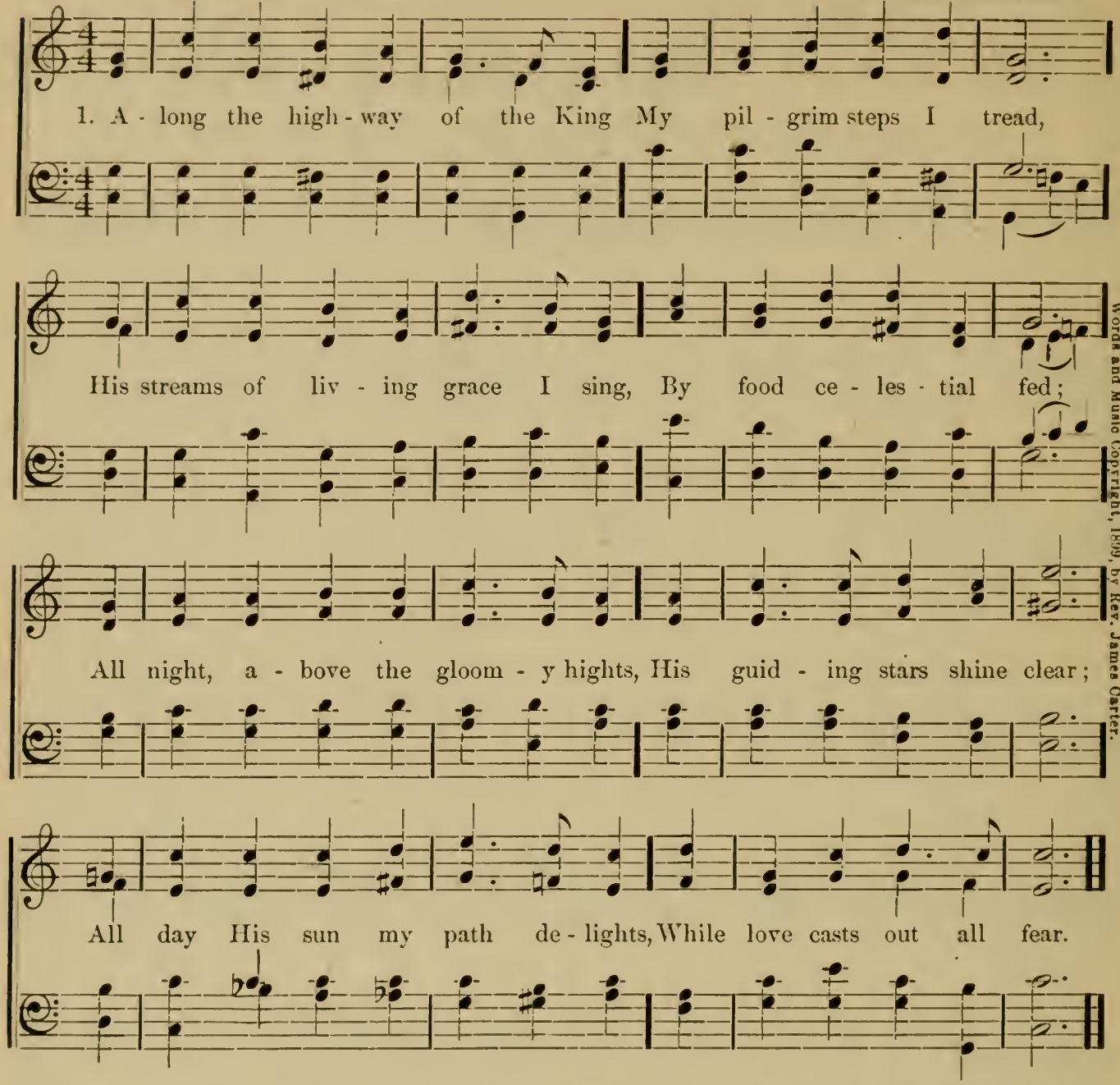
2 Thou the refuge of my soul
When life's stormy billows roll,
I am safe when Thou art nigh,
All my hopes on Thee rely.

3 Saviour, lead me, then at last,
When the storm of life is past,
To the land of endless day,
Where all tears are wiped away.

Frank M. Davis, 1882.

174 BON CŒUR. C. M. D.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1896.



Words and Music Copyright, 1899, by Rev. James Carter.

2 Through fields of green I follow on,
By waters deep and still, [gone,
Through darkling clefts where He has
Secure from every ill;
And, though the angry clouds appall,
The night be drear and cold,
I yet can hear His loving call,
And reach the sheltering fold.

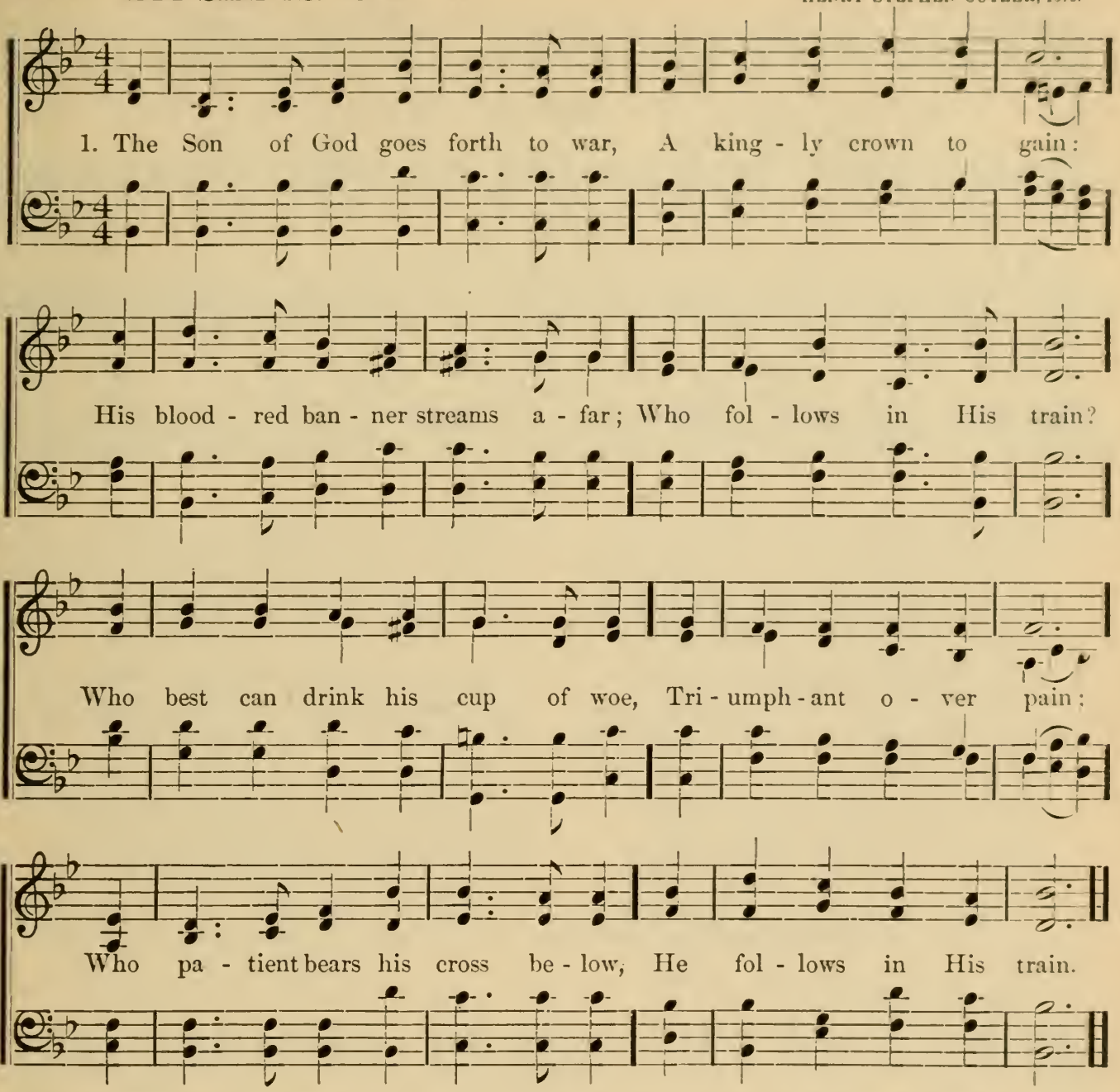
3 When, pierced by Satan's venomed dart,
Beside the way I fall;
His love revives my fainting heart,
And bears me safe through all;
And so I journey in His might,
Though pressed by grief and care,
While He makes every burden light
Or gives me strength to bear.

4 Exulting in His gracious care,
My pilgrim staff I take,
Ascending to the mountains fair
Where bars of dawning break;
There Zion's golden ramparts bright
In crimson glow I see,
And on His throne the Lord of light
Awaits to welcome me.

Rev. James Carter, 1897.

175 ALL SAINTS. C. M. D.

HENRY STEPHEN CUTLER, 1872.



From the "Tucker Hymnal," by permission of The Century Co.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save:
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

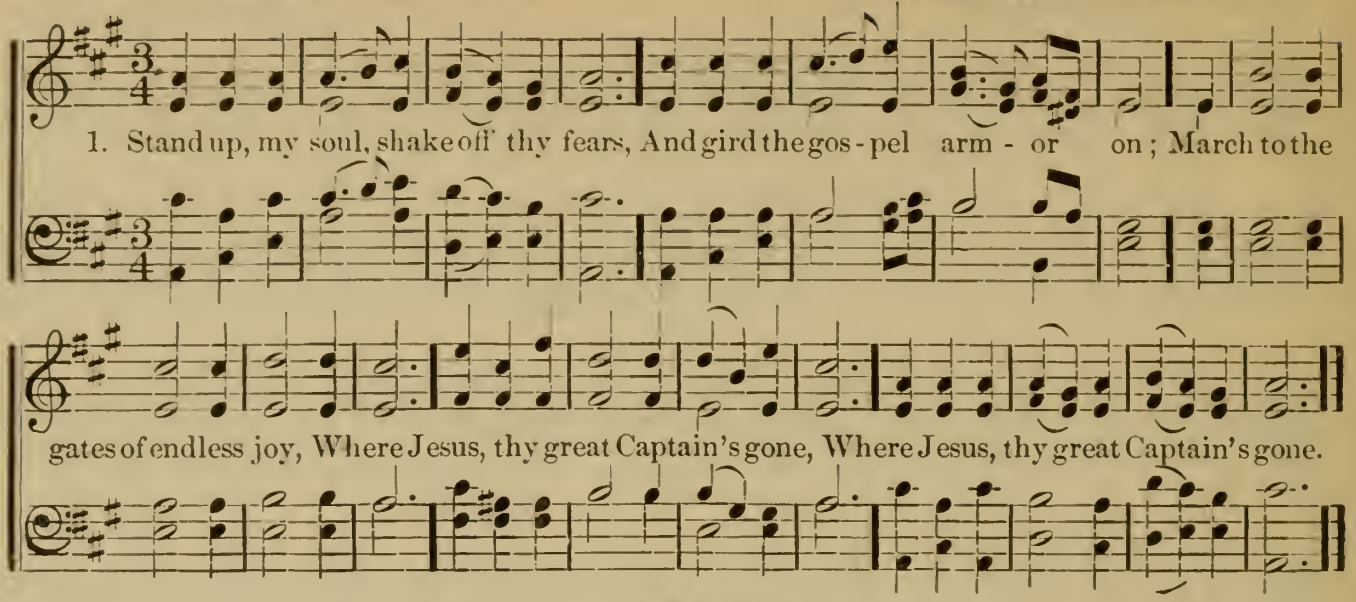
3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame:
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Bp. Reginald Heber, 1827.

176 PARK STREET. L. M.

FREDERIC MARC ANTOINE VENUA, 1810.



2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign, [wait.
And glittering robes for conquerors

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707. Ab. and sl. alt.

177

1 Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

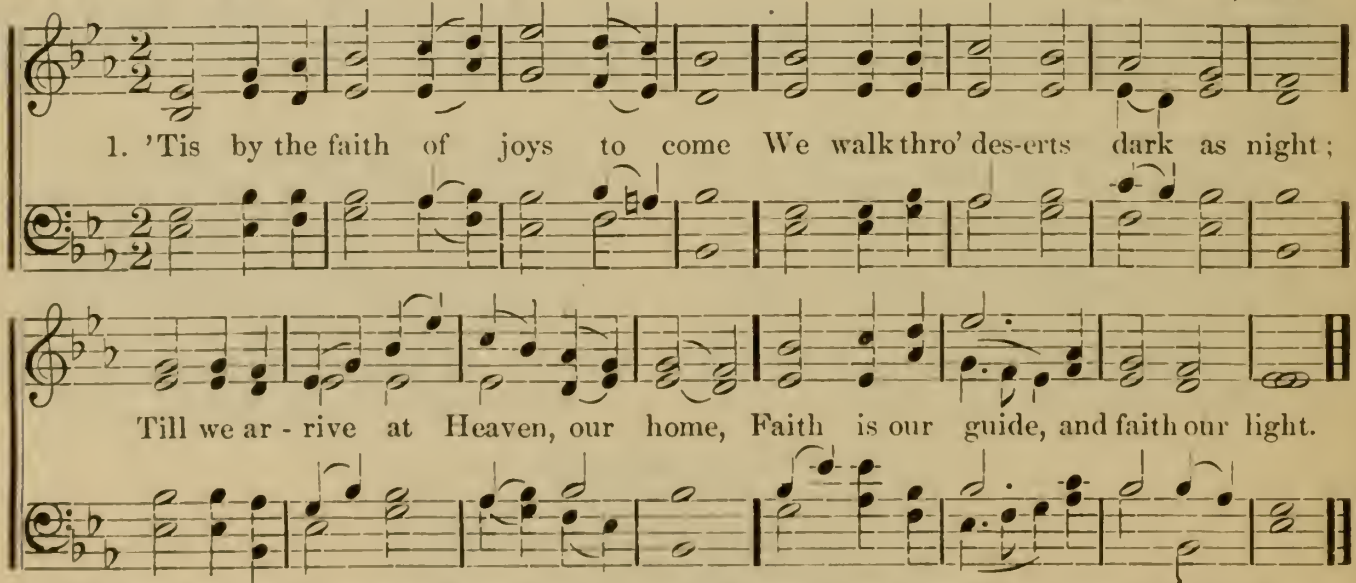
2 Run the straight race thro' God's good [grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face; [grace,
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is All in all to thee.

Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1863. Ab.

178 DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON, c. 1790.



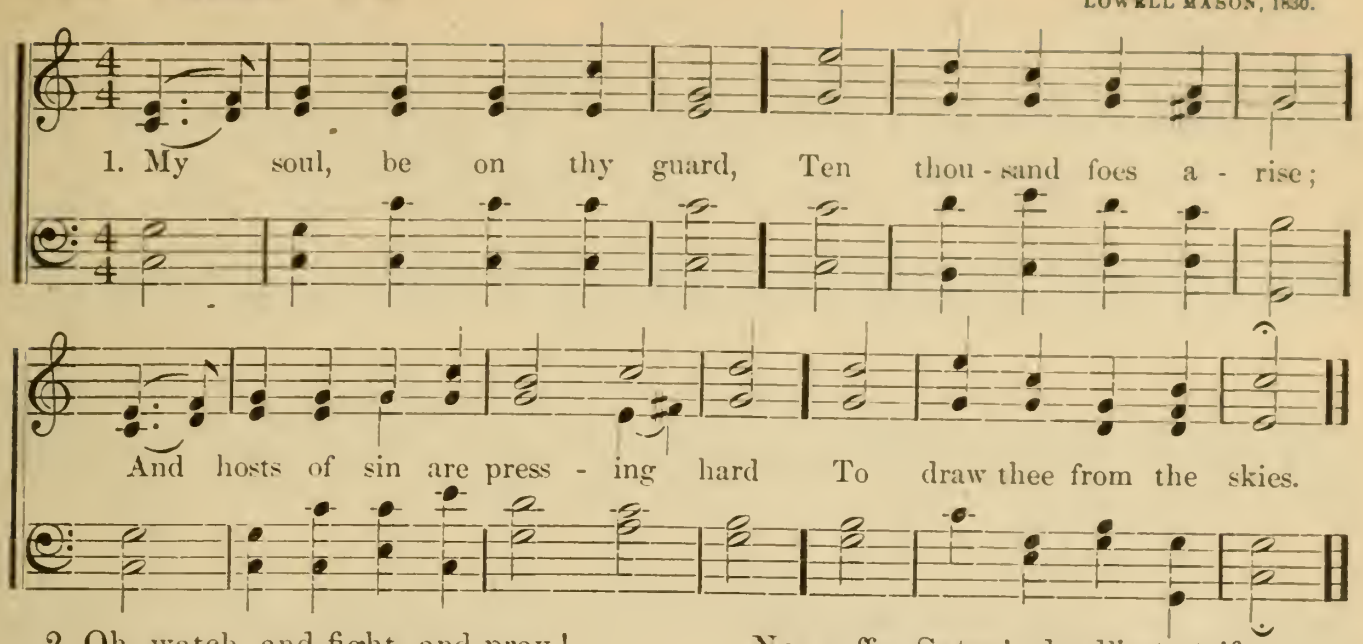
2 The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709. Ab.

179 LABAN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.



2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

Rev. George Heath, 1781. Sl. alt.

180

1 My soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown,
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.

2 With prayer and crying strong,
Maintain the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.

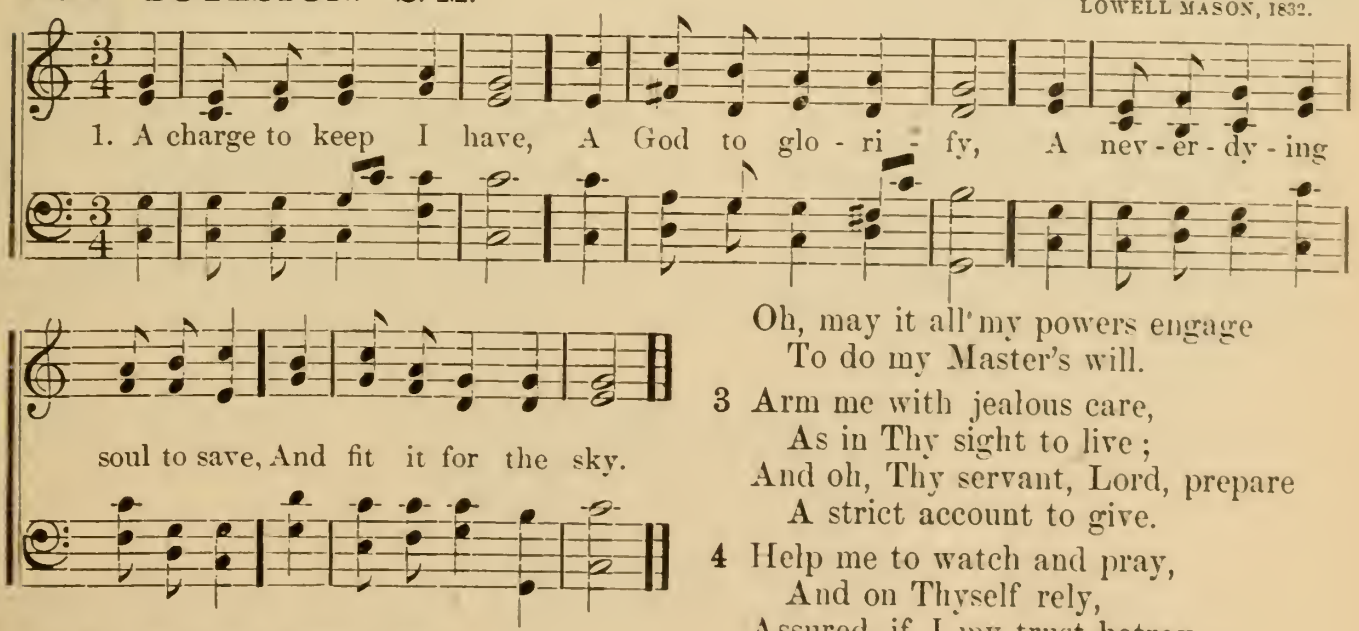
3 The battle soon will yield,
If thou thy part fulfill;
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with victory shod;
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

Rev. Leonard Swain, 1858. Sl. alt.

181 BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1832.



2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

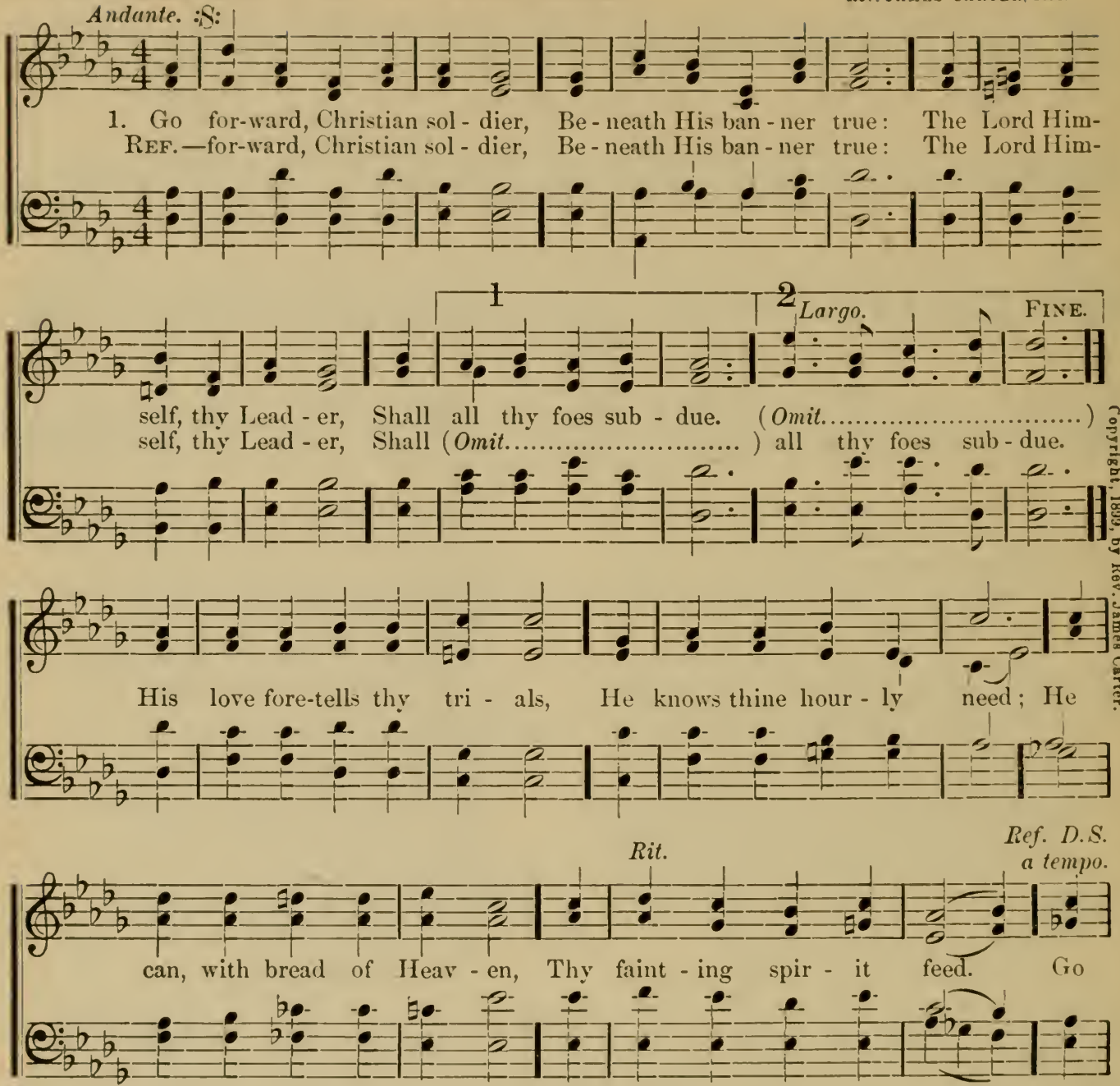
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1762.

182 HAMNER. C. M. D. With Refrain.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1898.



Copyright, 1899, by Rev. James Carter.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier;
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more are o'er thee watching
Than human eyes can know.
Trust only Christ, thy Captain,
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices,
That lure thy soul astray.

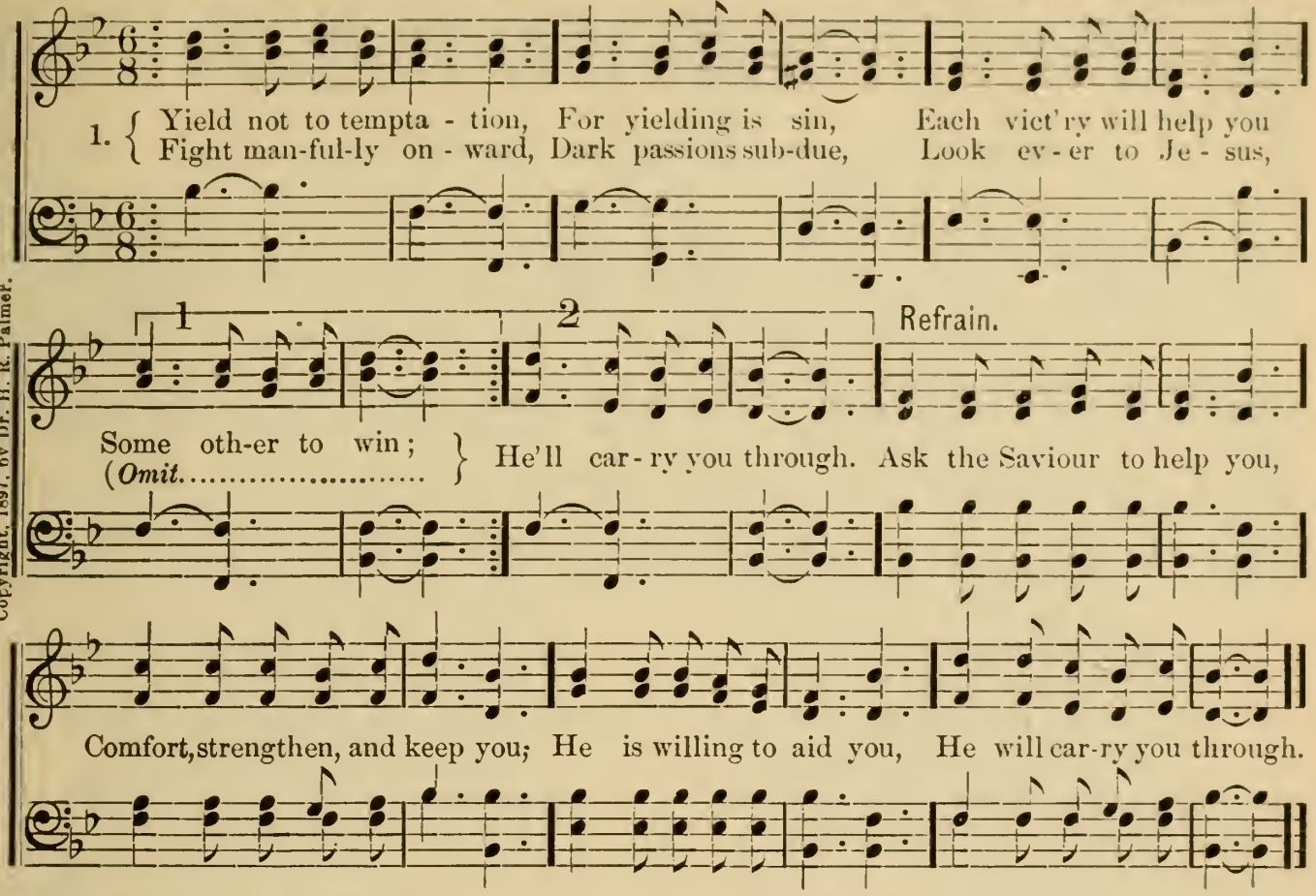
3 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished,
And Heaven is all possessed;
Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear, in endless glory,
The crown of victory.

4 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Fear not the gathering night;
The Lord has been thy shelter,
The Lord will be thy light;
When morn His face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past;
O pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last.

Rev. Lawrence Tuttiett, 1861.

183 TEMPTATION. P. M.

HORATIO RICHMOND PALMER, 1868.



Copyright, 1897, by Dr. H. R. Palmer.

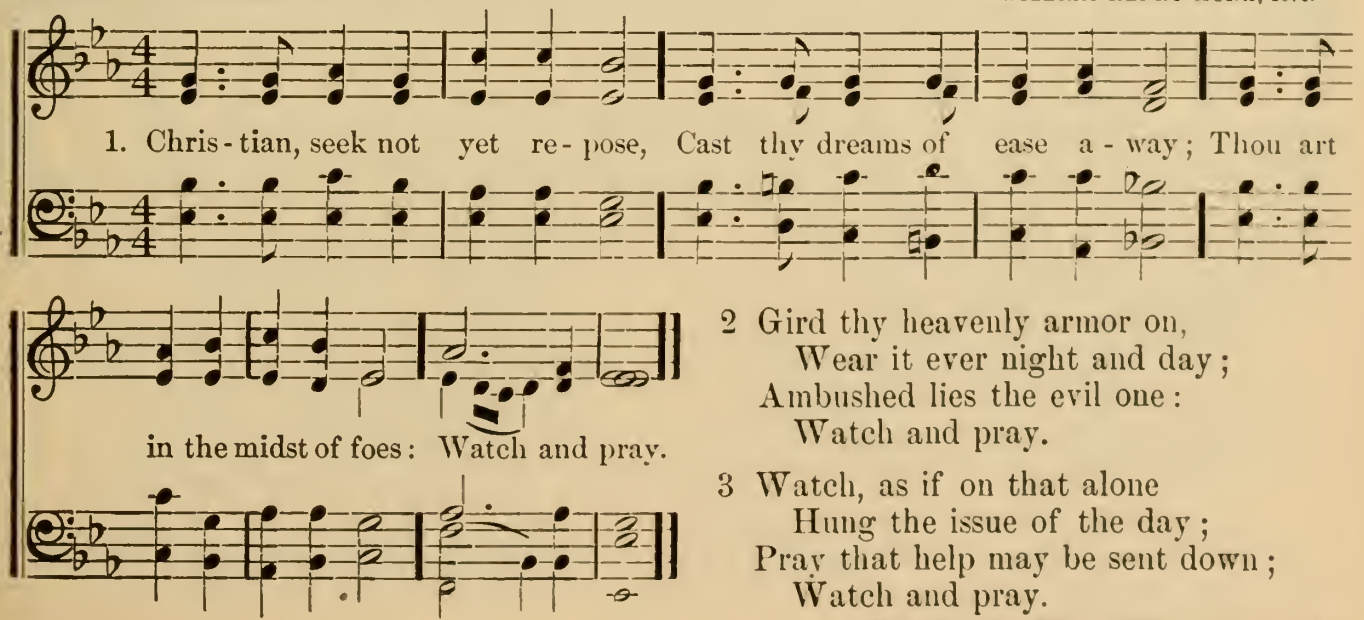
2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's Name hold in reverence,
Nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He will carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh
God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down;
He, who is our Saviour,
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He will carry you through.

Horatio Richmond Palmer, 1868.

184 VIGILATE. 7. 7. 7. 3.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1874.



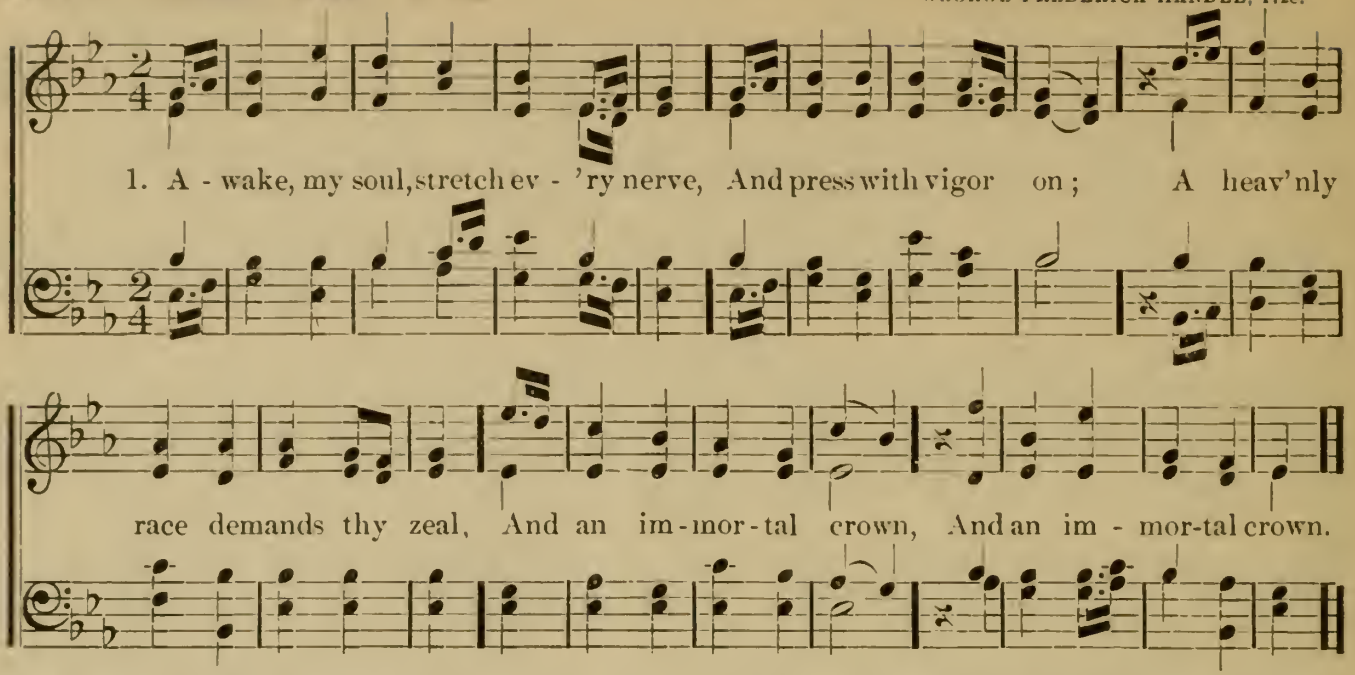
2 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
Watch and pray.

3 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;
Watch and pray.

Miss Charlotte Elliott, 1839. Ab. and sl. alt.

185 CHRISTMAS. C. M.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, 1728.



2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

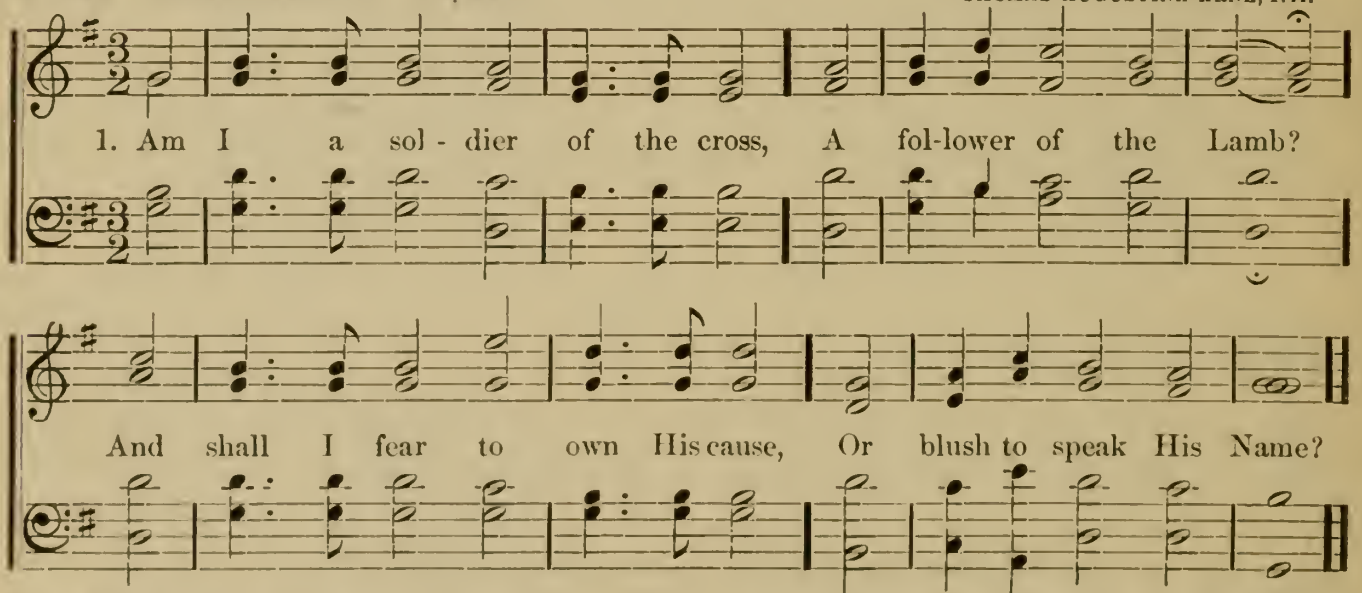
3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755. Ab.

186 ARLINGTON. C. M.

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE, 1744.



2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

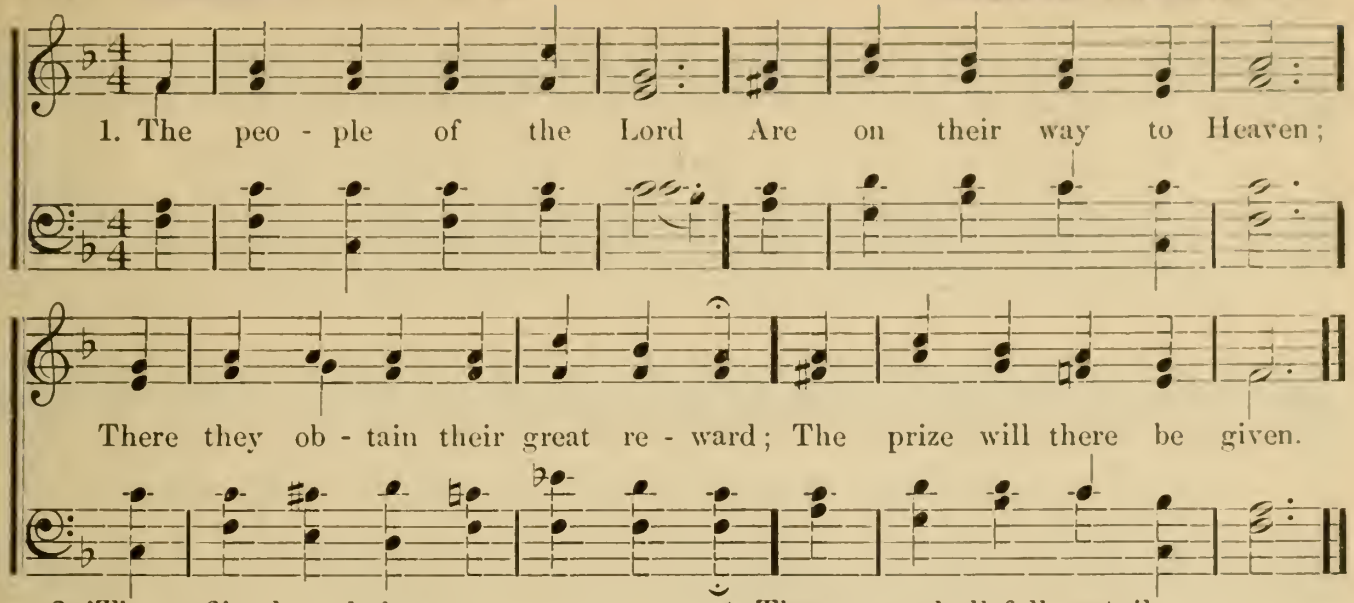
5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1723.

187 RENOVATION. S. M.

JOHANN NEPOMUK HUMMEL, 1832.



2 'Tis conflict here below;
In Heaven our conflicts cease:
On earth we wrestle with the foe;
'Tis triumph there, and peace.

3 'Tis gloom and darkness here;
'Tis light and joy above;
There all is pure, and all is clear;
There all is peace and love.

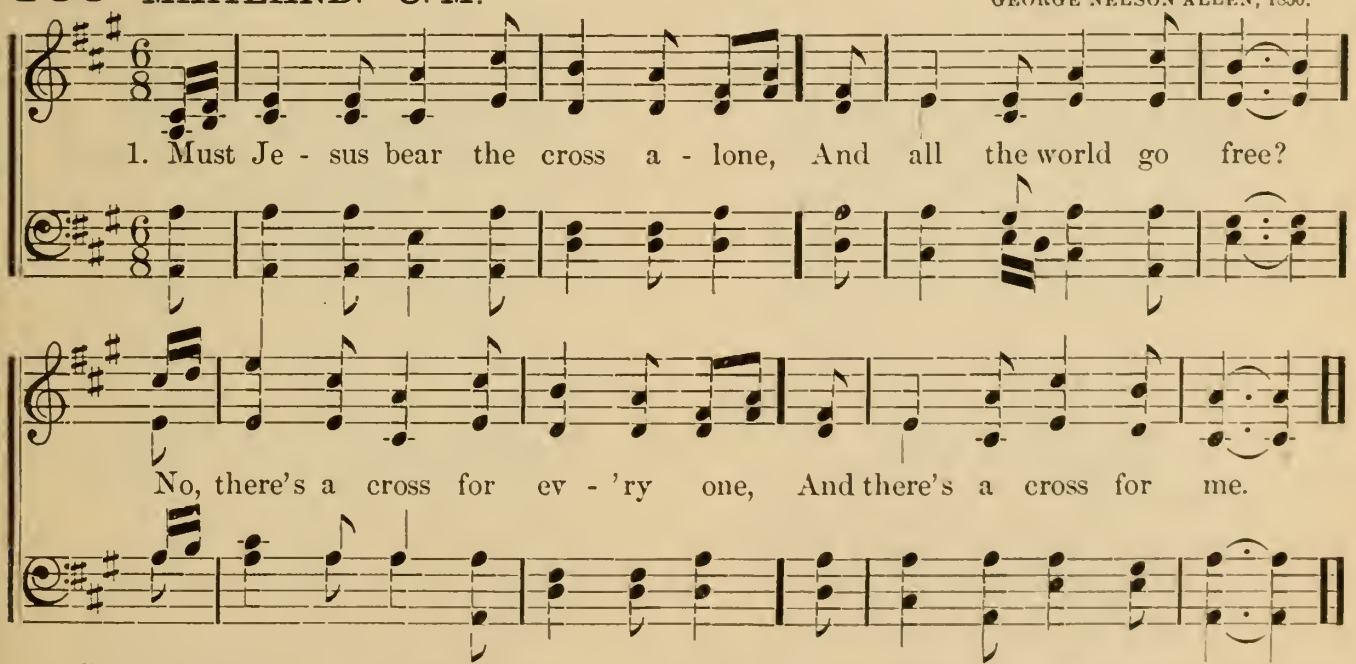
4 There rest shall follow toil,
And ease succeed to care:
The victors there divide the spoil;
They sing and triumph there.

5 Then let us joyful sing:
The conflict is not long:
We hope in Heaven to praise our King
In one eternal song.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1820. Sl. alt.

188 MAITLAND. C. M.

GEORGE NELSON ALLEN, 1850.



2 This consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercéd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear Name repeat.

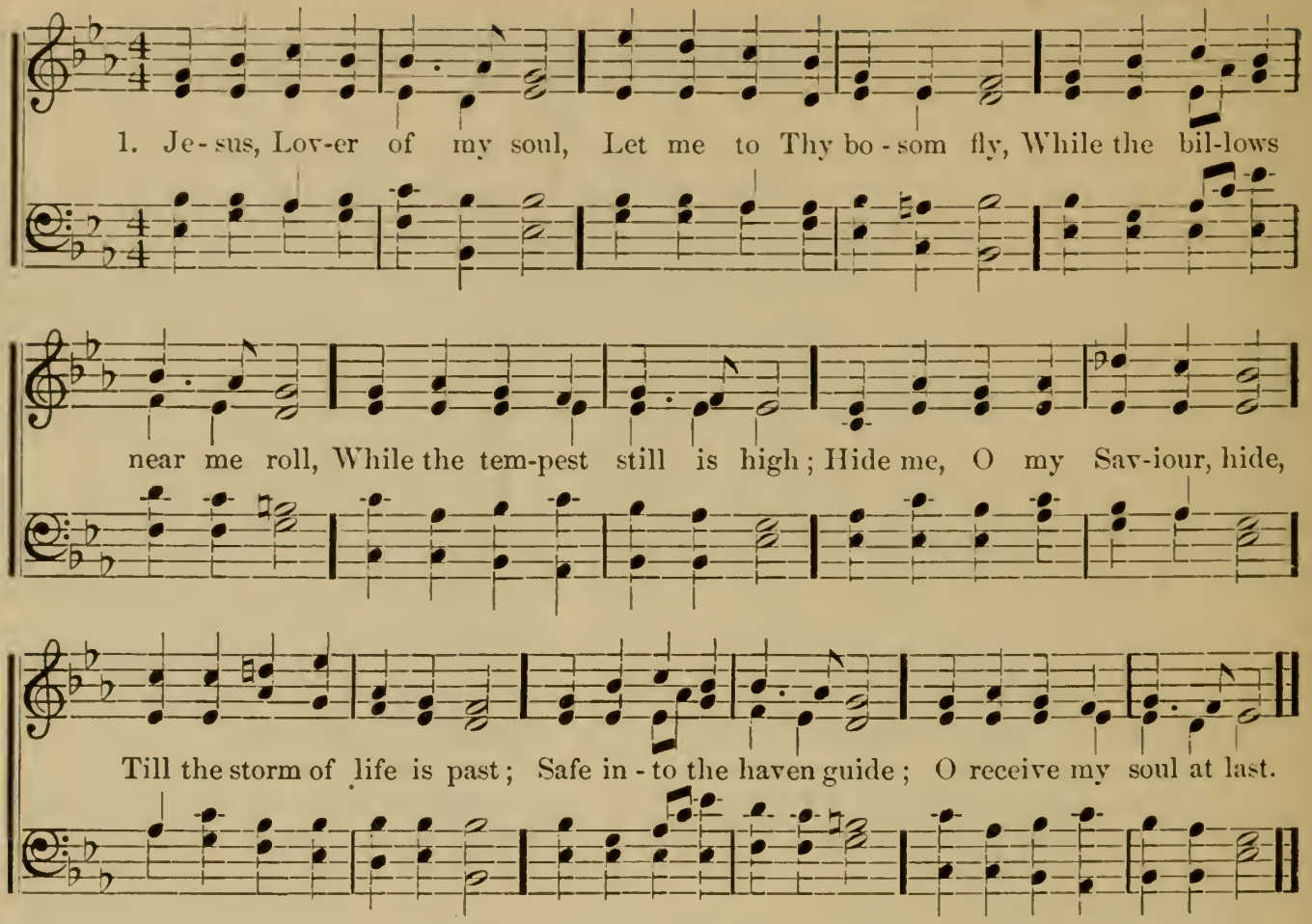
4 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring,
Beneath Heaven's arches high;
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die.

5 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown!
Oh, resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars flash down,
And bear my soul away.

Rev. Thomas Shepherd, 1793, v. 1 alt.
Rev. Charles Beecher, 1855, vv. 3, 5.
vv. 2 and 4 anon., 1849.

189 HOLLINGSIDE. 7. D.

Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 18[illegible].



2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo, on Thee I cast my care.
Reach me out Thy gracious hand,
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live.

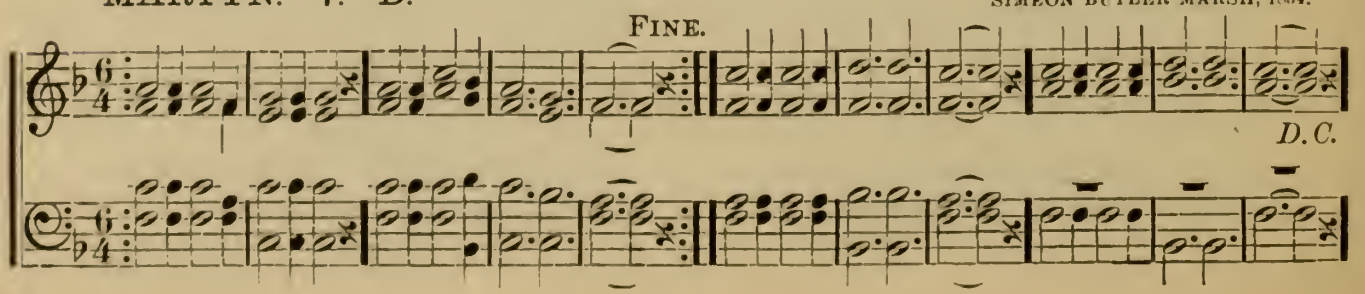
4 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740.

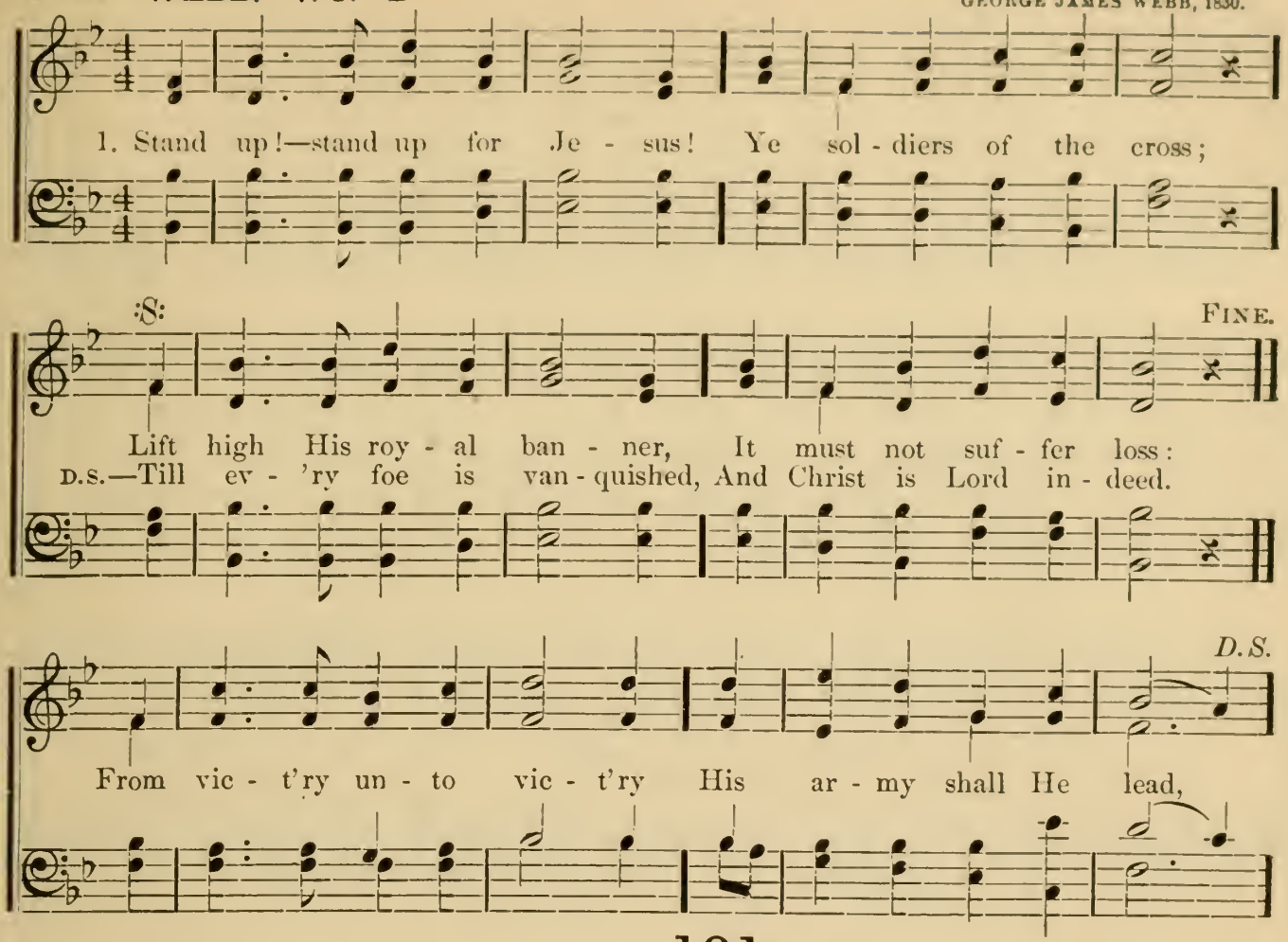
MARTYN. 7. D.

SIMEON BUTLER MARSH, 1834.



190 WEBB. 7. 6. D.

GEORGE JAMES WEBB, 1830.



2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally!

Rev. George Duffield, 1858. Ab.

191

1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

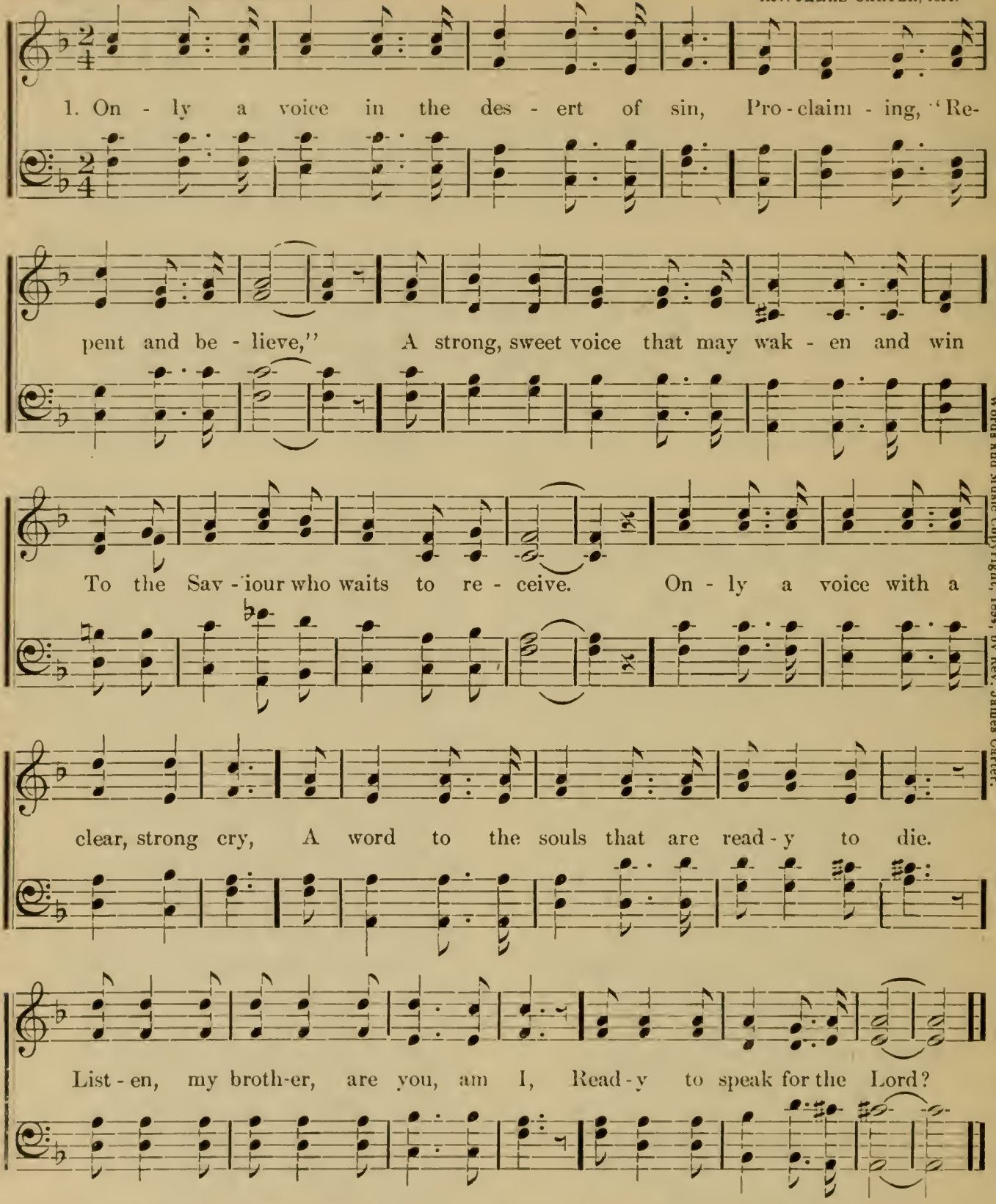
2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bring us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

William Cowper, 1779. Ab.

192 VOX CLAMANTIS.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1894.



Words and Music Copyright, 1894, by Rev. James Carter.

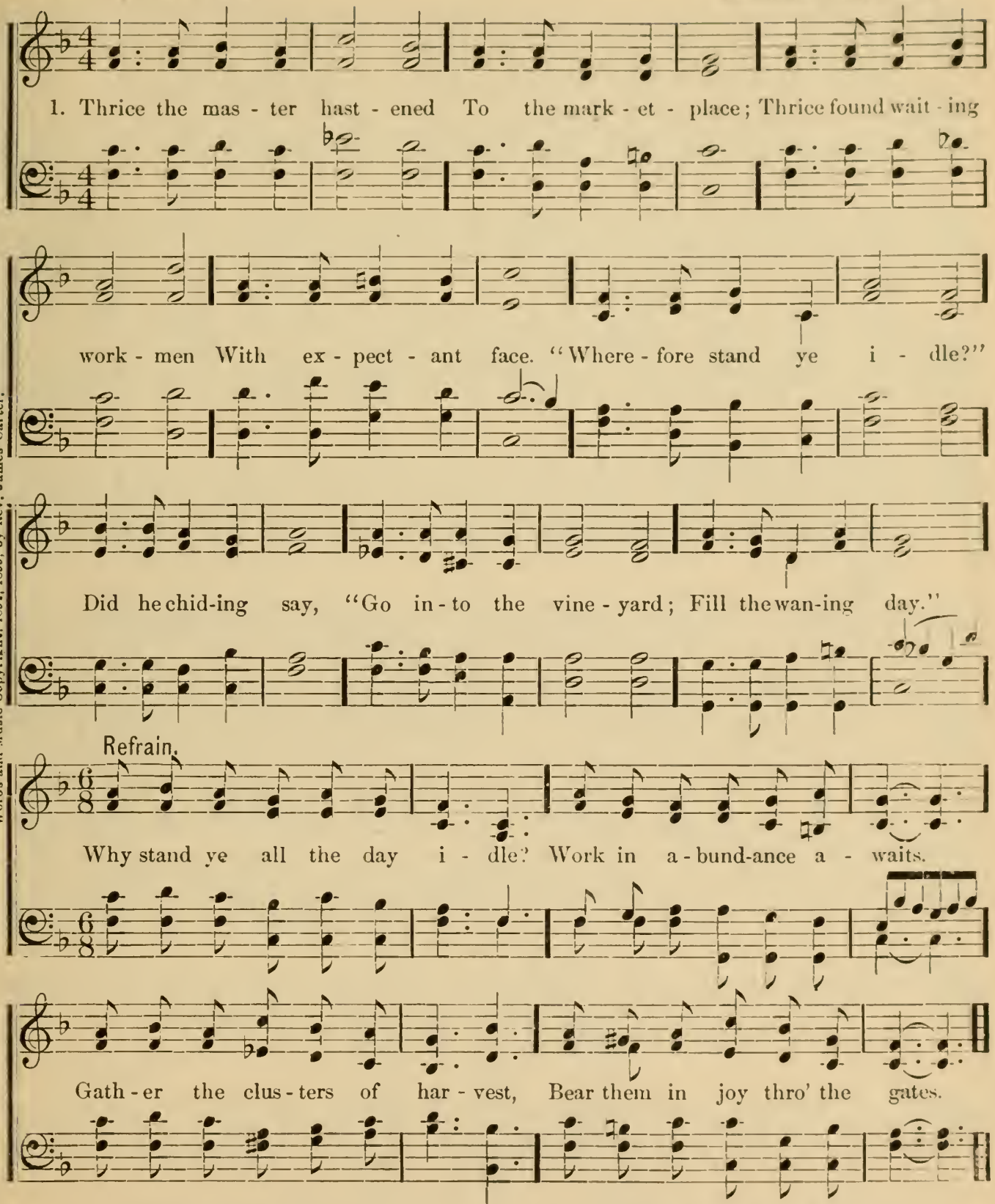
2 Only a life to be lived in His name,
A life of devotion and love,
Of daily deeds that shall plainly proclaim
That our citizenship is above.
Only a life that is lived on high,
Uplifting the souls that are ready to die.
Listen, my brother, are you, am I,
Ready to live for the Lord?

3 Only a day for the work that our Lord
Has left for the faithful to do.
What deeds of love do the moments record,
O my brother, for me and for you?
Only a day that will quickly fly,
And then an account to be given on high.
Listen, my brother, are you, am I,
Ready to answer the Lord?

Emma Smuller Carter, 1894.

193 VINEYARD.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1894, 1897.



Words and Music Copyright, 1894, 1899, by Rev. James Carter.

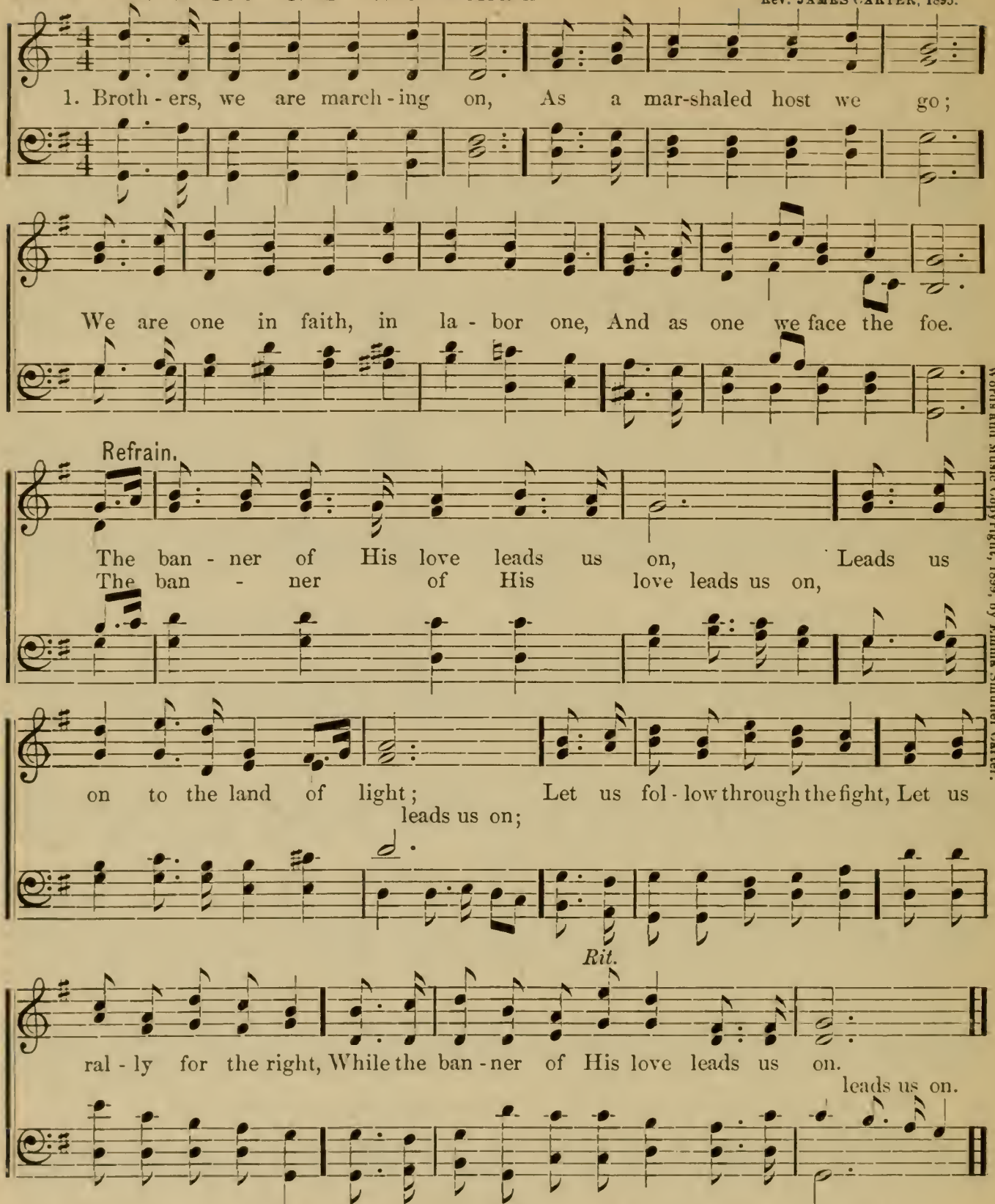
2 Go into the vineyard,
Ye who dwell at ease;
E'en the Lord Christ sought not
His own Self to please.
Trod the lowly Master
Ways defiled and dim,
Shall His ransomed servant
Fail to follow Him?

3 Swift the sands are flowing;
Life is flying fast;
Soon the day of working
Will be wholly past.
Where are all the trophies
You once thought to bring
As you planned and pondered
In life's dreamy spring?

Rev. James Carter, 1894.

194 LABARUM. S. M. With Refrain.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1895.



Words and Music Copyright, 1899, by Emma Smuller Carter.

2 There are lights that falsely shine,
There are shades where tempters hide;
But above us gleams the holy sign
Of our Saviour crucified.

3 With a purpose firm and high,
With endeavor brave and strong;
If we simply trust and truly try,
We shall triumph o'er the wrong.

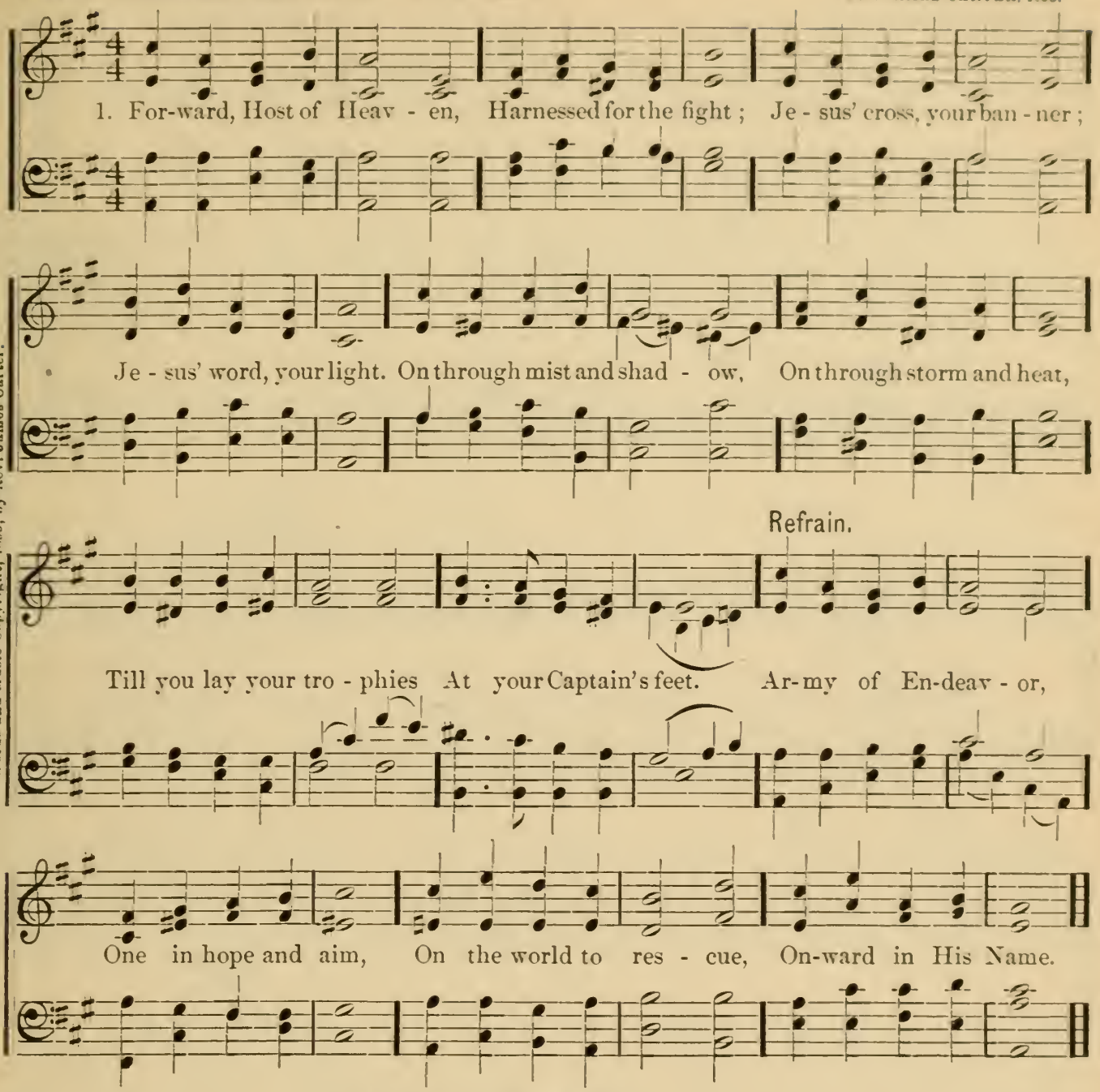
4 By our Captain's great command,
By the word we must obey,
Let us each outreach a helping hand
To the lost along the way.

5 Brothers, let us bravely fight;
Brothers, let us gladly sing;
Till we catch the light and climb the hight
To the city of our King.

Emma Smuller Carter, 1895.

195 PROCLAMATION. 6. 5. 12 1.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1895.



Words and Music Copyright, 1899, by Rev. James Carter.

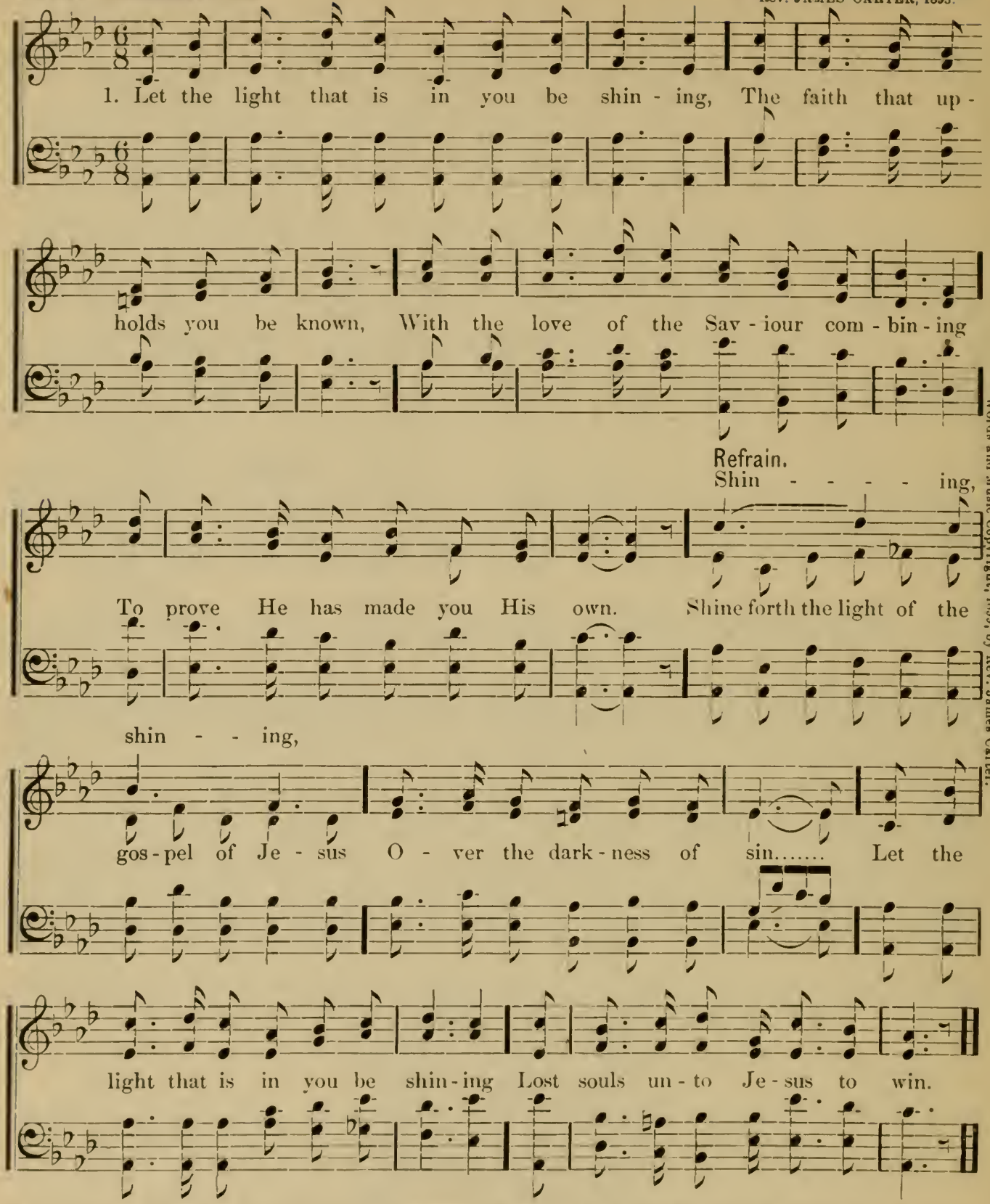
2 Purer yet and truer,
Battling for the right,
Mount, O Host of Jesus,
Up the steeps of light.
Smite the tents of evil;
Flare your torches wide,
Till the hosts of Satan
Know not where to hide.

3 Onward, ever onward,
March, O Host of light,
On to free the nations
Shadowed still in night.
Break the chains of darkness,
Set the captives free;
Teach the slaves of Satan
Christ's glad liberty.

Rev. James Carter, 1895.

196 SUNSHINE.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1895.



Words and Music Copyright, 1899, by Rev. James Carter.

2 Let the truth that you cherish be glowing
In courage and energy bright;
With the face of an angel be showing
We herald a gospel of light.

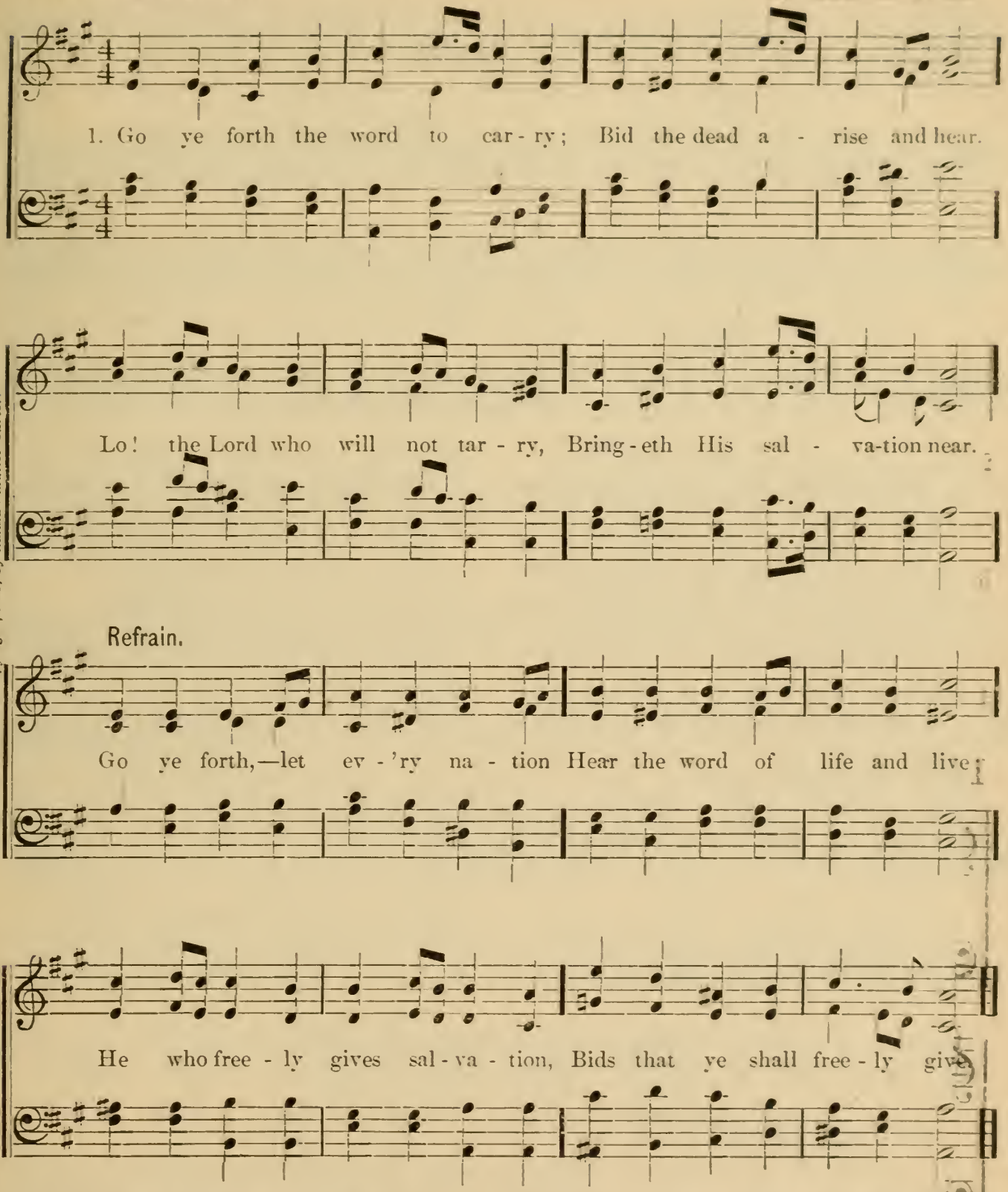
3 Let the joy that Christ gives you forever
His praise 'mid earth's dissonance sing;
Let each evening record an endeavor
Some soul to His kingdom to bring.

4 With the message of gladness enlighten,
A joy and a comforter be,
Till eternity's morning shall brighten
And sorrow and sighing shall flee.

Rev. James Carter, 1895.

197 EARLSTOUN. 8. 7. D.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1895.



Words and Music Copyright, 1899, by Emma Smuller Carter.

2 Go for cleansing, go for healing,
Go to him whose need is sore;
Go, the risen Lord revealing,
Living, loving evermore.

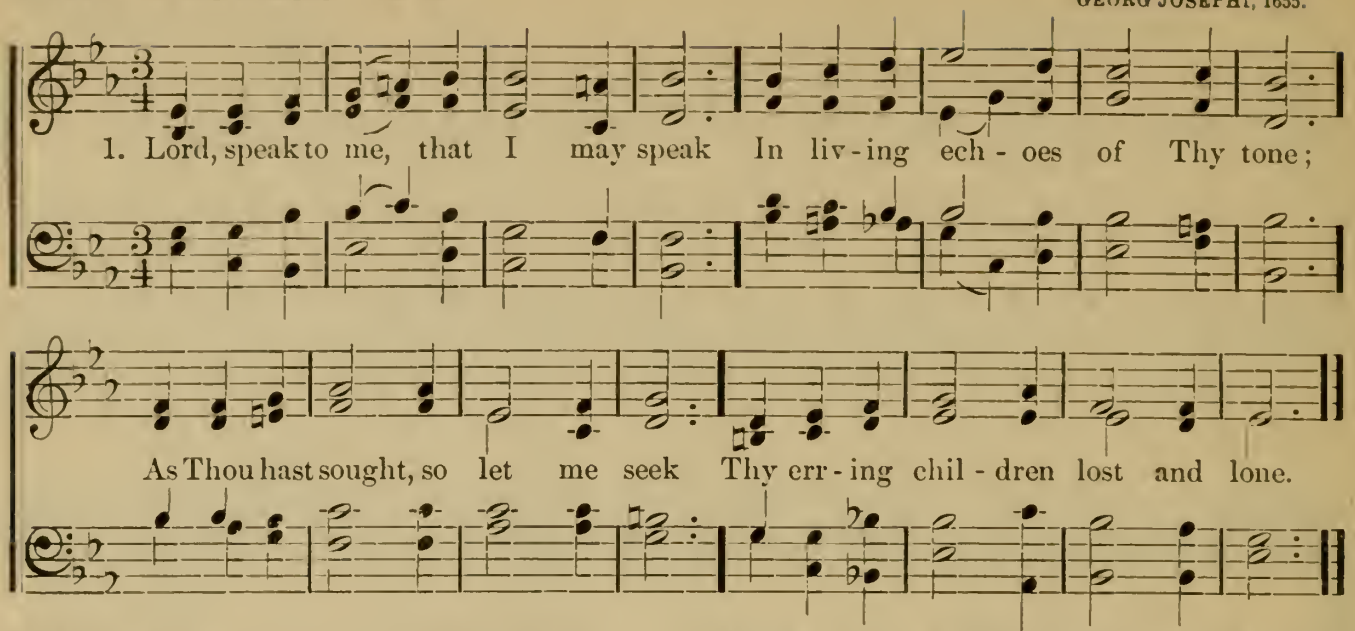
3 Tell the slaves of sin, how Jesus
Bids our sinful bondage cease;
How He loves us, how He frees us,
Gives us pardon, power, and peace.

4 Go among the high and lowly,
To the sinful and the sad;
Tell them Christ can make them holy;
Tell them Christ will make them glad.

Emma Smuller Carter, 1895.

198 ANGELUS. L. M.

GEORG JOSEPHI, 1655.



2 Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

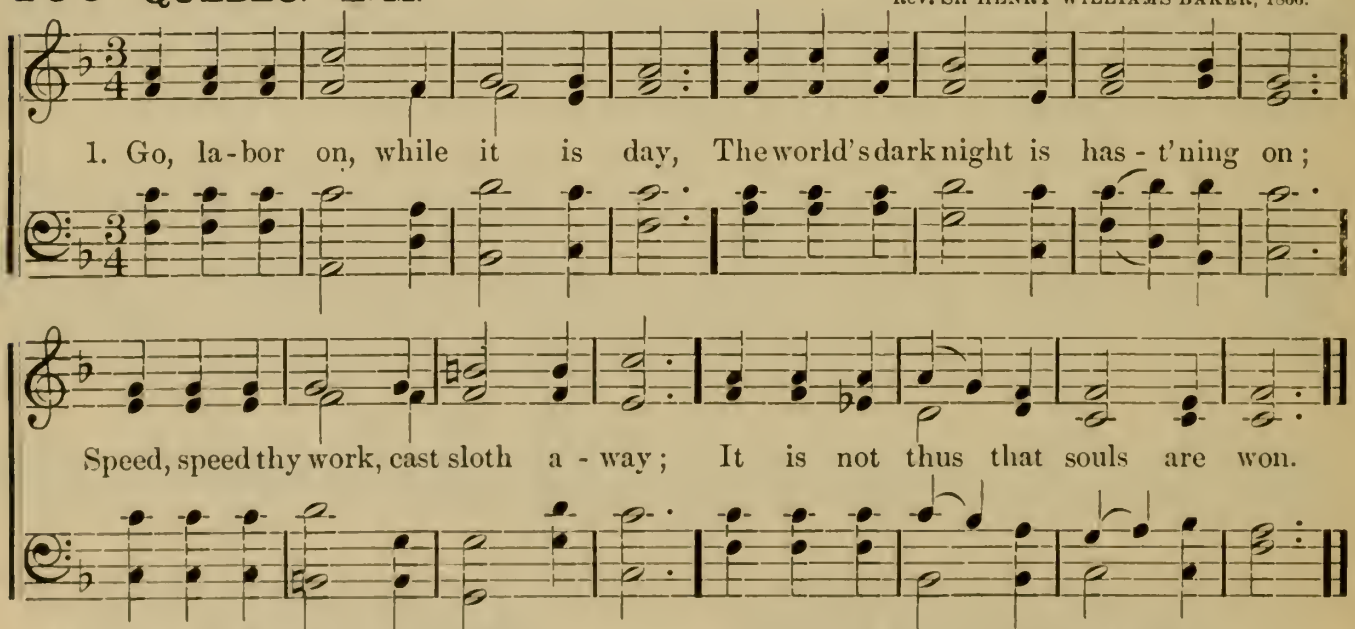
5 Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

6 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blesséd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy. Thy glory share.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1872.

199 QUEBEC. L. M.

Rev. Sir HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, 1866.



2 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

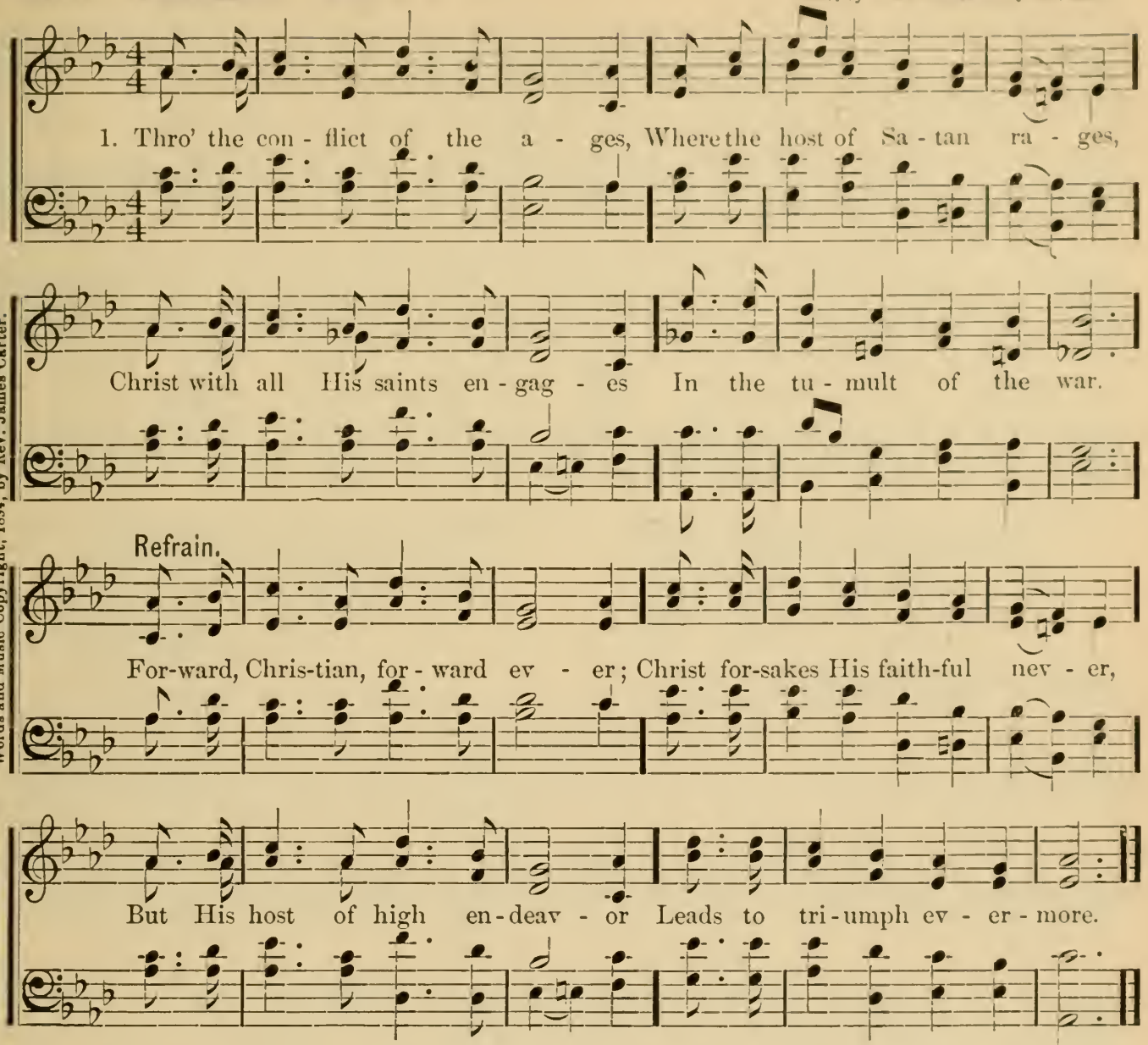
3 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

4 Go, labor on; your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down,
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1843.

200 CONFLICT. 8. 8. 8. 7. D.

GIOACHINO ANTONIO ROSSINI, 1818.
Arr. by C. ARTHUR JACQUES, 1894.



Words and Music Copyright, 1894, by Rev. James Carter.

2 Called to serve from every nation,
Called to holy consecration,
Ours the lofty imitation
Of the Lord whom we adore.

3 Trusted with the great commission,
Let it be our high ambition
To proclaim His free remission
To the Christless at our door.

4 Till the roar of battle endeth,
And the Lord in clouds descendeth,
Till His host triumphant blendeth
With the great host gone before.

Rev. James Carter, 1894.

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201 (QUEBEC). L. M.

1 Go, labor on; spend and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

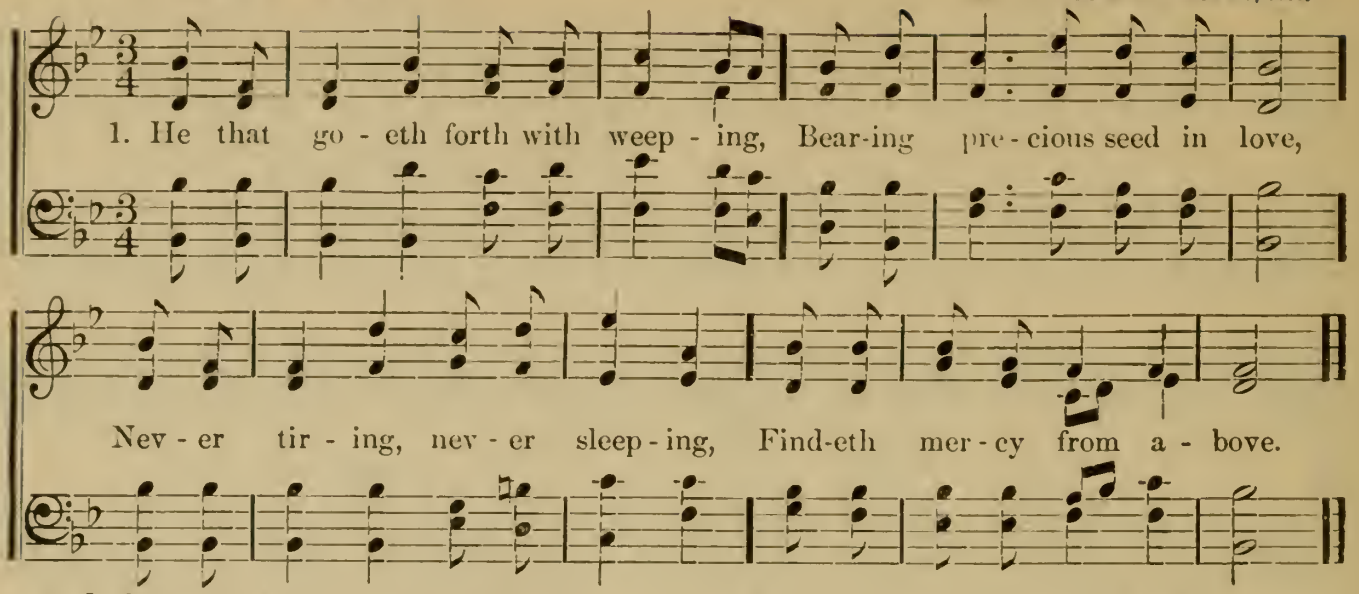
3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1843.

202 STOCKWELL. 8. 7.

Rev. DARIUS ELIOT JONES, 1848.



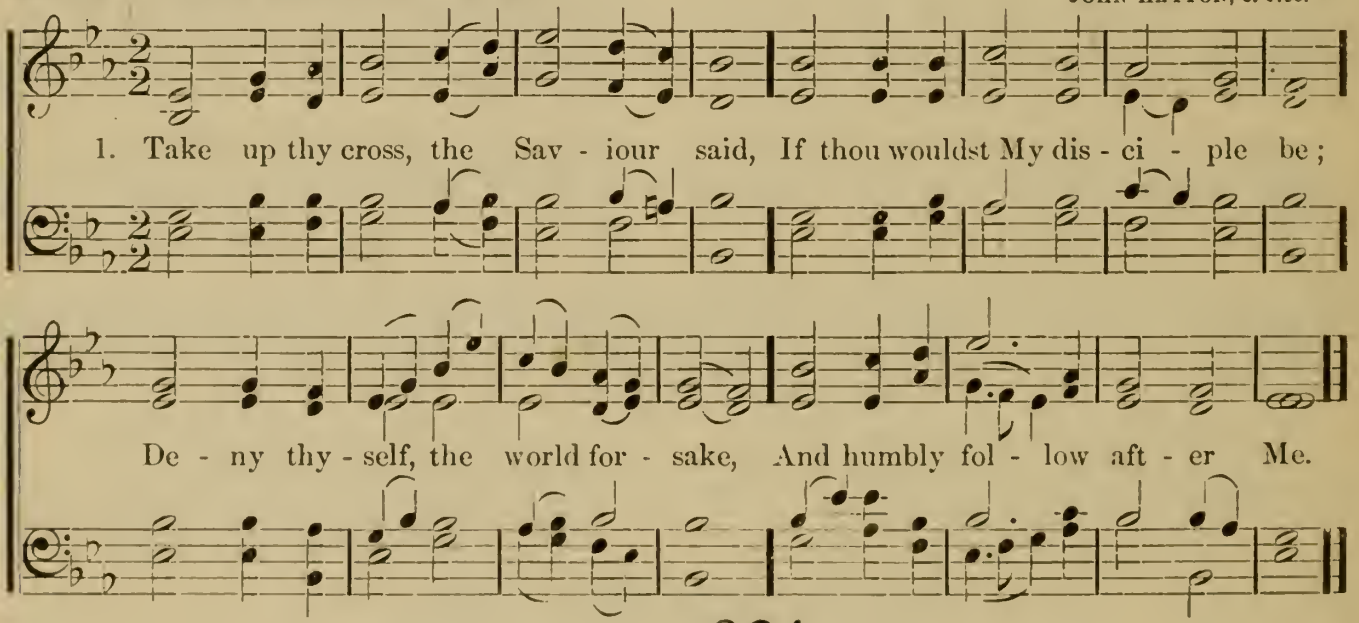
2 Soft descend the dews of Heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

Thomas Hastings, 1836.

203 DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON, c. 1790.



204

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel:
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross,
May hope to wear the starry crown.

Rev. Charles William Everest, 1833. Ab. and alt.

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel, we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

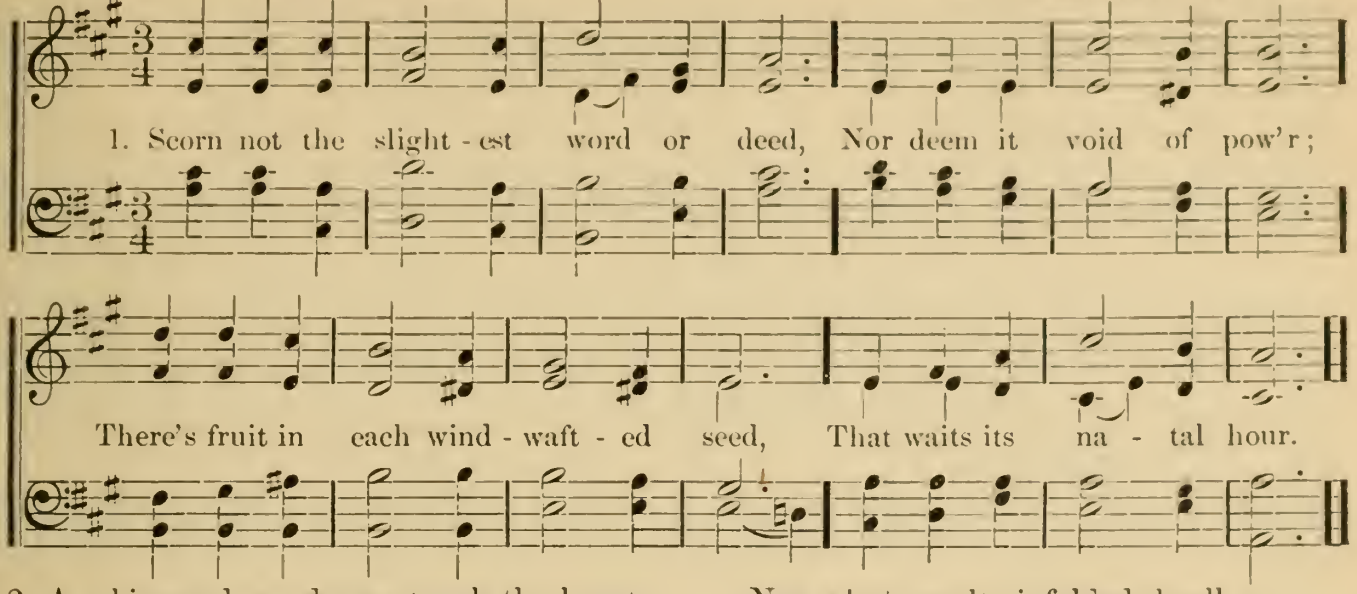
2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessèd hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on His word.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709. Ab.

205 ST. AGNES. C. M.

Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1858.



2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

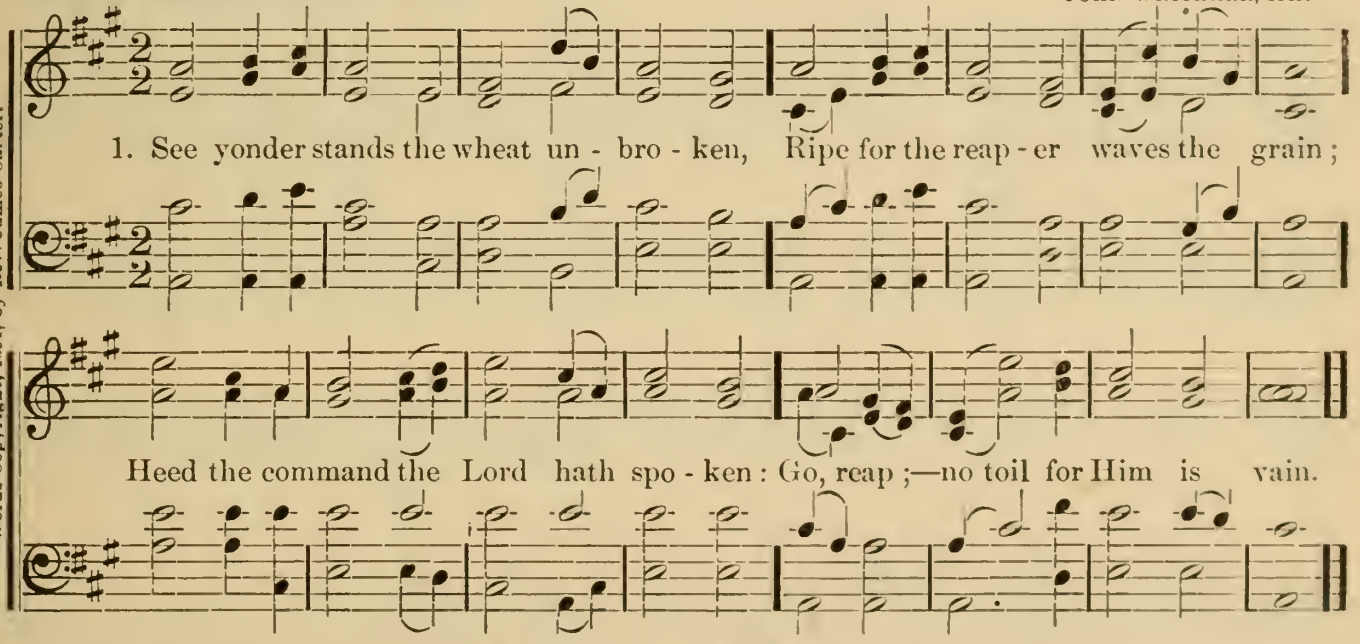
3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

English Author, 1845.

206 WIMBORNE. 9. 8.

JOHN WHITAKER, 1849.



Words Copyright, 1894, by Rev. James Carter.

2 Many the tracts in God's broad acres
Where ripened grain falls to decay;
Sad as a ship 'mid angry breakers,
Drifting to wreck in open day.

3 O child of God, the souls that perish
Are sometimes not beyond the sea!
Christ calls thee His lost sheep to cherish
Whose lives unsaved are nearest thee.

4 Oh! may this thought thy heart embolden,
Stirring thy soul from sinful ease,
Thy Saviour's word: "From Me withholden,
Was whatsoe'er ye held from these."

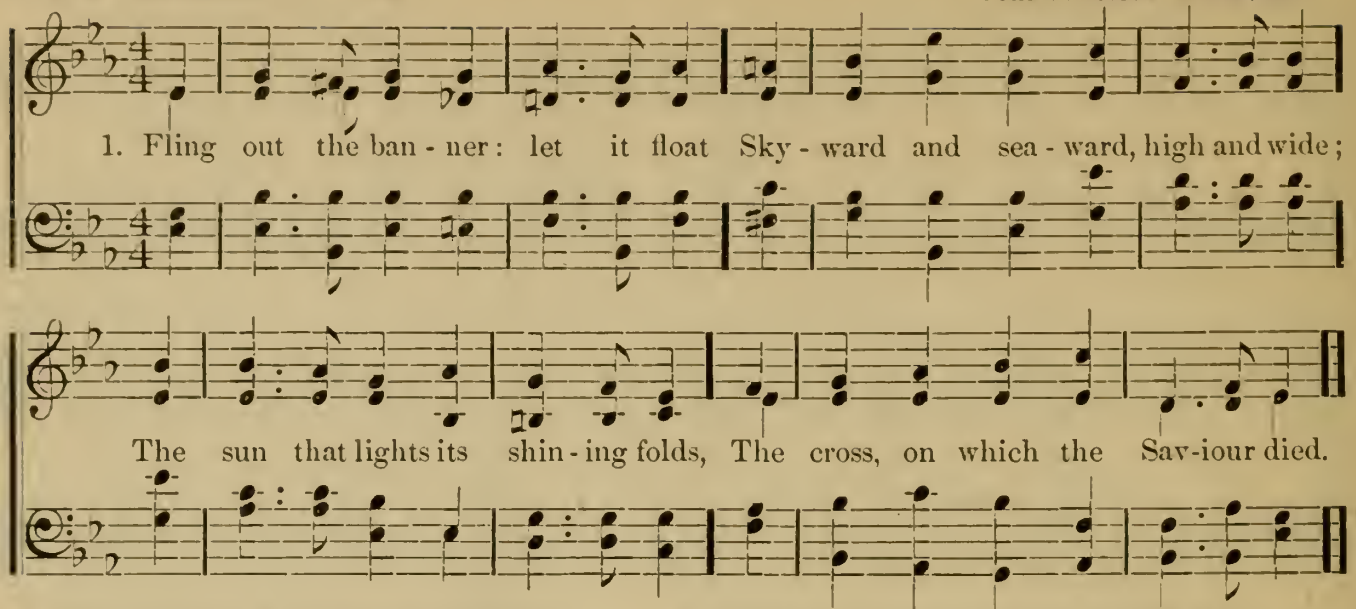
5 Go forth, O coward soul, to gather
What sheaves await thy sickle's swing;
There meet with dreaded failure rather
Than fail to serve the Saviour King.

6 Go, lay thy life upon the altar;
God will accept the sacrifice;
Forth to the work, and never falter;
Tarries for thee the heavenly prize.

Rev. James Carter, 1894.

207 ENSIGN. L. M.

JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1872.



2 Fling out the banner: angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the Love divine.

3 Fling out the banner: heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight;
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

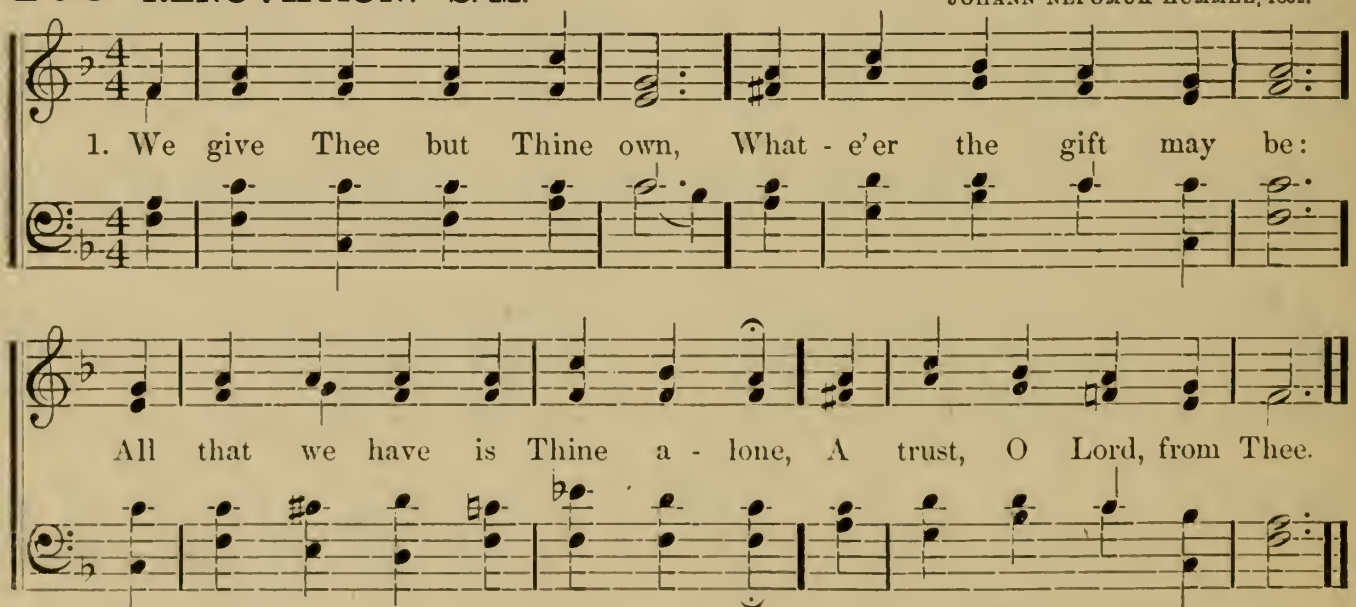
4 Fling out the banner: let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide:
Our glory only in the cross,
Our only hope, the Crucified.

5 Fling out the banner: wide and high,
Skyward and seaward let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

Bp. George Washington Doane, 1848.

208 RENOVATION. S. M.

JOHANN NEPOMUK HUMMEL, 1832.



209

2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive;
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

Bp. William Walsham How, 1858. Ab.

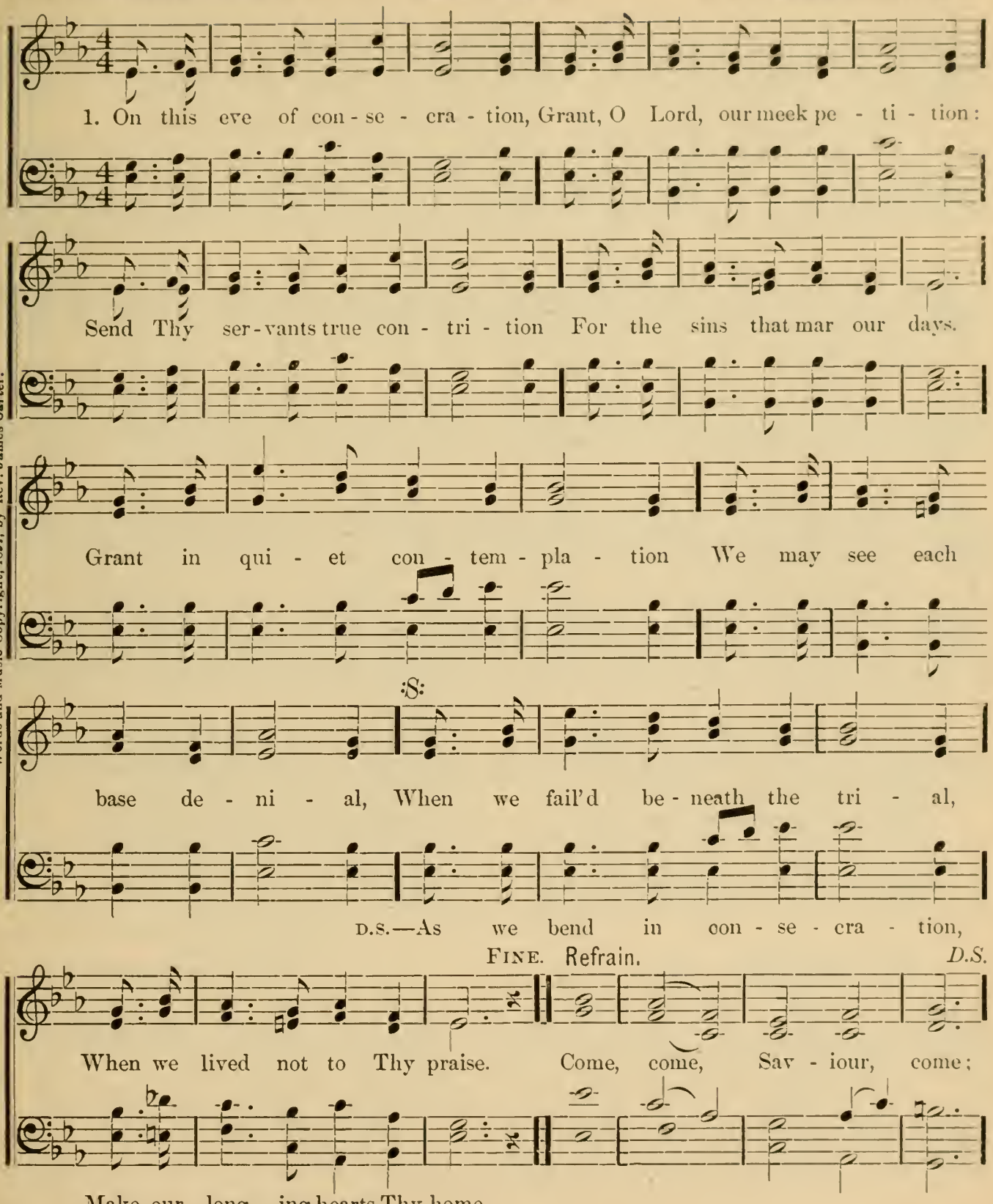
1 The harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear,
Shall reap with many a song.

2 Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come, at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

Bp. George Burgess, 1839. Ab.

210 HOME. 8.8.8.7. D. With Refrain.

Sir. HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP, 1829.
Arr. by C. ARTHUR JACQUES, 1894.



Words and Music Copyright, 1894, by Rev. James Carter.

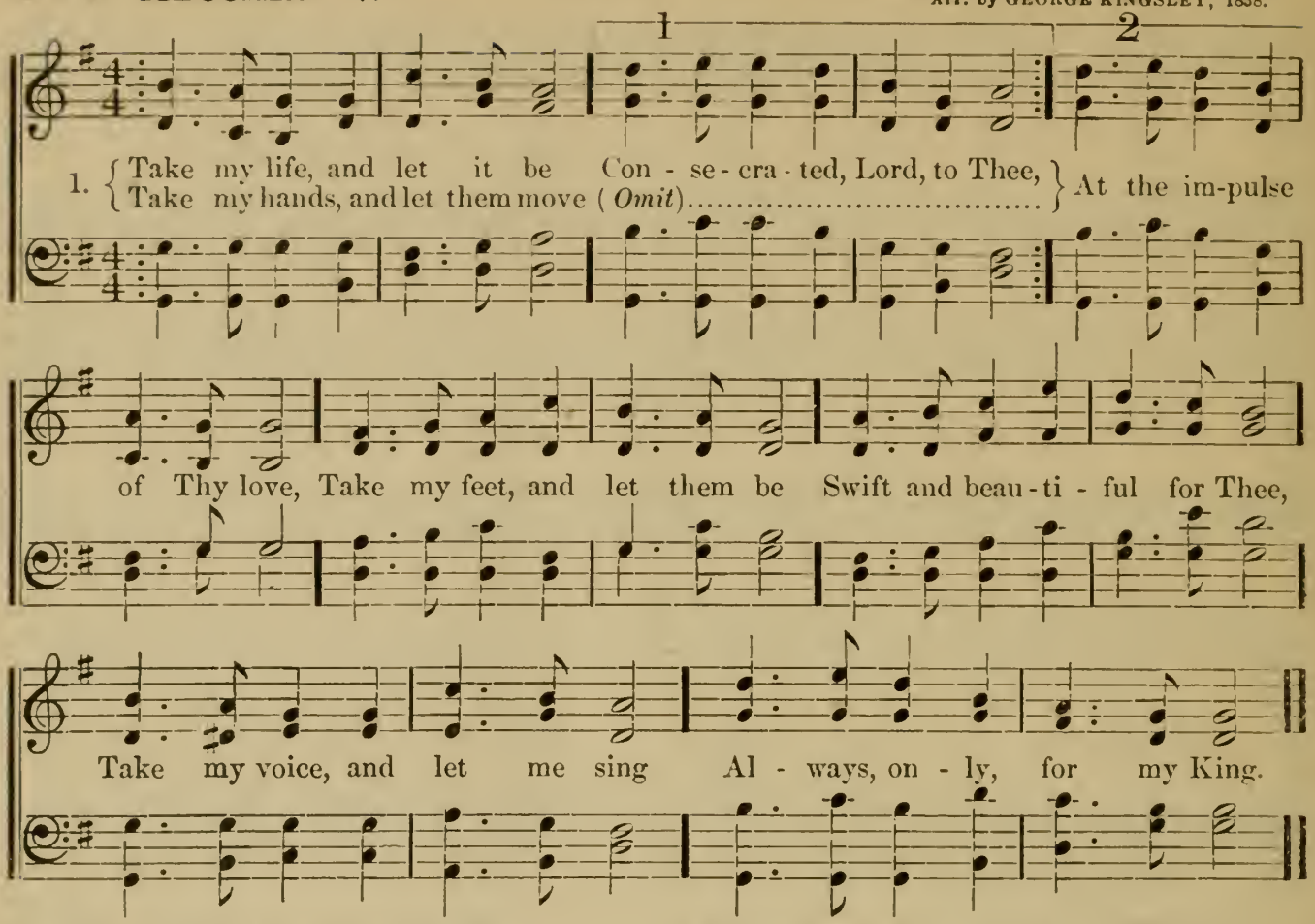
2 Show us where we have omitted
To fulfill the moment's duty;
Fill us with Thy heavenly beauty;
Make us temples worthy Thee.
May our waiting hearts be fitted
For the conflict close before us;
May Thy banner floating o'er us
Guidon and protection be.

3 Lord accept our consecration;
May Thy love possess us wholly;
Make us earnest, make us lowly;
May Thy Spirit rule alone.
Fill with higher aspiration;
Win through us the sheep that wander;
Use us as Thou wilt, till yonder
We rejoice before Thy throne.

Rev. James Carter, 1894.

211 MESSIAH. 7. D

LOUIS JOSEPH FERDINAND HEROLD, 1830.
Arr. by GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.



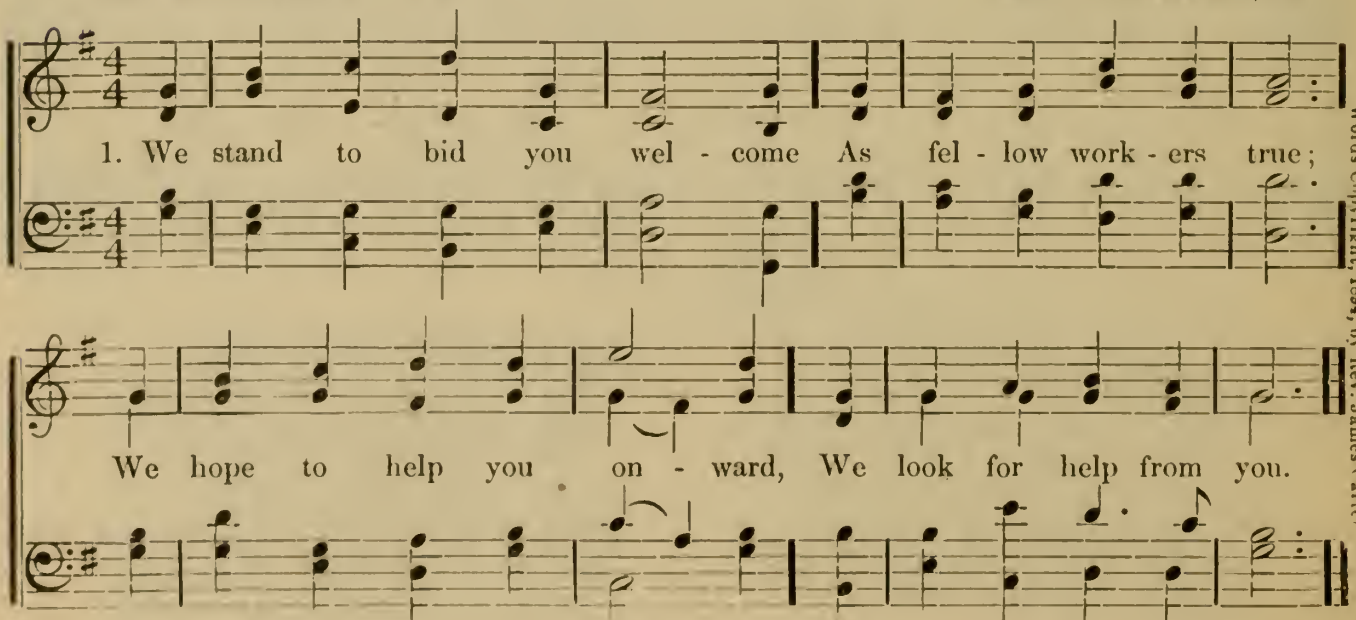
2 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee,
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

3 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is Thine own!
It shall be Thy royal throne.
Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all, for Thee!

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, 1874. Ab.

ST. ALPHEGE. 7. 6.

HENRY JOHN GAUNLETT, 1852.



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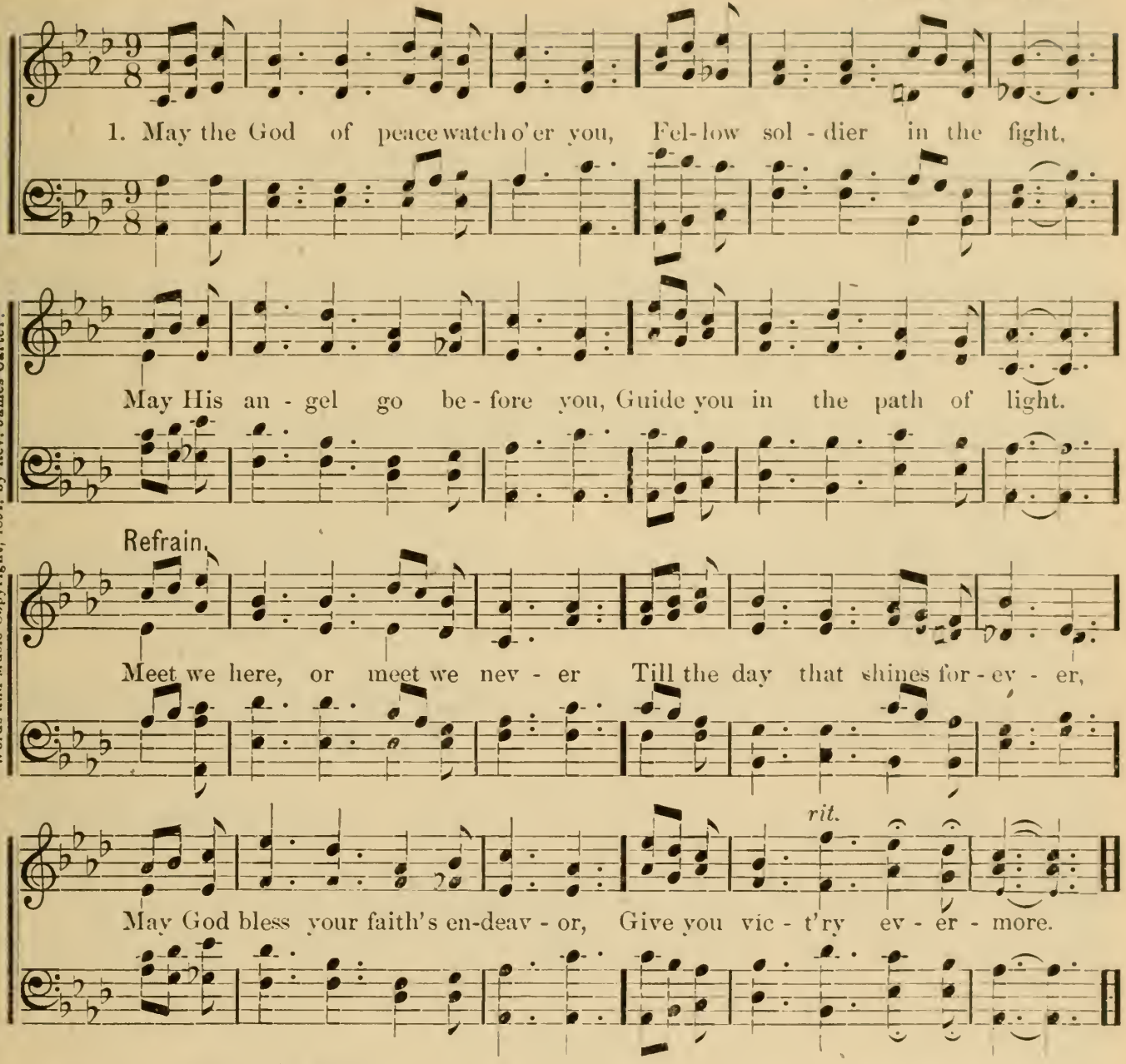
212 ENDEAVOR. 8. 7. D.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1891



Words and Music Copyright, 1894, by Rev. James Carter.

Benediction Hymn.

2 May the God of battles send you
Succor swift in danger's hour;
May His arm of might defend you
From the tempter's fatal power.

3 May the love of Christ constrain you
Still to live for Him who died;
May the might of faith maintain you
Spotless in the Crucified.

4 So at last, the conflict ended,
And the battered shield laid down,
To the City Gates ascended,
May you wear the victor's crown.

Rev. James Carter, 1891.

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213 (ST. ALPHEGE). 7. 6.

Reception of Members.

1 We stand to bid you welcome
As fellow-workers true;
We hope to help you onward,
We look for help from you.

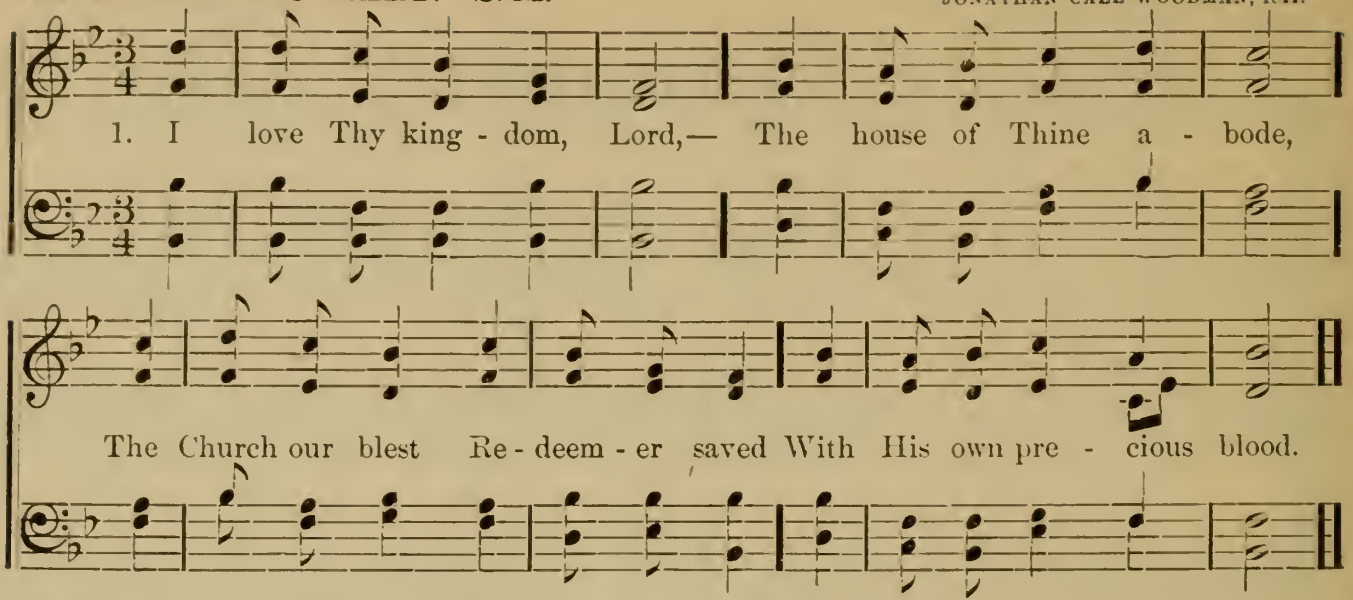
2 Hold fast your heavenly treasure;
Stand fast in Christ, the Lord,
Supported by His presence,
Enlightened by His word.

3 Lord Jesus, keep Thy soldiers,
Through all the holy war;
And lead them on triumphant
To rest for evermore.

Rev. James Carter, 1894.

214 STATE STREET. S. M.

JONATHAN CALL WOODMAN, 1844.



2 I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

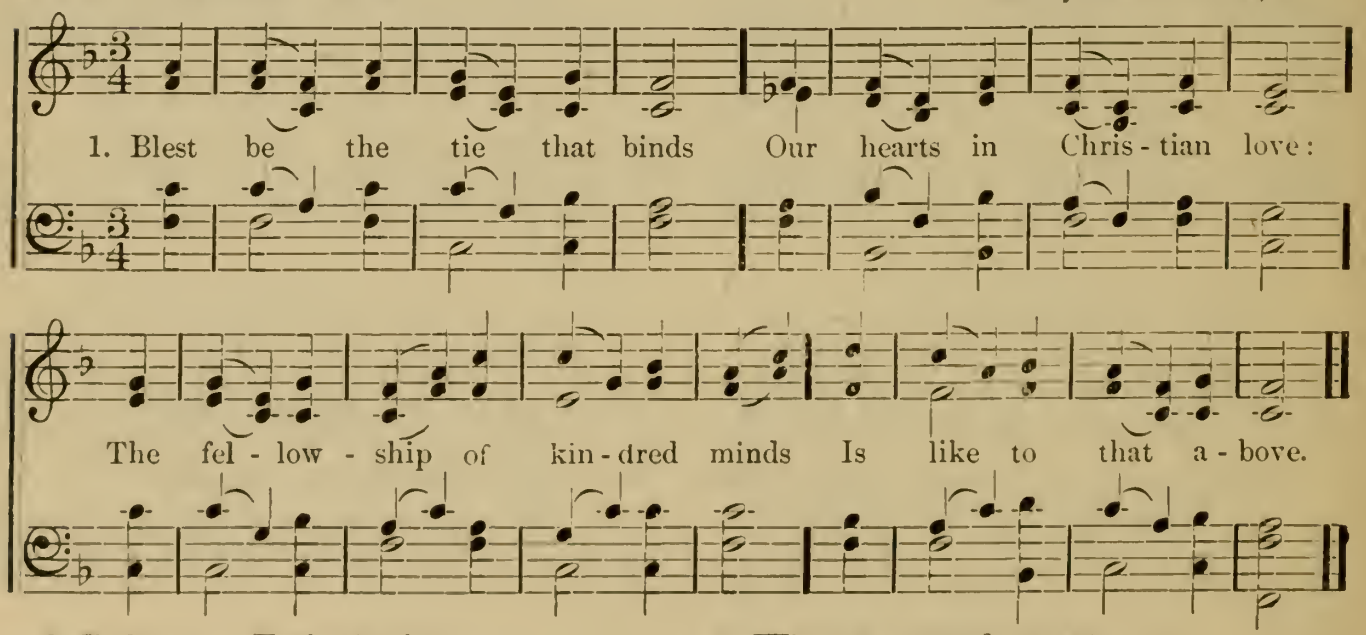
4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of Heaven.

Rev. Timothy Dwight, 1800. Ab.

215 DENNIS. S. M.

JOHANN GEORG NÄGELI, 1832.
Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1845.



2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

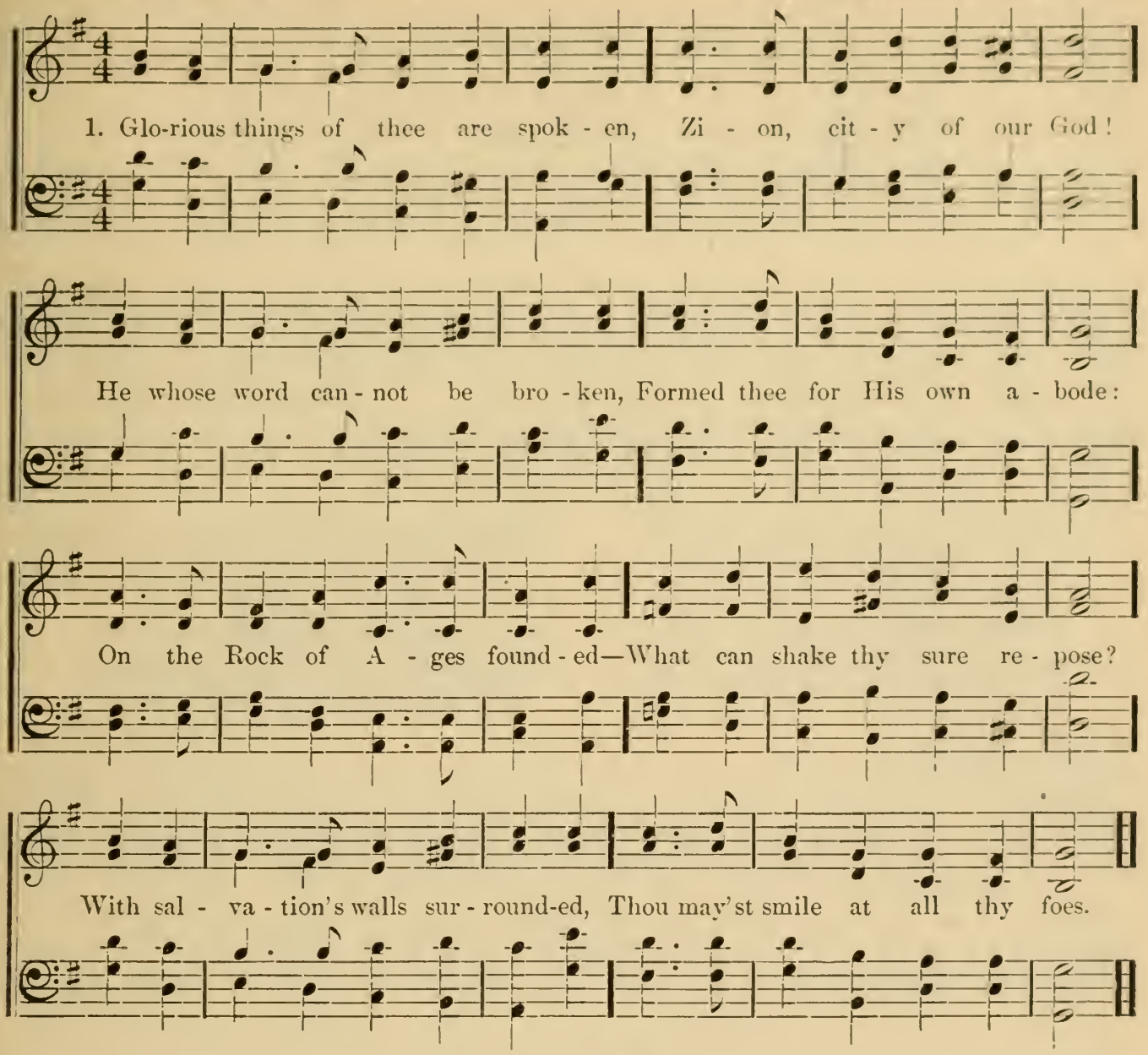
4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

Rev. John Fawcett, 1772. Ab.

216 FALFIELD. 8. 7. D.

Sir. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1867.



2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which He gives them when they pray.

Rev. John Newton, 1779. Ab.

217

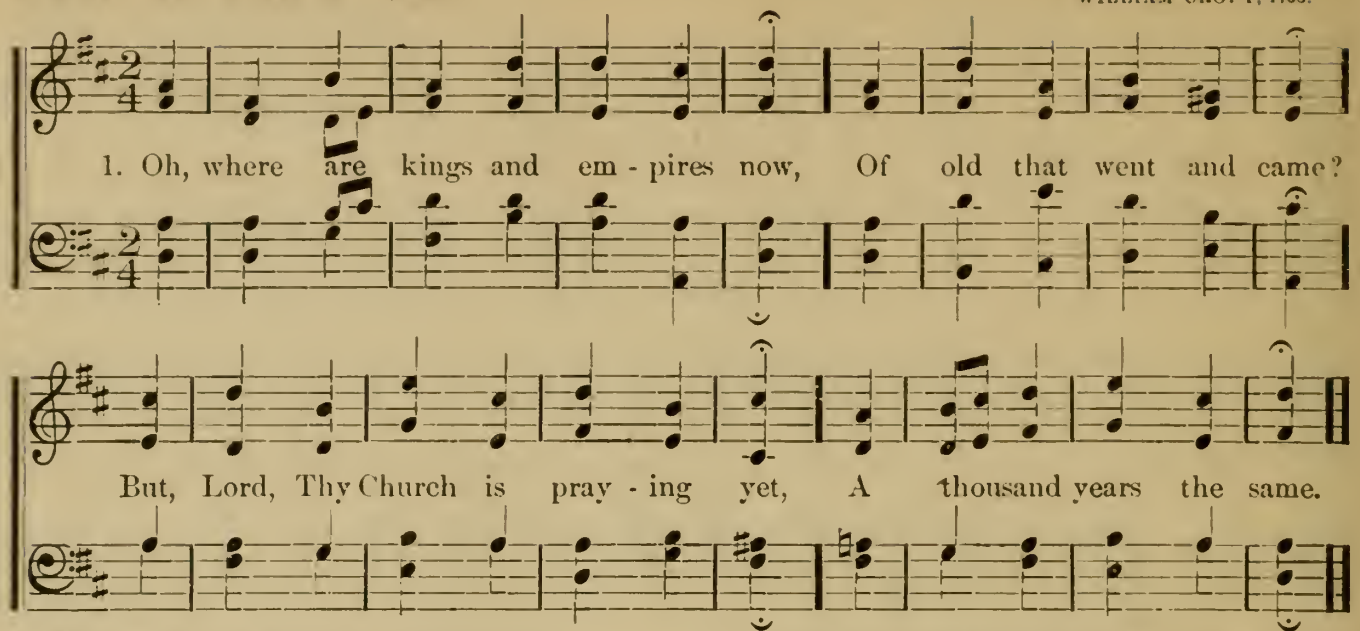
1 Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.
Clear before us, through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light:
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

2 One the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun:
One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one almighty Father,
Reigns in love for evermore.

Bernhardt Severin Ingemann, 1825.
Tr. by Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1867, 1875. Ab.

218 ST. ANN'S. C. M.

WILLIAM CROFT, 1708.



2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

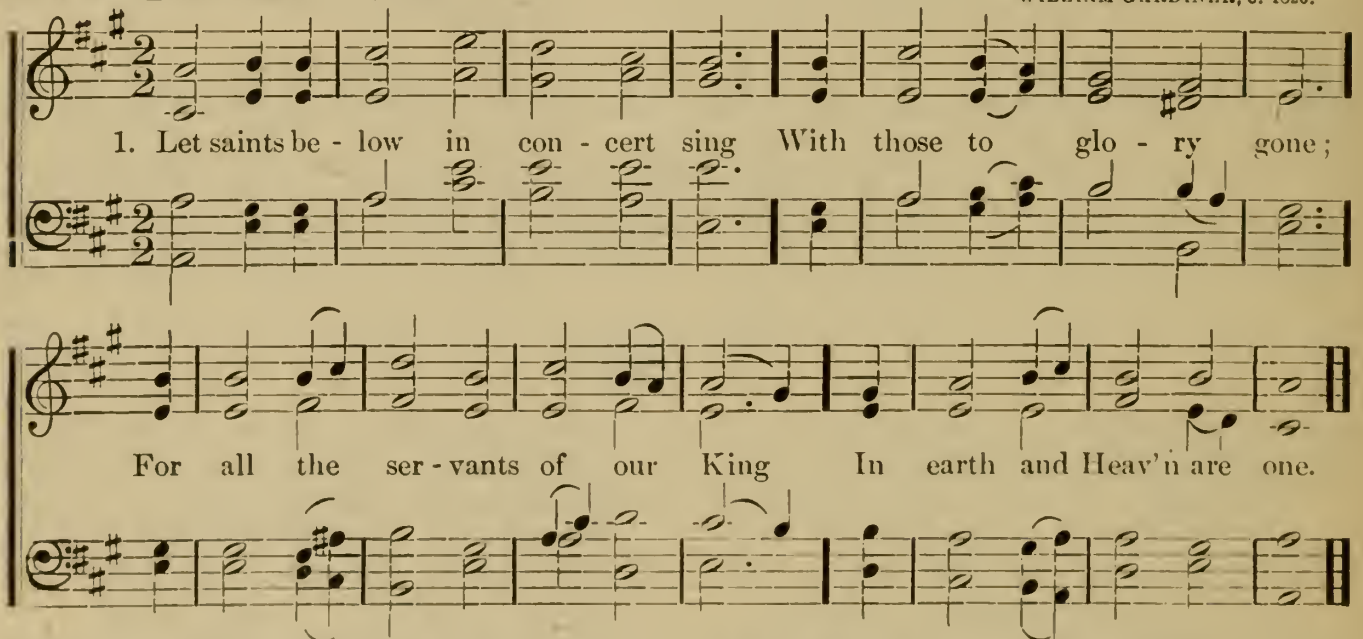
3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad;—

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

Bp. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1839. Alt.

219 DEDHAM. C. M.

WILLIAM GARDINER, c. 1820.



2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death;—

3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 Ev'n now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

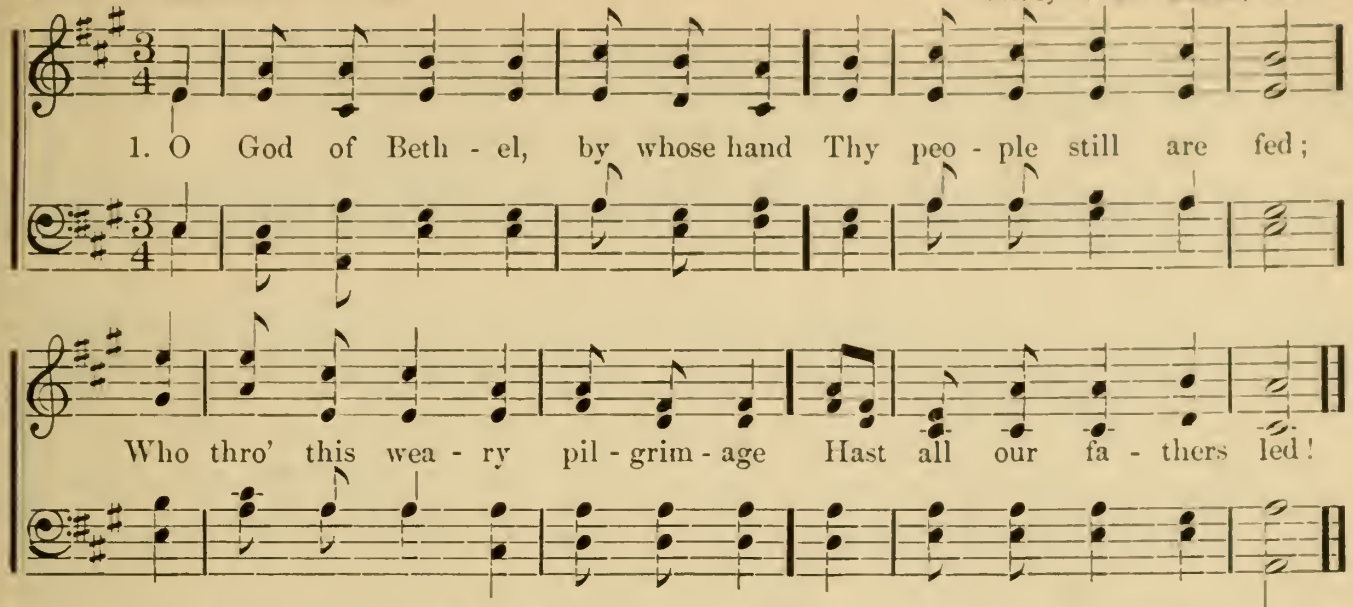
5 Ev'n now, by faith, we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the ransomed blessèd bands
Upon th' eternal shore.

6 Lord Jesus! be our constant guide:
And, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in Heaven.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1759. Ab. and alt.

220 AZMON. C. M.

CARL GOTTHELF GLÄSER, 1828.
Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1839.



2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

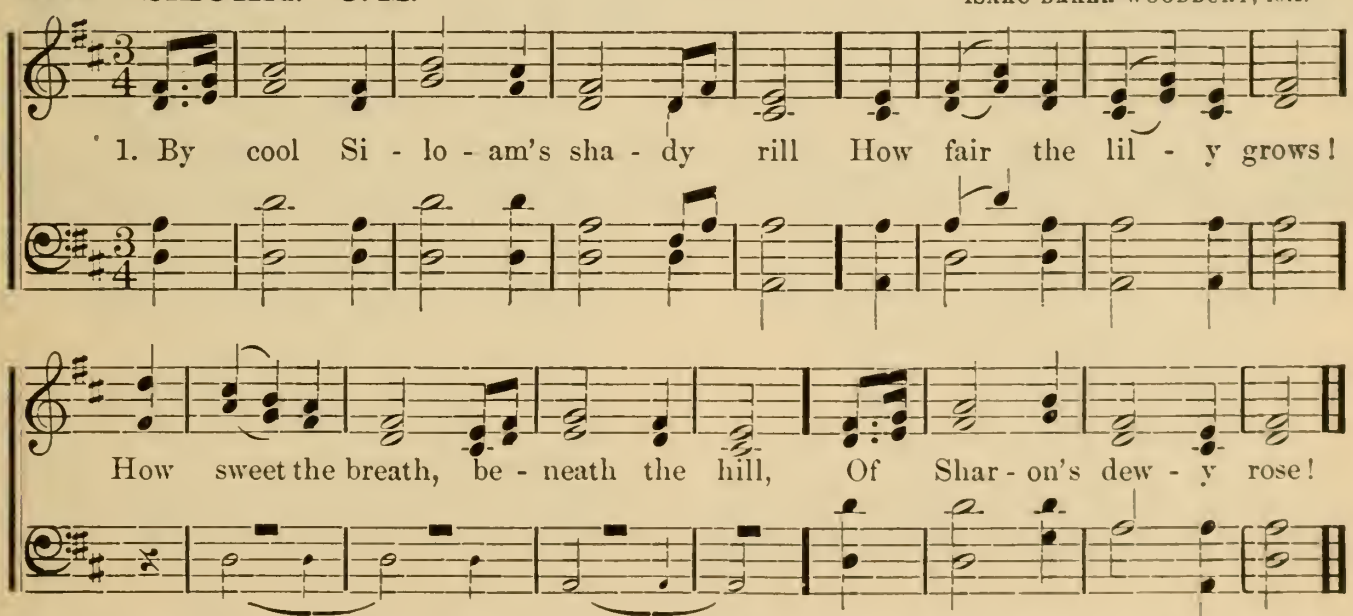
3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh, spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1737.
Rev. John Logan, 1781. Alt. and ab.

221 SILOAM. C. M.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY, 1842.



2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

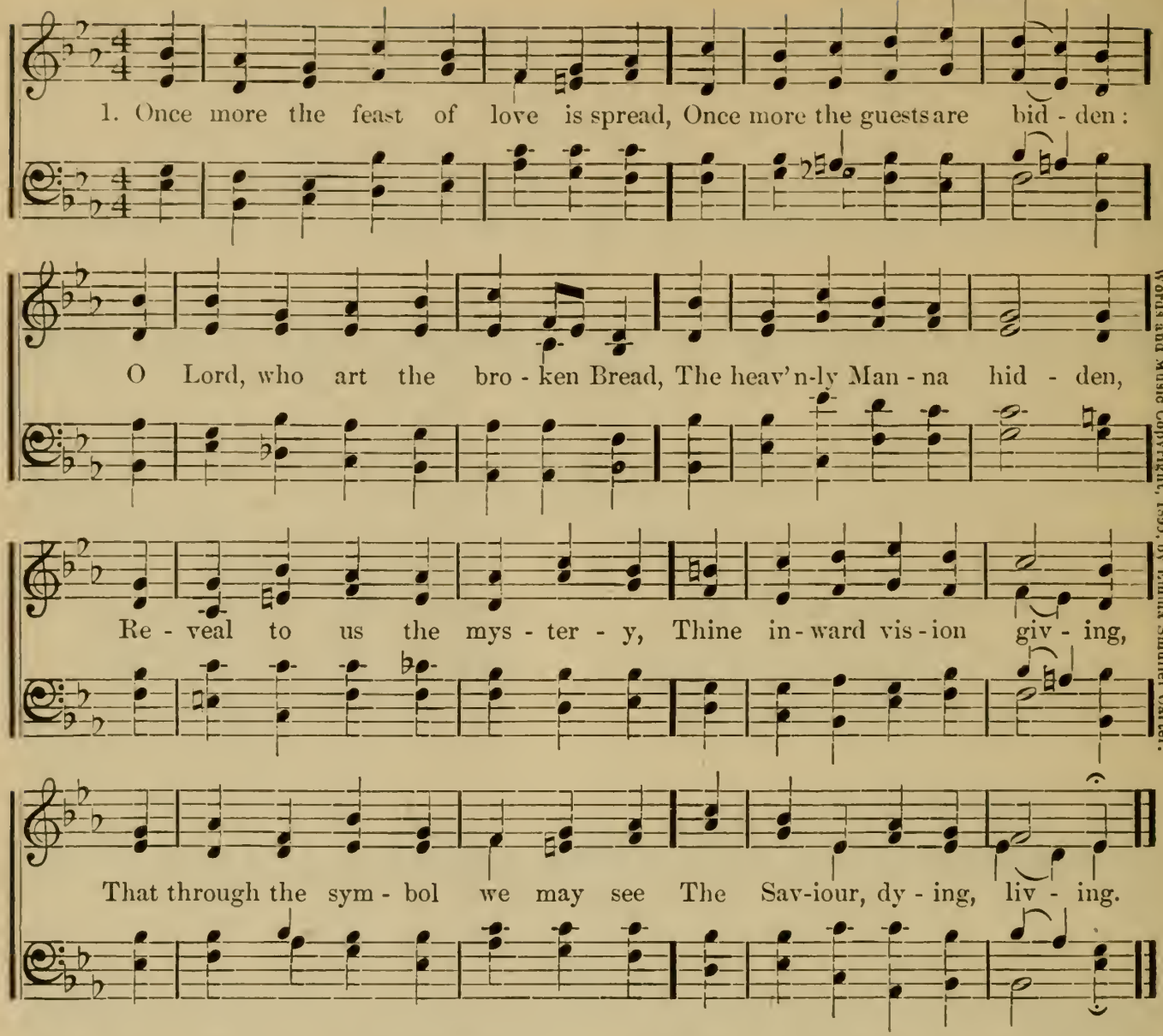
5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine, [crowned,
Whose years, with changeless virtue
Were all alike divine!

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

Bp. Reginald Heber, 1812, 1827.

222 BASEL.

Rev. James Carter, 1895.



Words and Music Copyright, 1899, by Emma Smuller Carter.

2 O Lamb of God, Thy blood apply,
Prepare each waiting spirit;
Oh, pardon Thou, and purify,
And cover with Thy merit.
No safeguard have we but the sign
Thy sacrifice revealing;
No life but through Thy death divine,
No health but through Thy healing.

3 Set free our souls from bonds of sin,
That all too long have bound us,
Let each anew the race begin,
Thine arm of strength around us.
May we with searching glance this day
Cast out all sinful leaven;
And gird us for the onward way
Fed by the Bread of Heaven.

Emma Smuller Carter, 1895.

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223 (BEATITUDE). C. M.

1 According to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

2 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice!
I must remember Thee:—

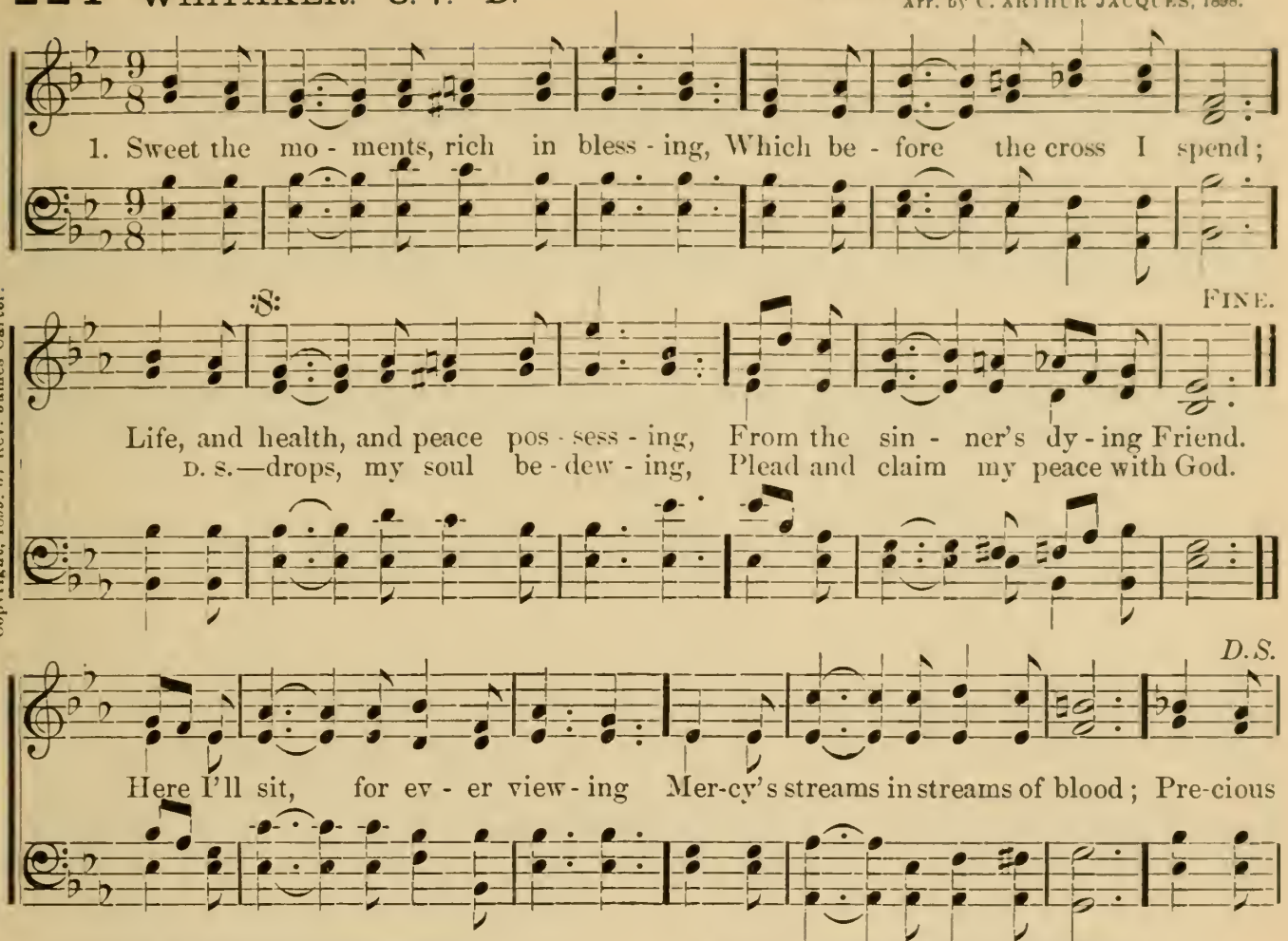
3 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

4 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me!

James Montgomery, 1825. Ab.

224 WHITAKER. 8. 7. D.

FRIEDRICH FREIHERR VON FLOTOW, 1847.
Arr. by C. ARTHUR JACQUES, 1898.



Copyright, 1859, by Rev. James Carter.

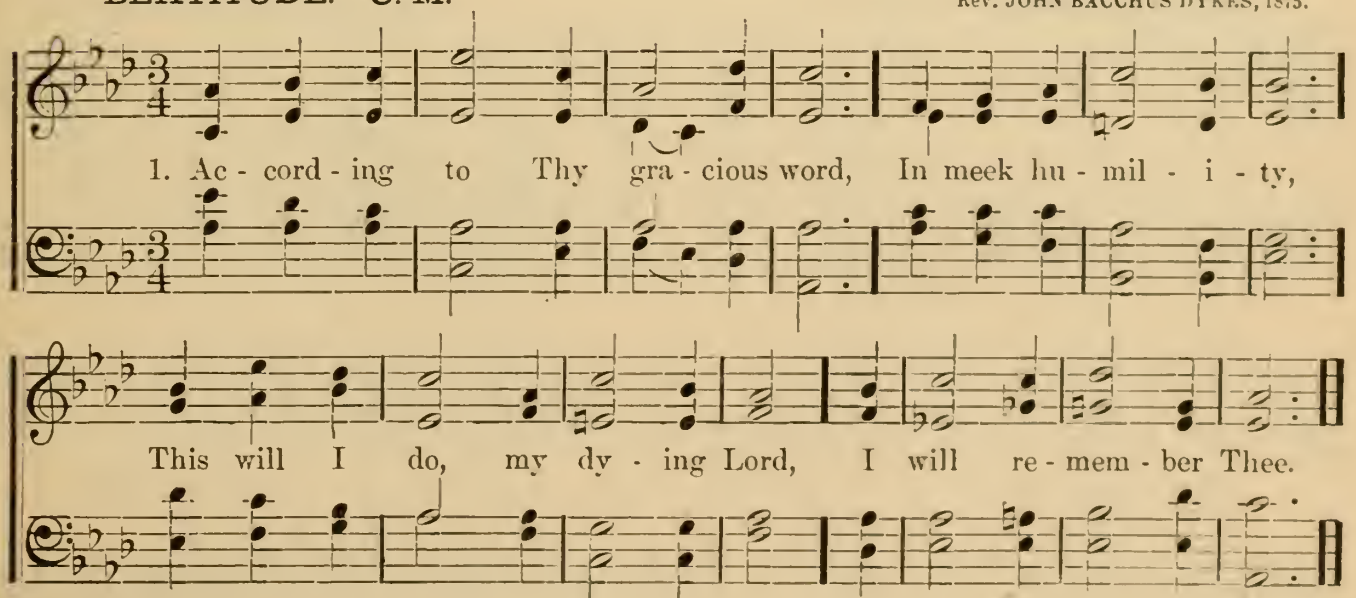
2 Truly blesséd is this station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion,
Floating in His languid eye.
Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

3 Here I feel my sins forgiven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze,
And my thoughts are all of Heaven,
And my lips o'erflow with praise.
Still in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And, unvailed, Thy glories see.

Rev. James Allen, 1757.
Rev. Walter Shirley, 1770. Alt.

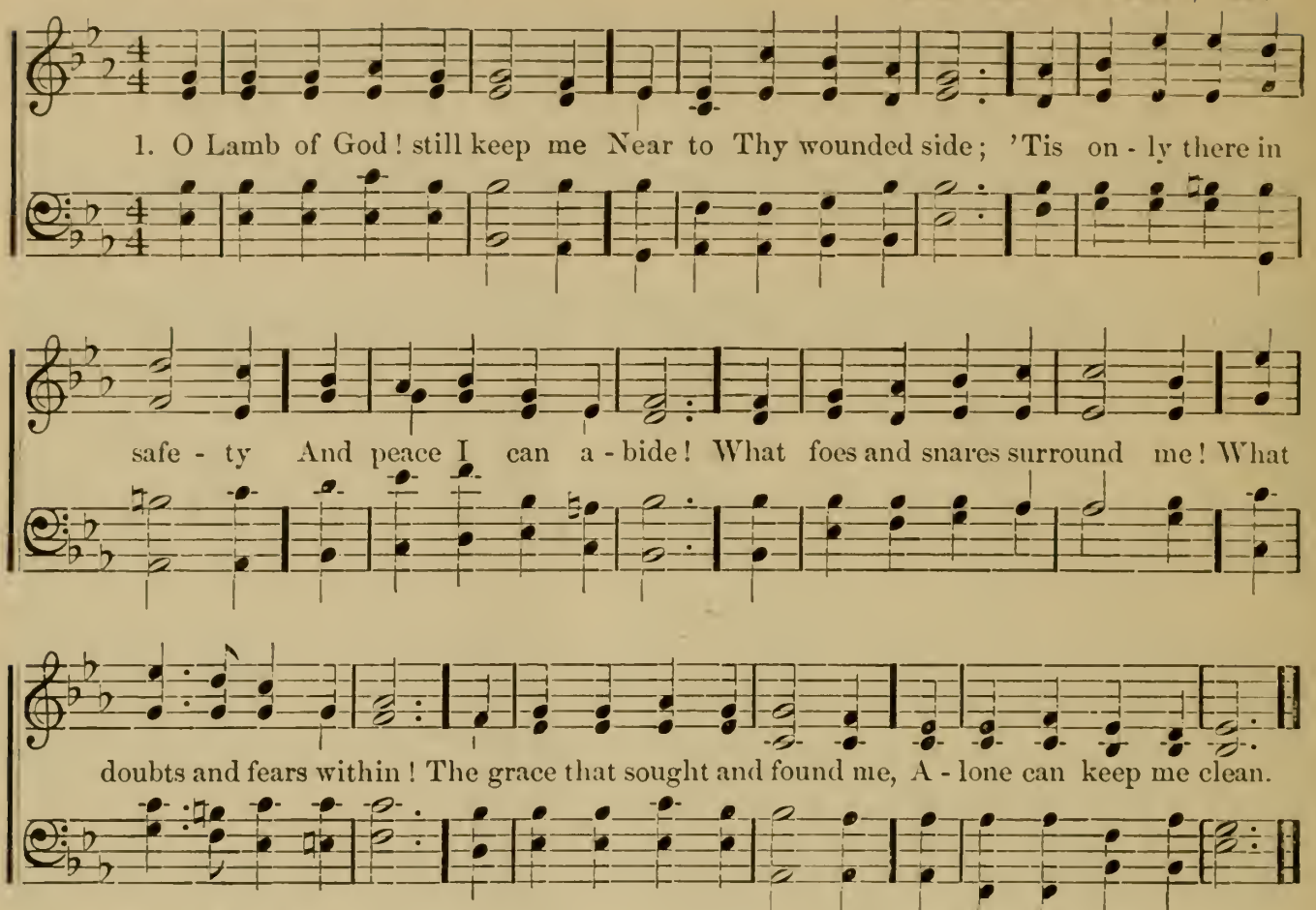
BEATITUDE. C. M.

Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1875.



225 AURELIA. 7. 6. D.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, c. 1868.



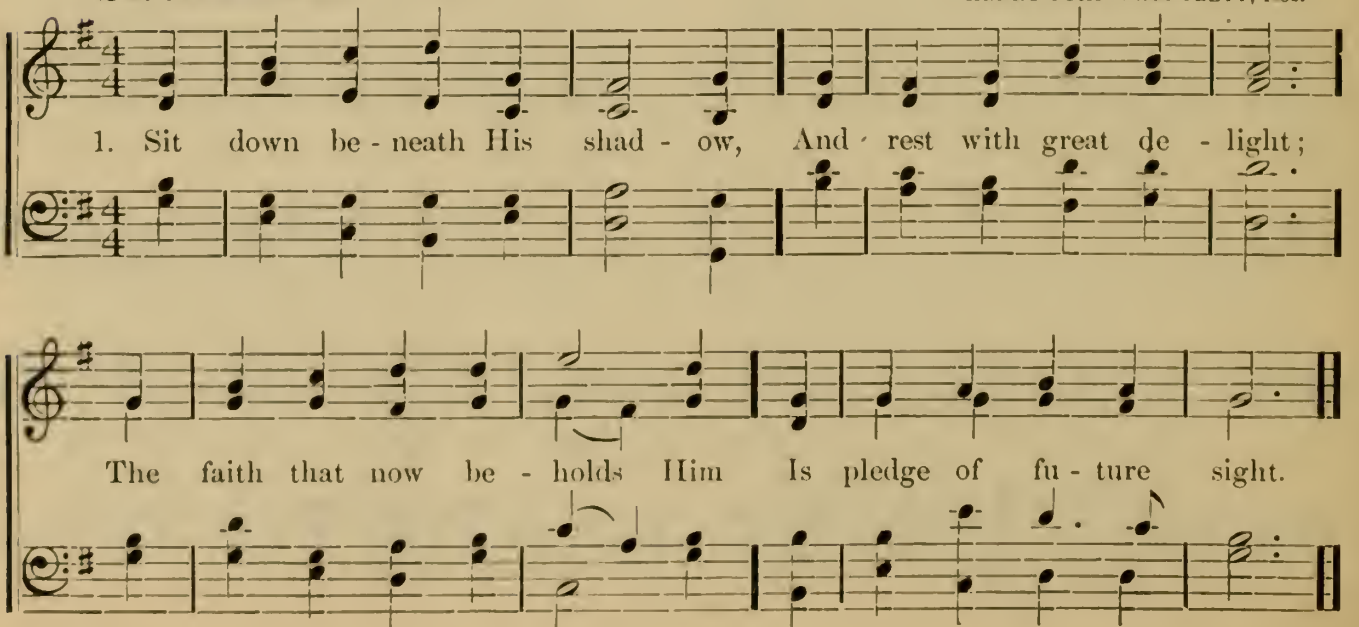
2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I feel my life secure—
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace:
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

James George Deck, 1842.

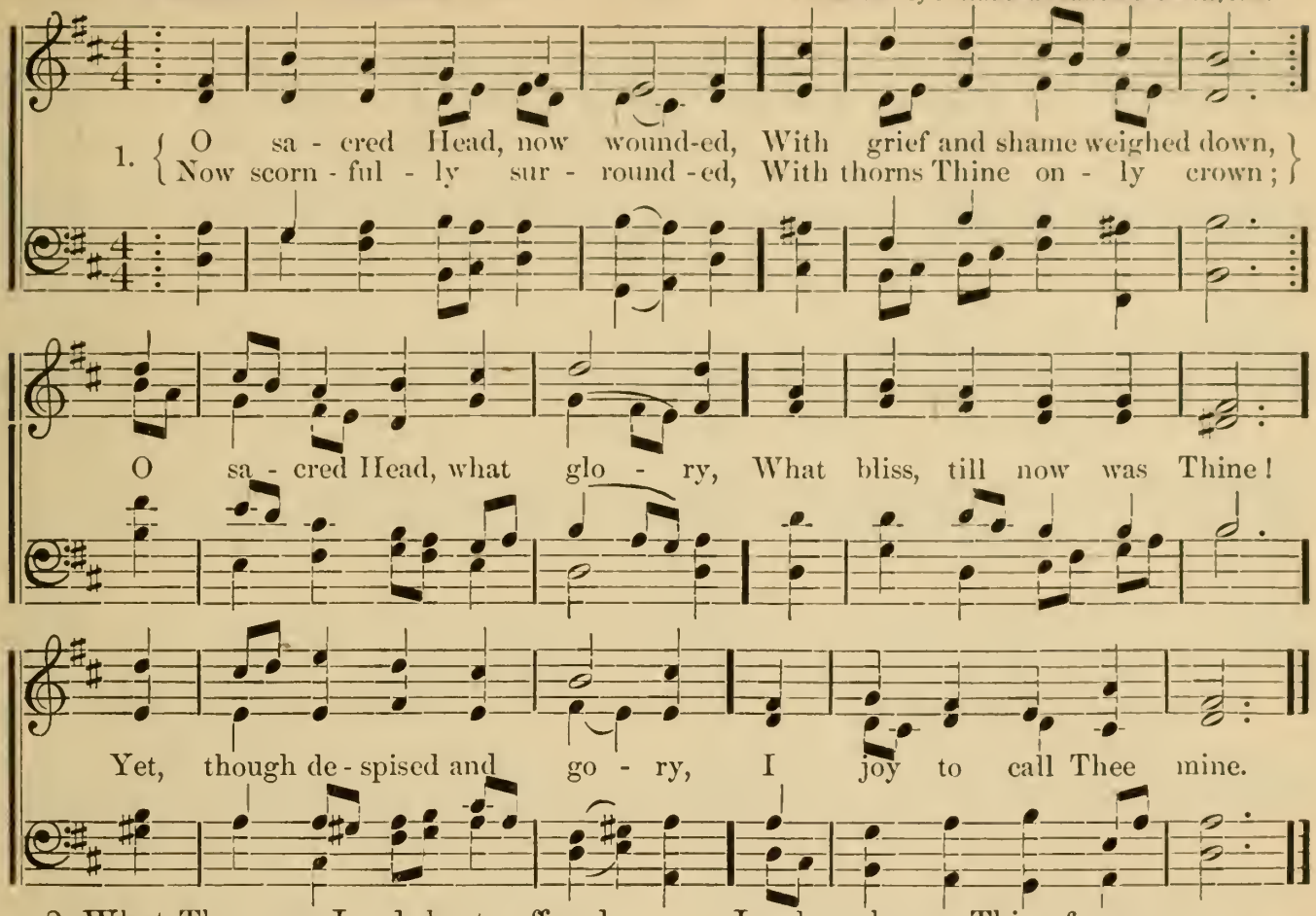
ST. ALPHEGE. 7. 6.

HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, 1852.



226 PASSION CHORALE. 7. 6. D.

HANS LEO HASSLER, 1601.
Harmonized by JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1729.



2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain:
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow,
To thank Thee, dearest Friend:
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord, make me Thine forever,
Nor let me faithless prove:
Oh! let me never, never,
Abuse such dying love.

4 Be near me when I'm dying,
Oh! show Thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—through Thy love.

Bernard of Clairvaux.
Rev. Paul Gerhardt, 1659.
Rev. James Waddell Alexander, 1820. Ab.

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227 (ST. ALPHEGE). 7. 6.

1 Sit down beneath His shadow,
And rest with great delight;
The faith that now beholds Him
Is pledge of future sight.

2 Our Master's love remember,
Exceeding great and free;
Lift up thy heart in gladness,
For He remembers thee.

3 Bring every weary burden,
Thy sin, thy fear, thy grief;
He calls the heavy laden
And gives them kind relief.

4 His righteousness "all glorious"
Thy festal robe shall be;
And love that passeth knowledge
His banner over thee.

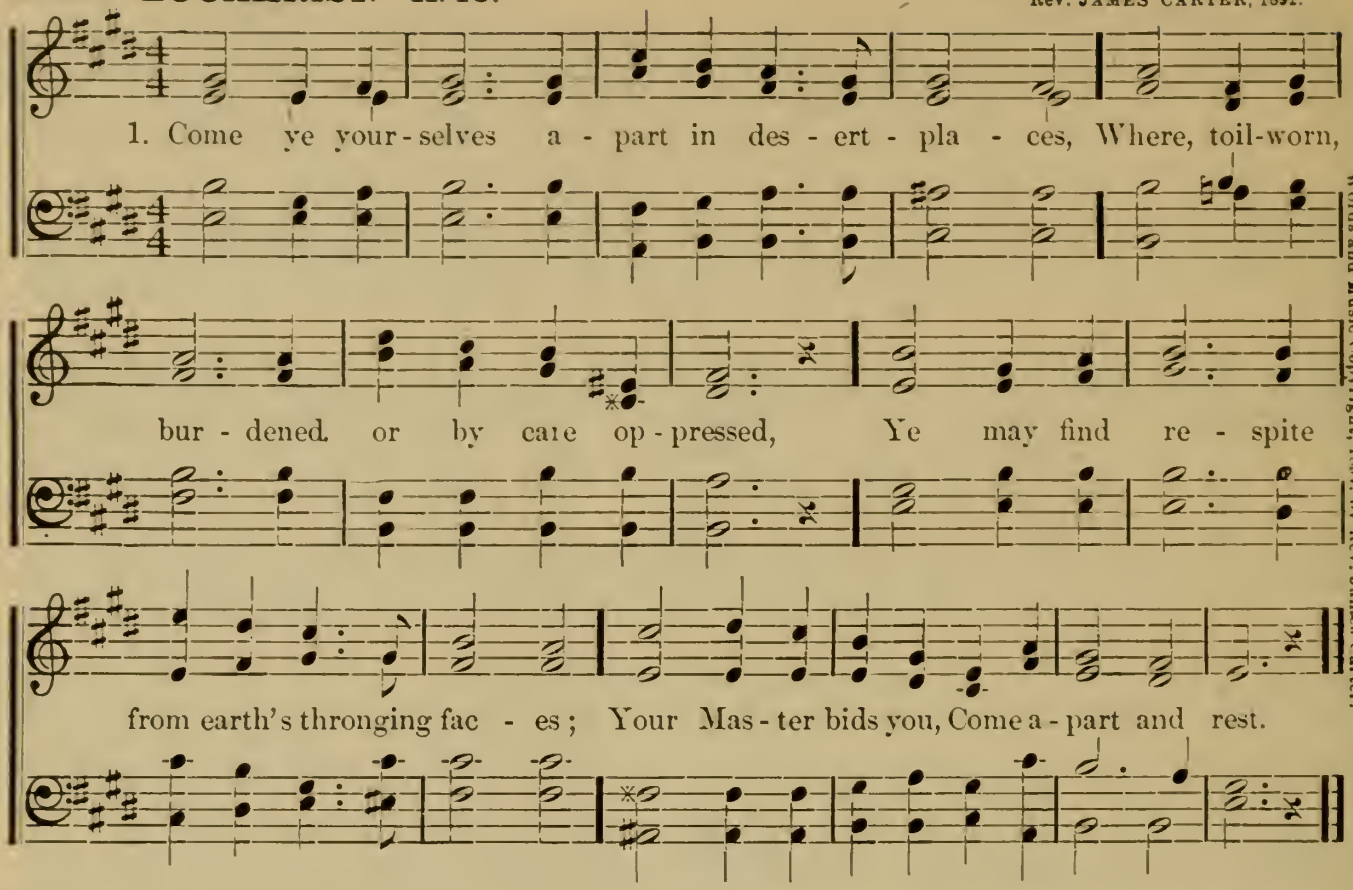
5 A little while, though parted,
Remember, wait, and love,
Until He comes in glory,
Until we meet above.

6 Till in the Father's kingdom
The heavenly feast is spread,
And we behold His beauty,
Whose blood for us was shed!

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, 1870.

228 EUCHARIST. 11. 10.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1892.



Words and Music Copyright, 1894, by Rev. James Carter.

2 Come ye, and view the mystery unfolden:
That thorn-crowned Head for your transgression torn,
That Body bruised, upon the cross upholden,
That Holy One who all your stripes hath borne.

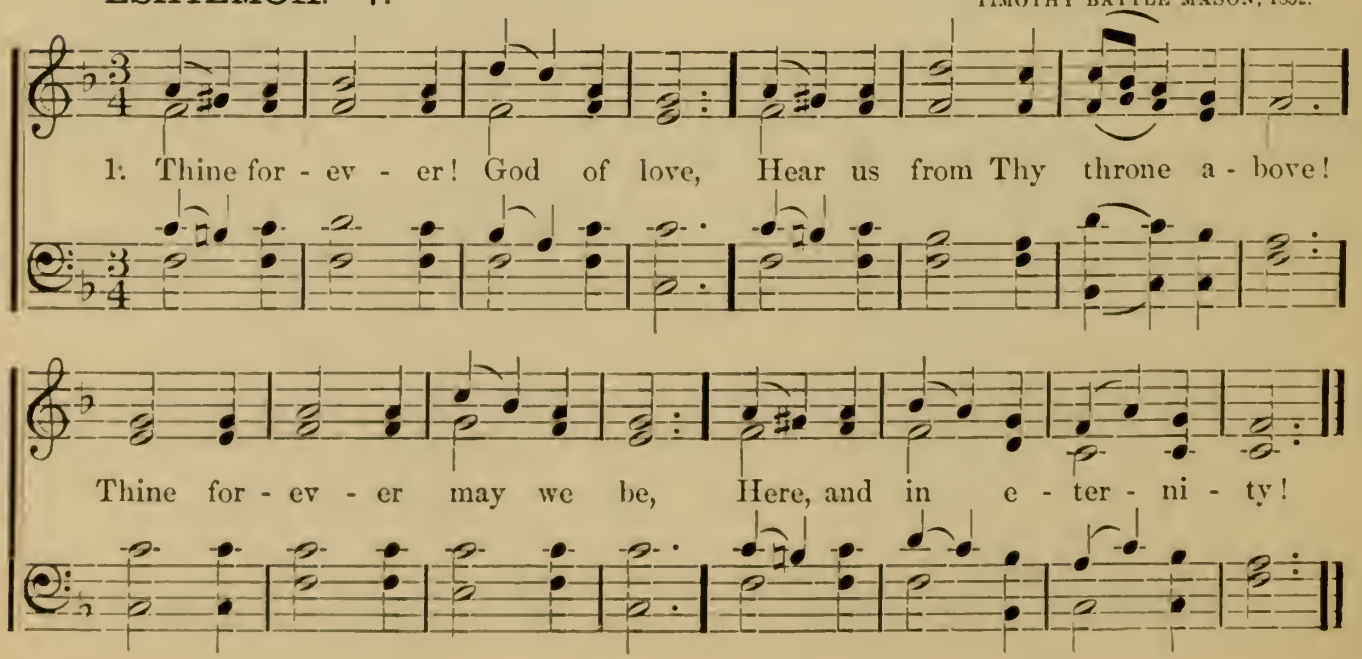
3 Come ye yourselves apart; the holy vision
Constrain each soul to live for Him who died,
Strengthen to front temptation and derision,
Spotless and blameless thro' the Crucified.

4 Where seraphs vail with wings of flame their faces,—
Holy the Presence; naught can there defile,—
Come ye, and sit with Christ in heavenly places;
Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile.

Rev. James Carter, 1889.

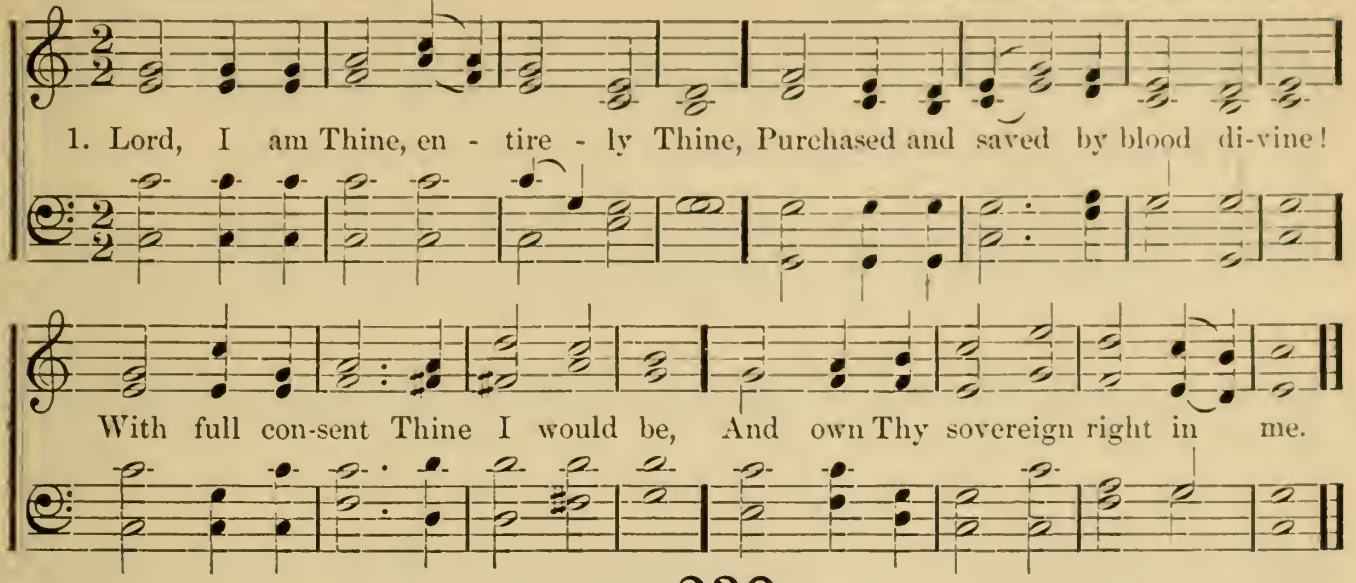
ESHTEMOA. 7.

TIMOTHY BATTLE MASON, 1852.



229 ZEPHYR. L. M.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY, 1844.



2 Grant one poor sinner more a place,
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is passed beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.

4 Here at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God;
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

5 Do Thou assist a feeble worm,
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

Rev. Samuel Davies, 1769. Ab.

230

1 Draw near, O Holy Dove, draw near,
With peace and gladness on Thy wing;
Reveal the Saviour's presence here,
And light, and life, and comfort bring.

2 "Eat, O my friends—drink, O beloved!"
We hear the Master's voice exclaim:
Our hearts with new desire are moved,
And kindled with a heavenly flame.

3 No room for doubt, no room for dread,
Nor tears, nor groans, nor anxious sighs;
We do not mourn a Saviour dead,
But hail Him living in the skies.

4 While this we do, remembering Thee,
Dear Saviour, let our graces prove
We have Thy blessèd company,
Thy banner over us is love.

Rev. Aaron Robarts Wolfe, 1858.

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231 (ESHTEMOA). 7.

1 Thine for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above!
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity!

2 Thine forever! Lord of Life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine forever! oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end!

4 Thine forever! Thou our Guide,—
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to Heaven!

Mary Fawler Maude, 1847. Ab.

232 7.

1 When on Sinai's top I see
God descend, in majesty,
To proclaim His holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When in ecstacy sublime,
Hermon's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

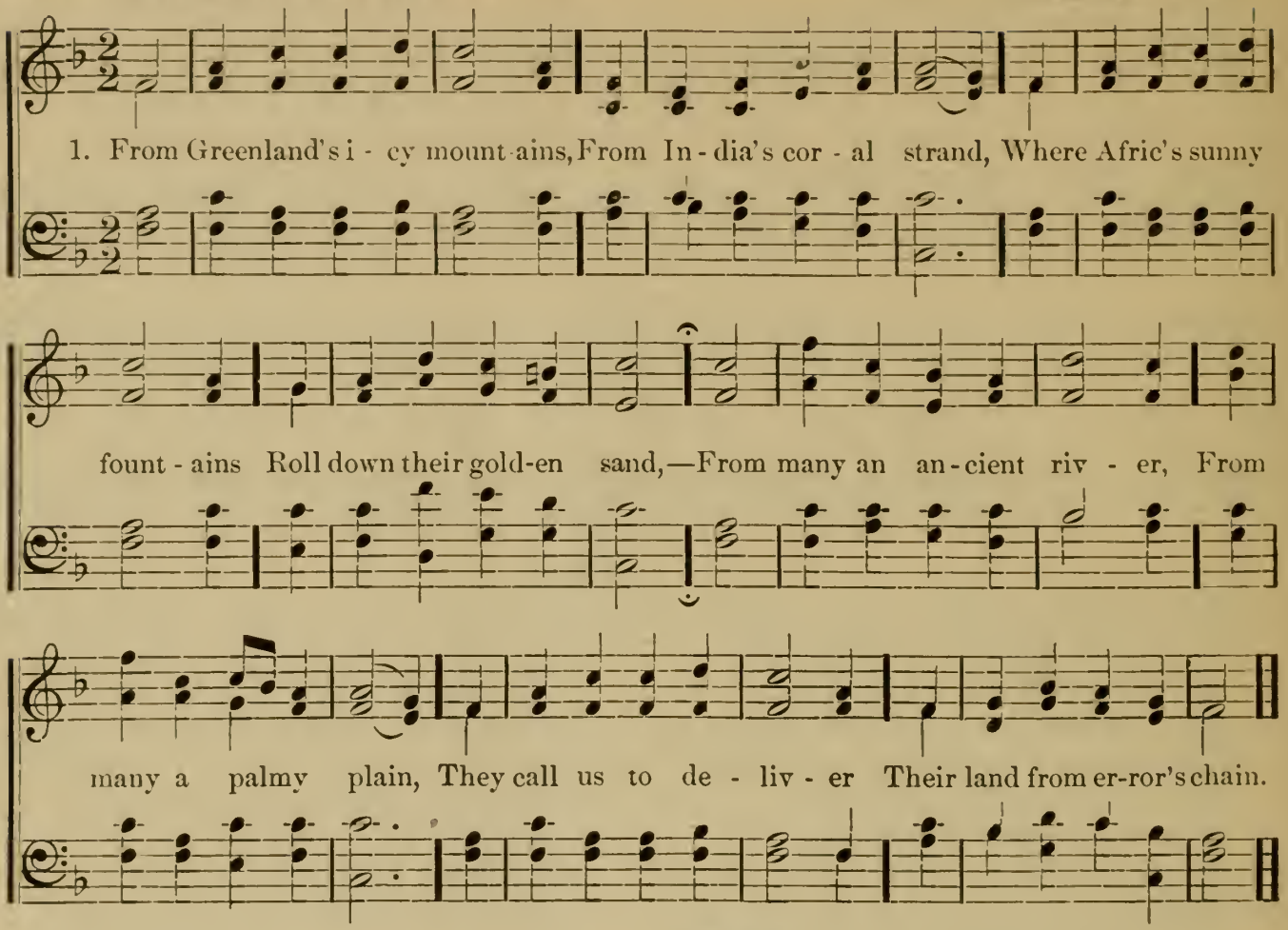
3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would forever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art Heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary!

Rev. James Montgomery, 1812.

233 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7. 6. D.

LOWELL MASON, 1823.



2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

Bp. Reginald Heber, 1819.

234

1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

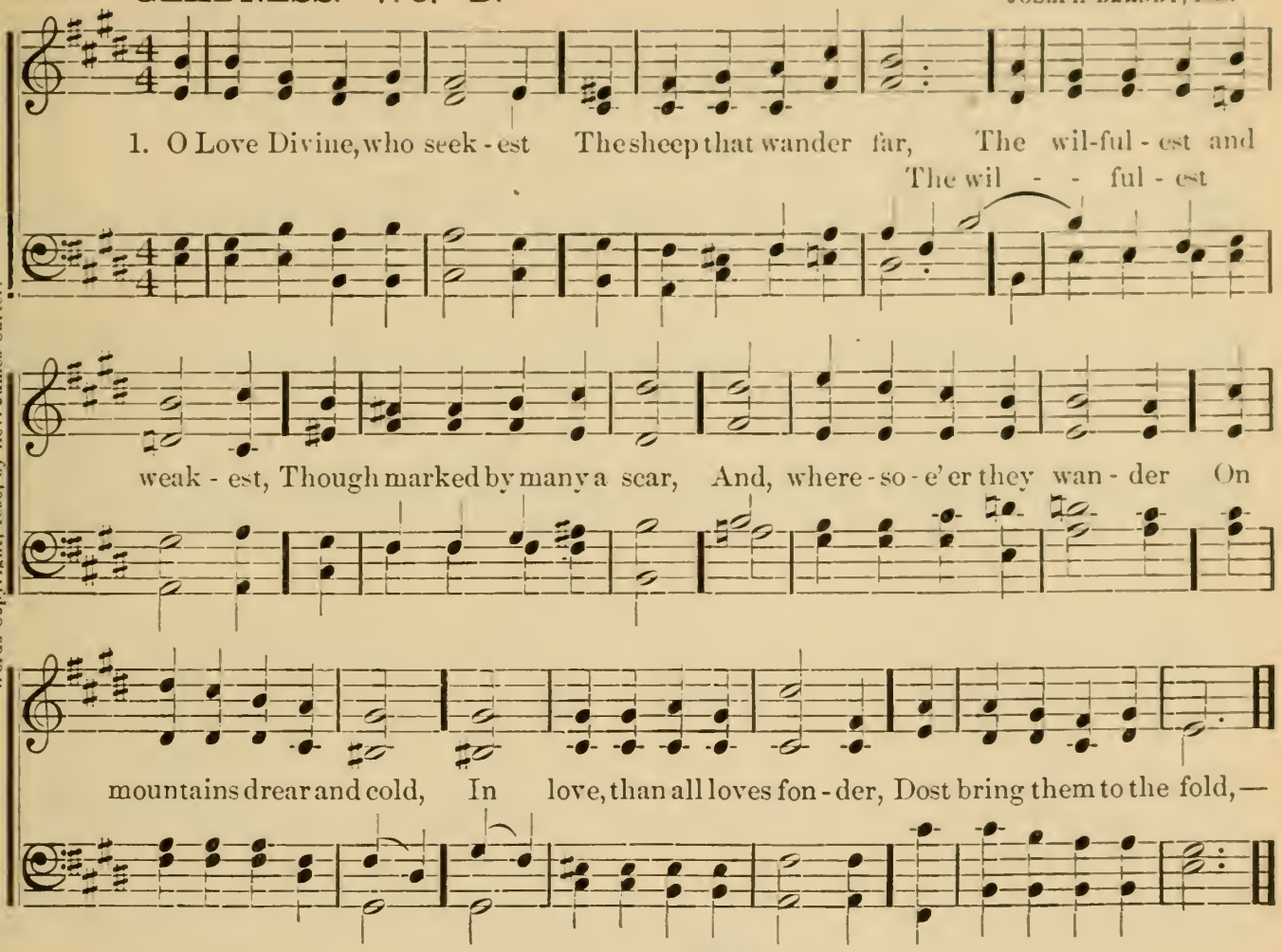
2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever;
His great, best Name of Love!

James Montgomery, 1821. Alt.

235 GLADNESS. 7. 6. D.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.



Words Copyright, 1896, by Rev. James Carter.

2 Thy people's supplication
In favor Thou hast heard,
And Thou hast wrought salvation,
And magnified Thy word.
Thy joyful people bless Thee;
Thy faithfulness they sing
For those who now confess Thee,
Their gracious Lord and King.

3 To Thee whose throne of splendor
The angel myriads throng,
Thy battling legions render
The homage of their song,
And round Thy cross assemble
To praise Thy triumphs bright,—
The Law which made them tremble,
Transformed to love and light.

4 O Lord of life, victorious
Upon Thy Father's throne,
Thy triumph shall be glorious,
The universe Thine own.
Thy saints shall tell the story
On the eternal shore,
And Thy domain of glory
Increase forevermore.

Rev. James Carter, 1896.

236

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears!
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

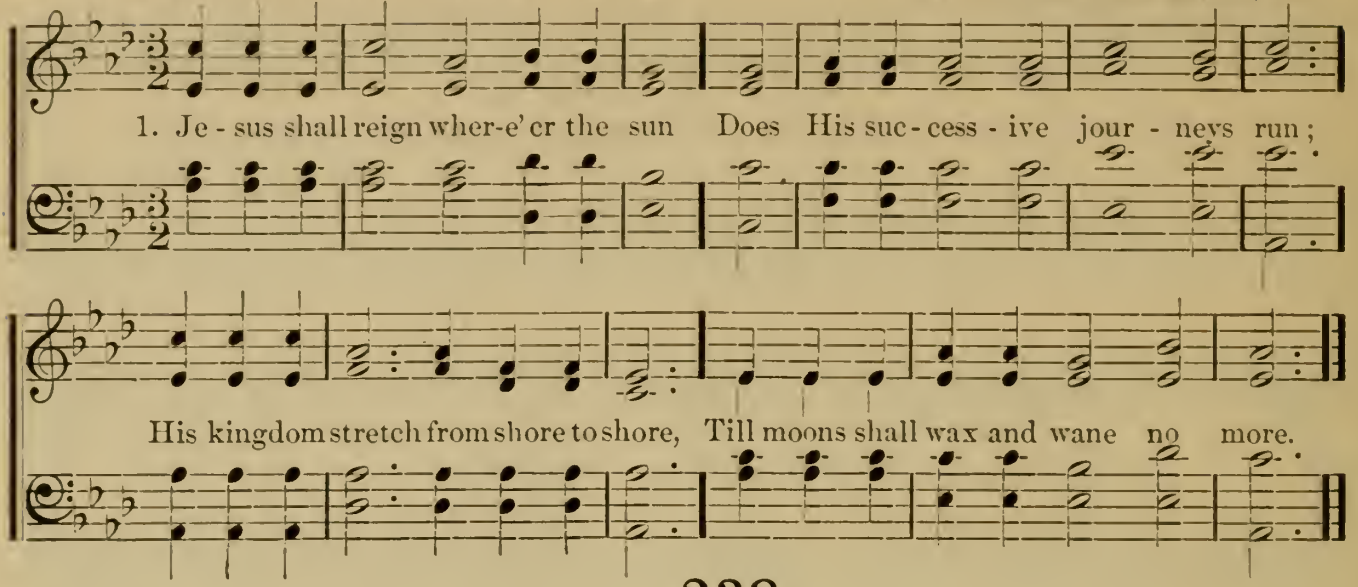
2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, 1832. Ab.

237 MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

HEINRICH CHRISTOPHER ZEUNER, 1832.



2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719. Ab.

238

1 O Spirit of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

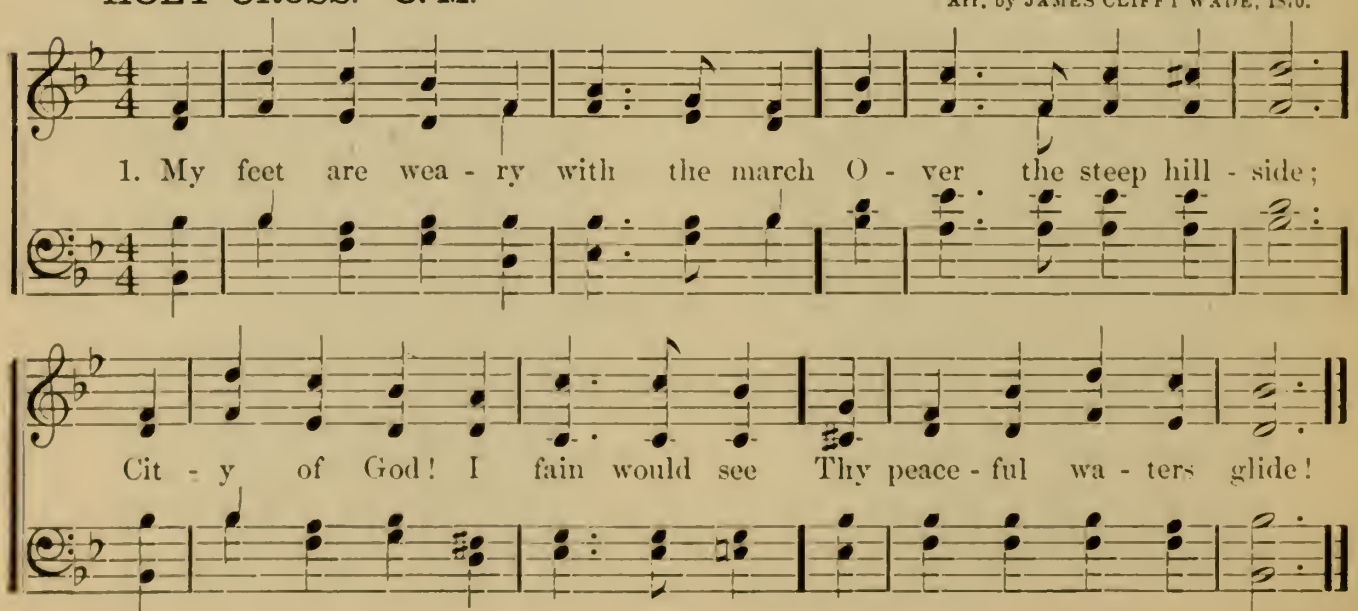
3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light:
Confusion—order, in Thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations, far and nigh;
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

James Montgomery, 1823. Ab.

HOLY CROSS. C. M.

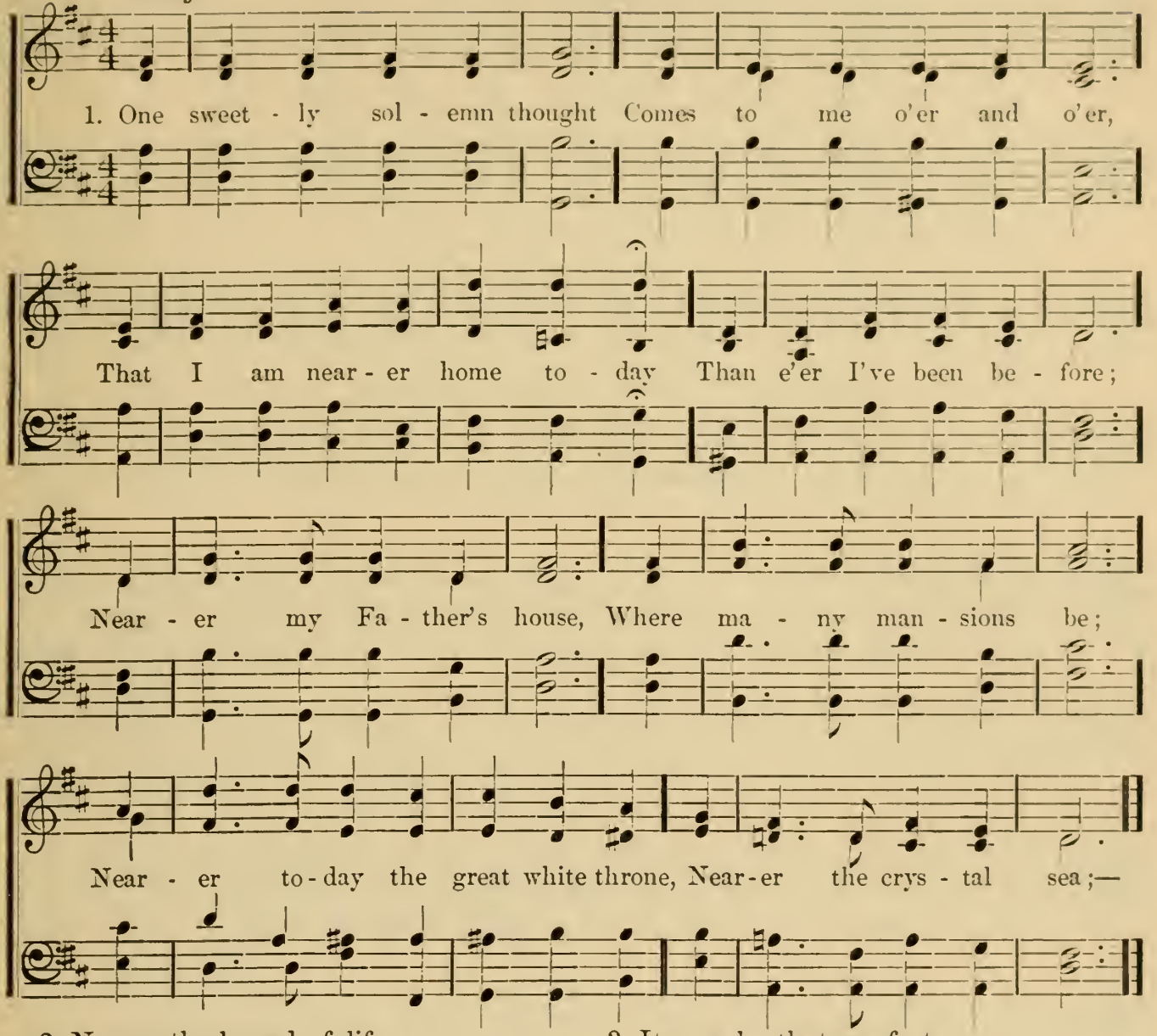
JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART. [?]
Arr. by JAMES CLIFFT WADE, 1870.



239 LEOMINSTER. S. M. D.

GEORGE WILLIAM MARTIN, 1862.
Har. by Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1874.

Slowly.



2 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the painful cross;
Nearer to gain the crown.
But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
There rolls the silent, unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

3 It may be that my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink,
It may be I am nearer home,—
Nearer than now I think.
Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen the might of faith!
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

Miss Phœbe Cary, 1852. Ab.

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240 (HOLY CROSS). C. M.

1 My feet are weary with the march
Over the steep hill-side;
City of God! I fain would see
Thy peaceful waters glide!

2 My hands are weary, toiling on
For perishable meat;
City of God! I fain would reach
Thy glorious mercy-seat!

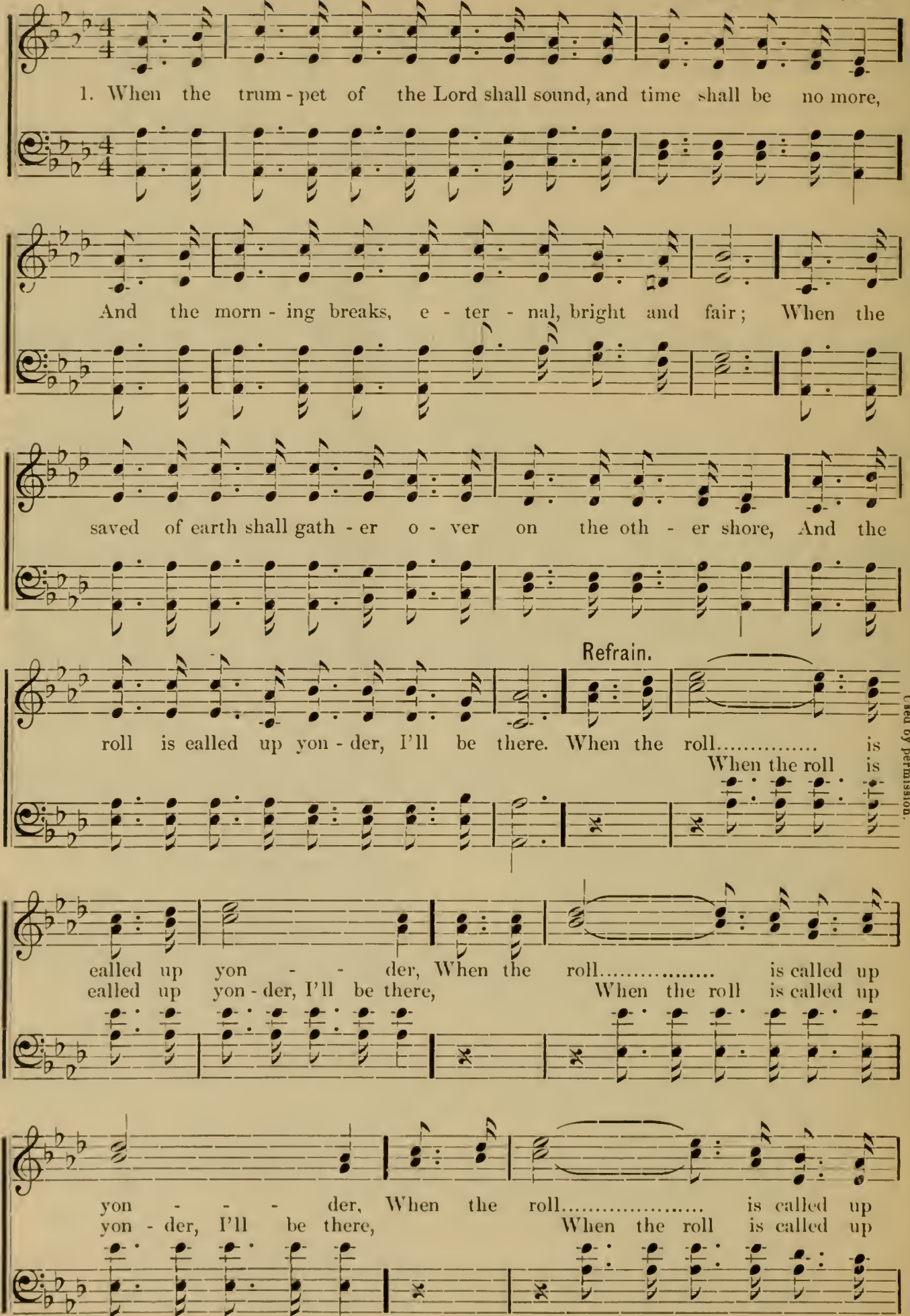
3 Patience, poor heart! His feet were worn,
His hands were weary too;
His garments stained, and travel-torn,
His head wet with the dew.

4 Love thou the path thy Saviour trod,
And patient wait thy rest;
His holy city thou shalt see,
Home of the loved and blest!

Sarah Roberts Boyle, 1853. Ab. and alt.

241 ROLL CALL.

JAMES MILTON BLACK, 1893.



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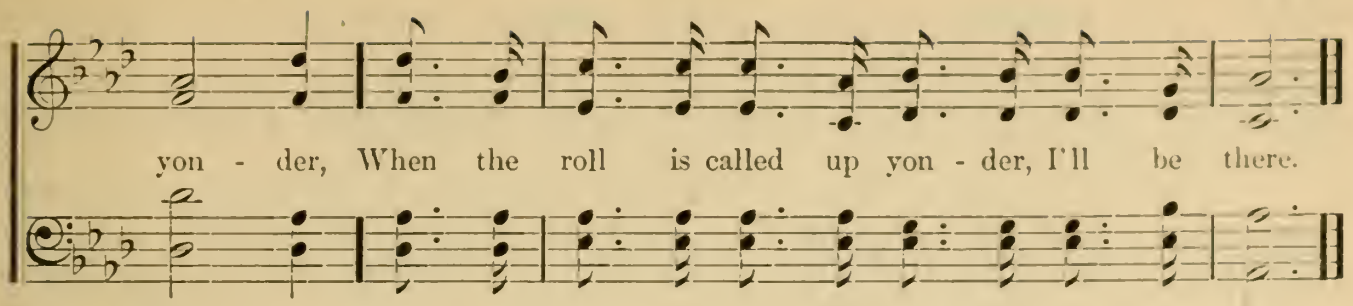


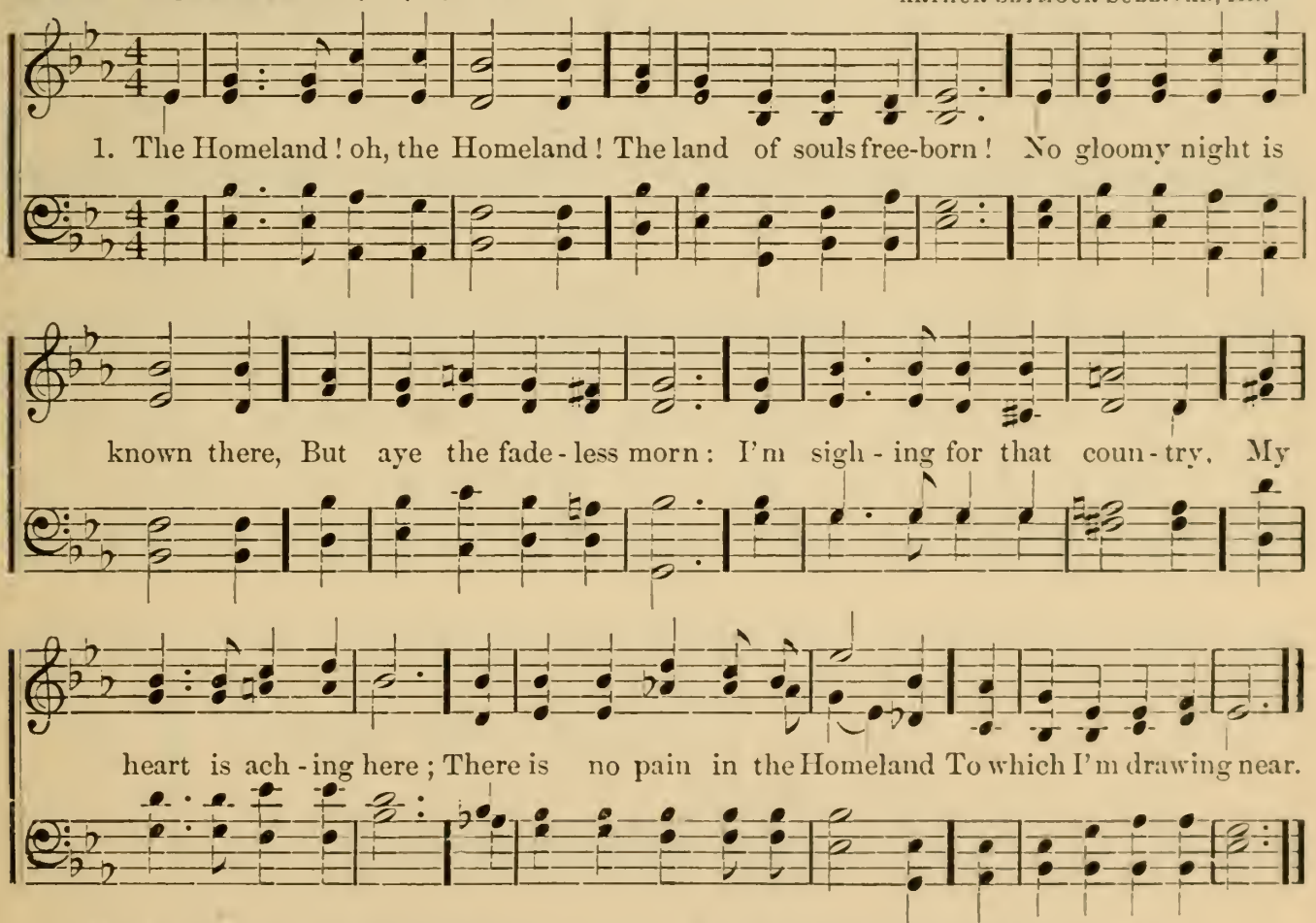
2 On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share;
When His chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

3 Let us labor for the Master from the dawn till setting sun,
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care,
Then when all of life is over and our work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

James Milton Black, 1893.

242 HOMELAND. 7. 6. D.

ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1867.



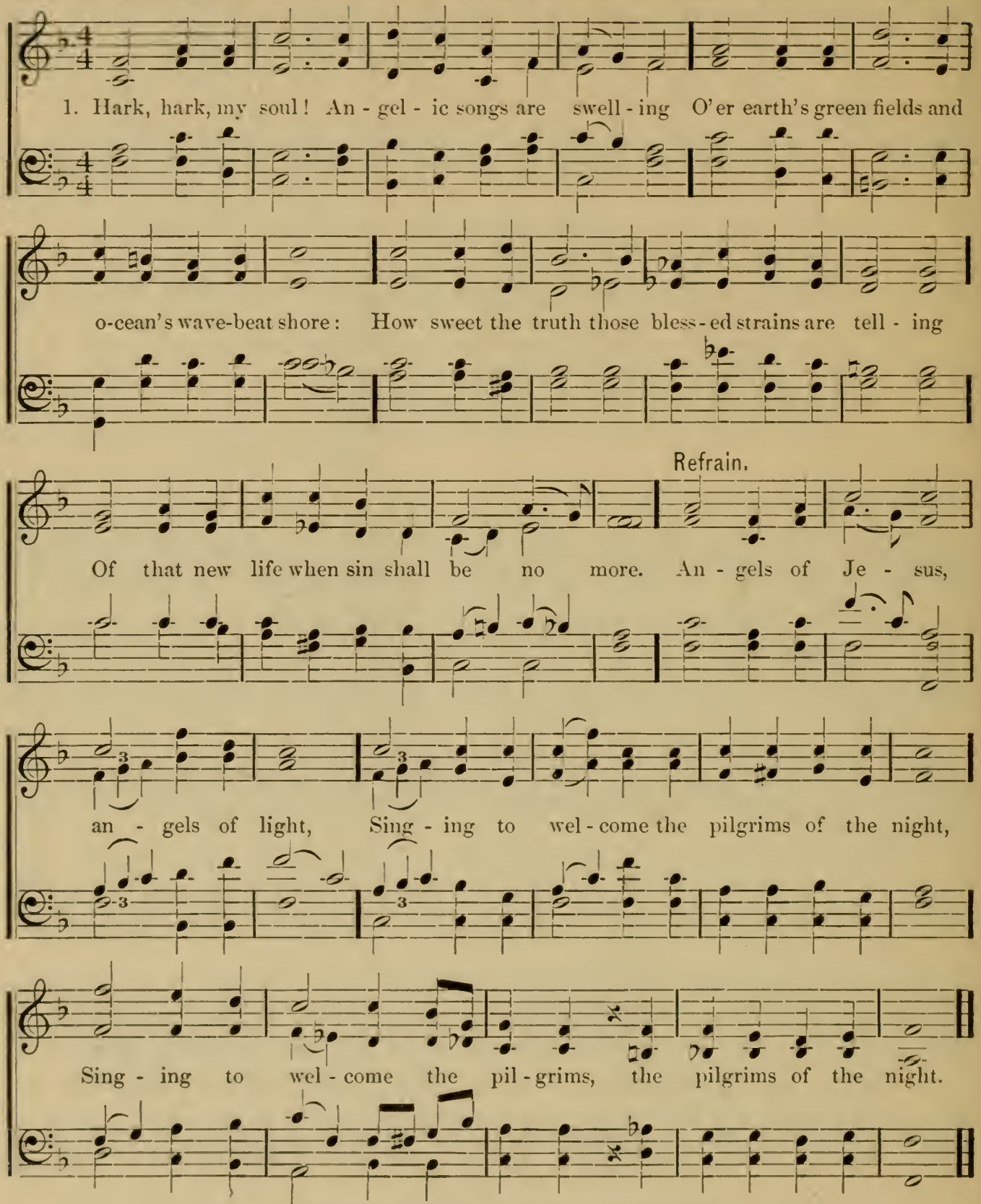
2 My Lord is in the Homeland,
With angels bright and fair;
No sinful thing nor evil
Can ever enter there;
The music of the ransomed
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the Homeland,
My eyes are wet with tears.

3 For loved ones in the Homeland
Are waiting me to come
Where neither death nor sorrow
Invade their holy home:
O dear, dear native Country!
O rest and peace above!
Christ bring us all to the Homeland
Of His eternal love.

Rev. Hugh Reginald Haweis, 1855.

243 VOX ANGELICA. 11. 10. With Refrain.

Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1868.



2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls! for Jesus bids you come!"
And through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.

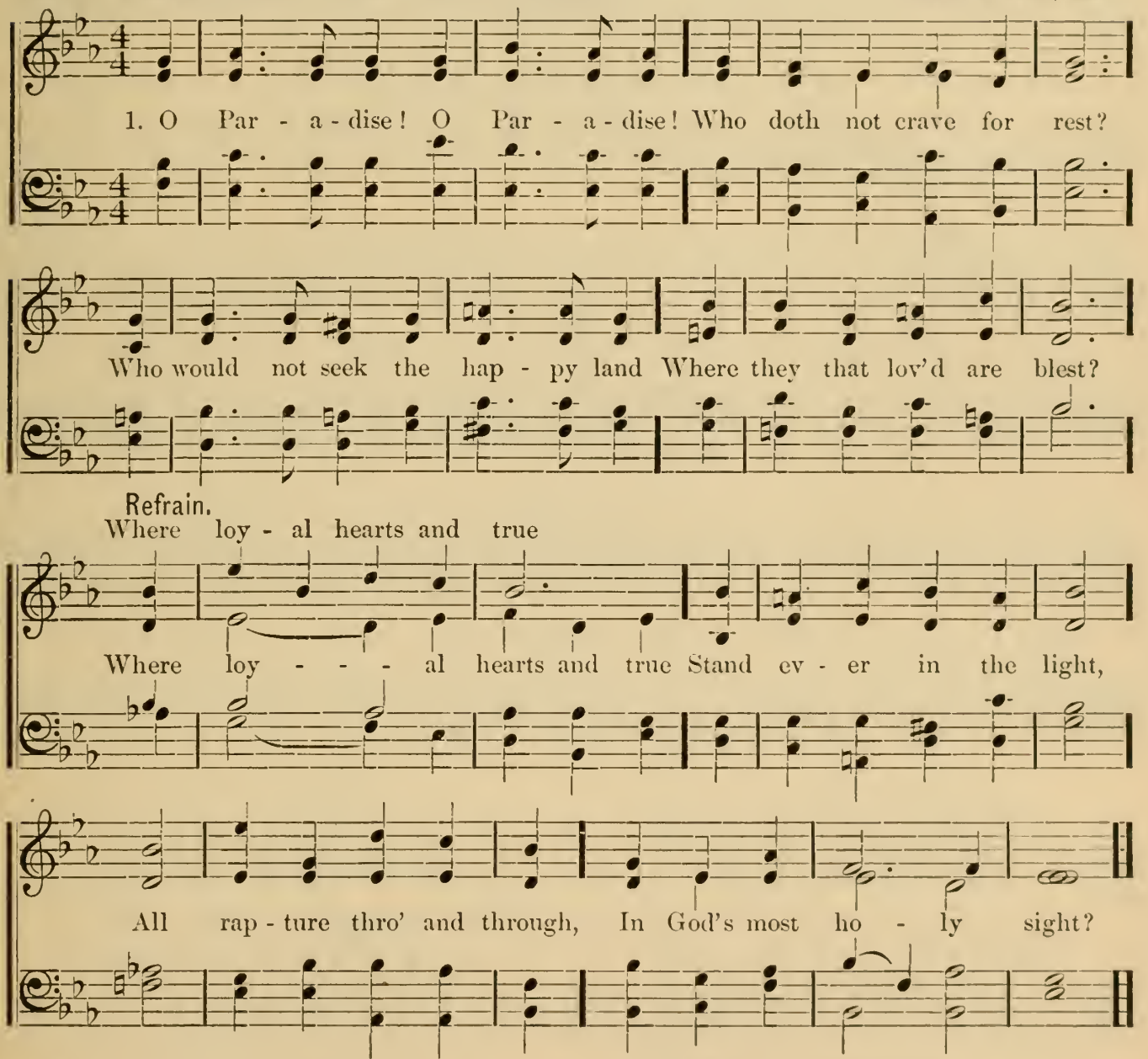
4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

5 Angels! sing on: your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Rev. Frederick William Faber, 1854. Ab. and v. 4 alt.

244 PARADISE. C. M. With Refrain.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1866.



2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore.

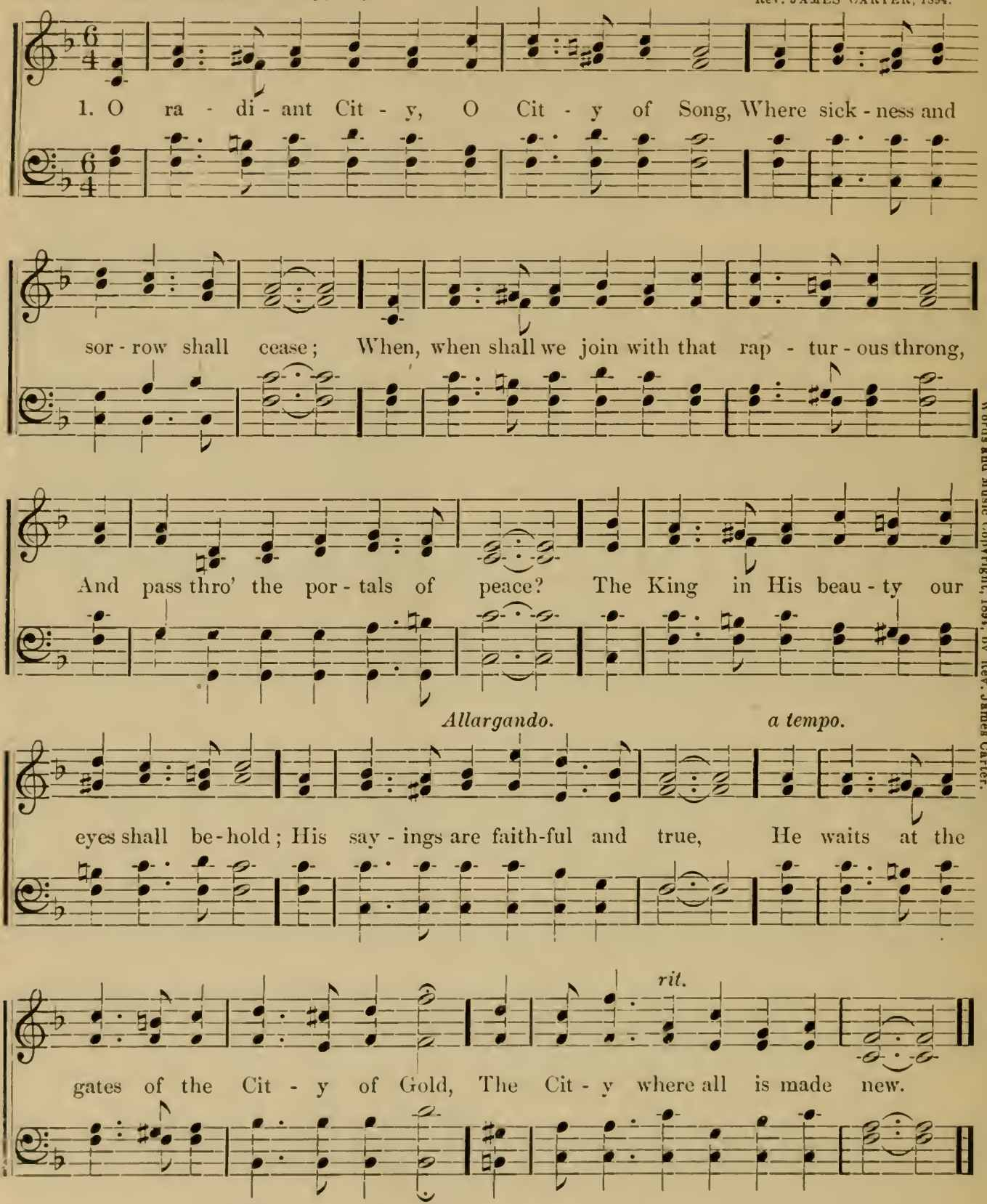
4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me.

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above.

Rev. Frederick William Faber, 1862, 1868. Ab. and alt.

245 SMULLER. 11. 8. D.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1894.



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2 Those bulwarks of jasper all glorious gleam;
Those portals of pearl stand awide;
And clear as a current of crystal the stream,
Where branches of healing divide.
No burden of care we have carried of old,
Those beautiful gates shall pass through;
But sweetly we'll rest in the City of Gold,
The City where all is made new.

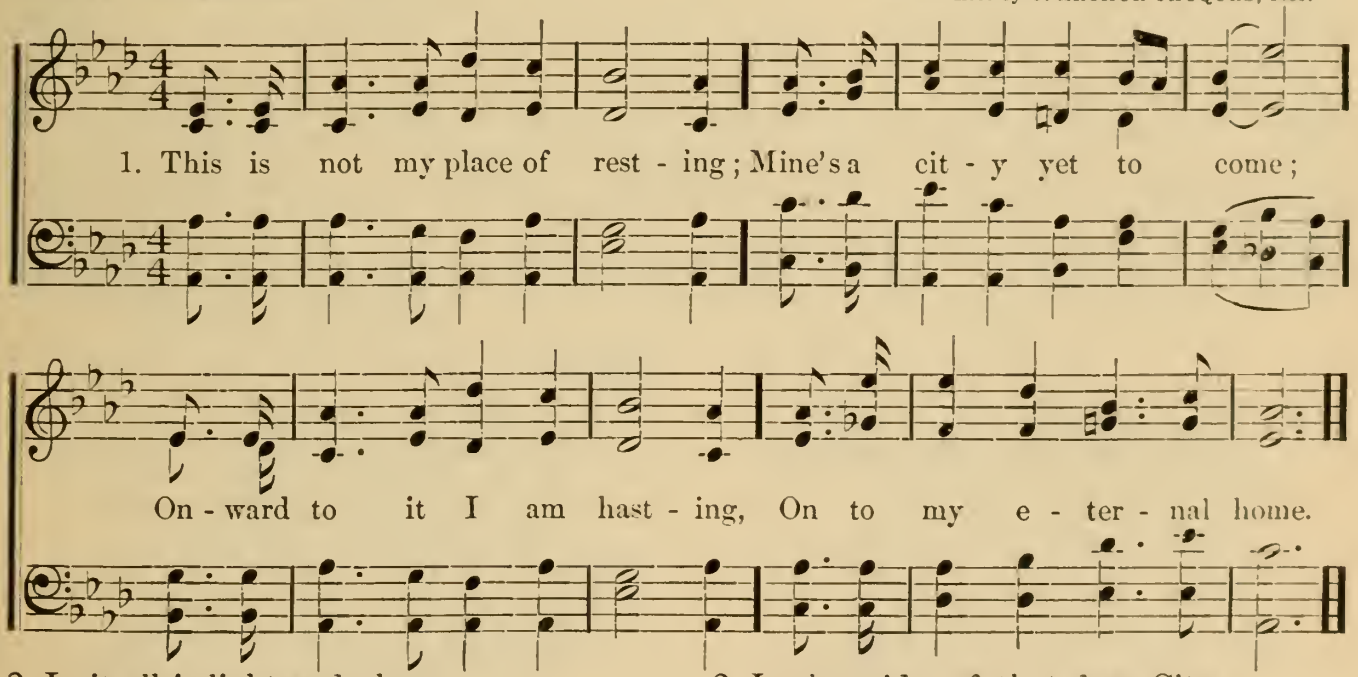
3 O Throne of the Thorn-crowned, ineffable, bright,
Where kings cast their crowns and adore!
O Temple of God, where the Lamb is the light,
Where darkness and pain come no more!
Rejoice all ye fearful, He bids you be bold;
His promise is spoken to you;
His welcome awaits in the City of Gold,
The City where all is made new.

4 Rejoice, be not troubled; He went to prepare
That blessèd and beautiful home,
Which all who have loved Him forever shall share;
Where naught that defileth shall come.
Oh, were it not so He would surely have told,
His sayings are faithful and true;
He waits at the gates of the City of Gold,
The City where all is made new.

Emma Smuller Carter, 1894.

246 VESPER. 8. 7.

FRIEDRICH FREIHERR von FLOTOW, 1847.
Arr. by C. ARTHUR JACQUES, 1885.



2 In it all is light and glory;
O'er it shines a nightless day:
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse, hath passed away.

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along,—
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more are sad or weary,
Never, never sin again!

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1845.

247

1 Daily, daily sing the praises
Of the City God hath made;
In the beauteous fields of Eden
Its foundation-stones are laid.

2 In the midst of that dear City
Christ is reigning on His seat,
And the angels swing their censers
In a ring about His feet.

3 From the throne a river issues,
Clear as crystal, passing bright,
And it traverses the City
Like a sudden beam of light.

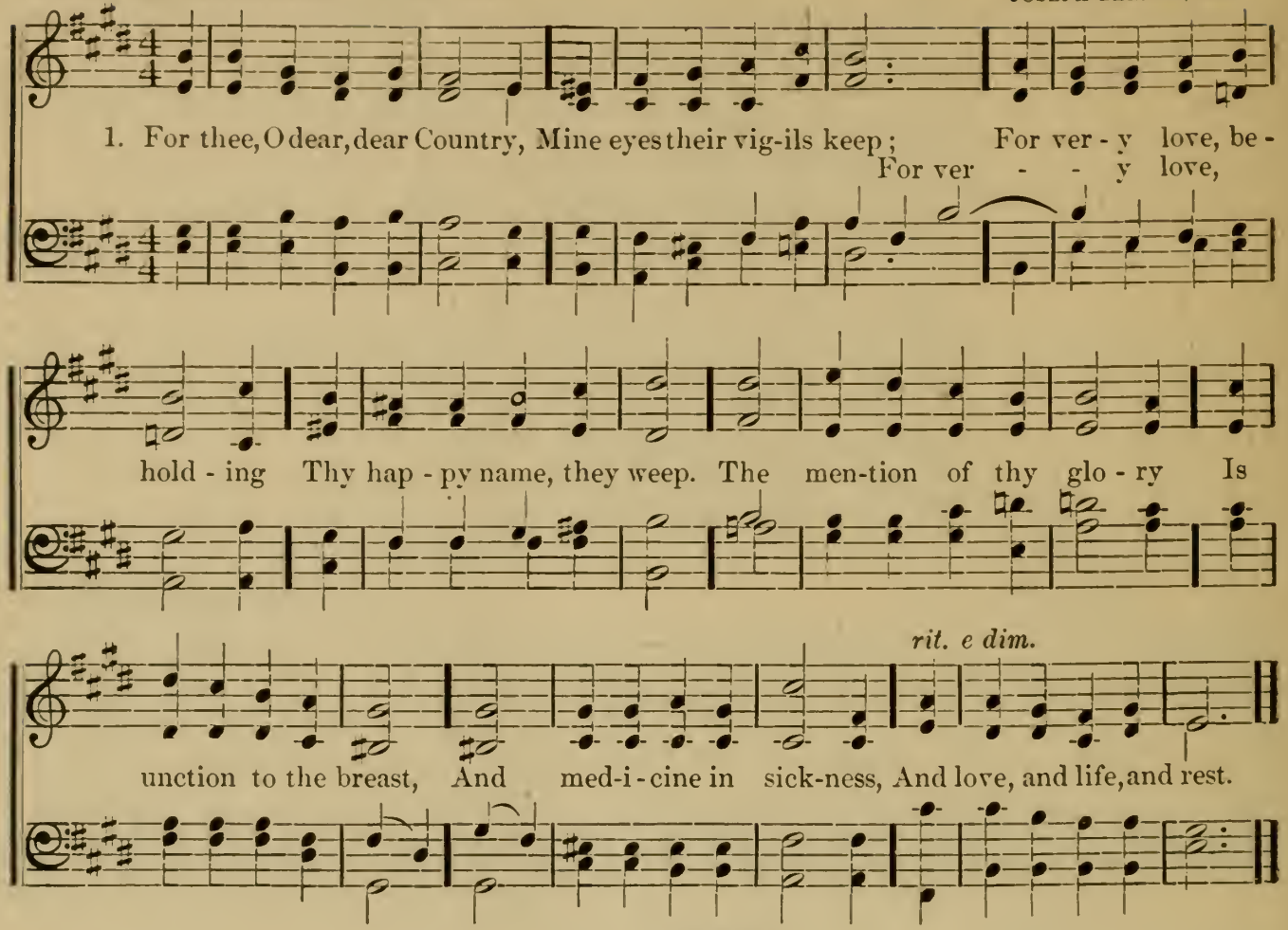
4 There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
And is laden with the song
Of the seraphs, and the elders,
And the great redeemèd throng.

5 Oh, I would my ears were open
Here to catch that happy strain!
Oh, I would my eyes some vision
Of that Eden could attain!

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865. Ab.

248 GLADNESS. 7. 6. D.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.



249

2 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thy ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy saints build up the fabric,
The corner-stone is CHRIST!

3 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
Thou hast no time, bright day:
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away.
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

4 And there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow;
The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145.
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale, 1851. Ab. and sl. alt.

1 Jerusalem, the glorious!
The glory of the elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect!
Even now by faith I see thee,
Even here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn!

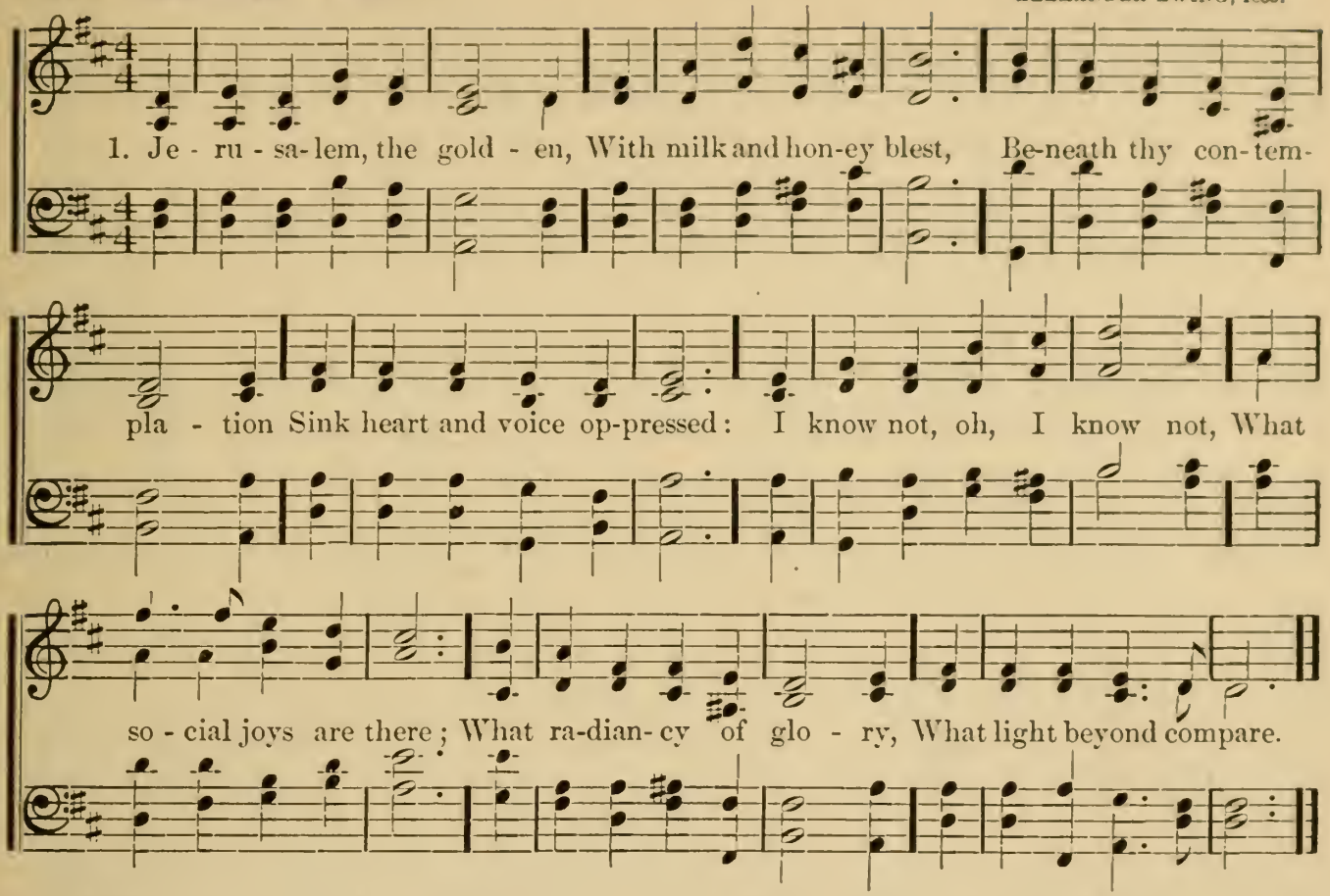
2 There Jesus shall embrace us,
There Jesus be embraced,—
That spirit's food and sunshine,
Whence earthly love is chased:
Then all the halls of Zion
For aye shall be complete,
And in that land of beauty,
All things of beauty meet.

3 The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified, thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise;—
Jerusalem! exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145.
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale, 1851. Alt.

250 EWING. 7. 6. D.

ALEXANDER EWING, 1853.



2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blesséd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever, and forever,
Are clad in robes of white.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145.
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale, 1851. Ab.

2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full, and everlasting,
And passionless renown.
But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

3 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
There God our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see forever,
And worship face to face.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145.
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale, 1851. Ab. and alt.

251

1 Brief life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
O happy retribution:
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

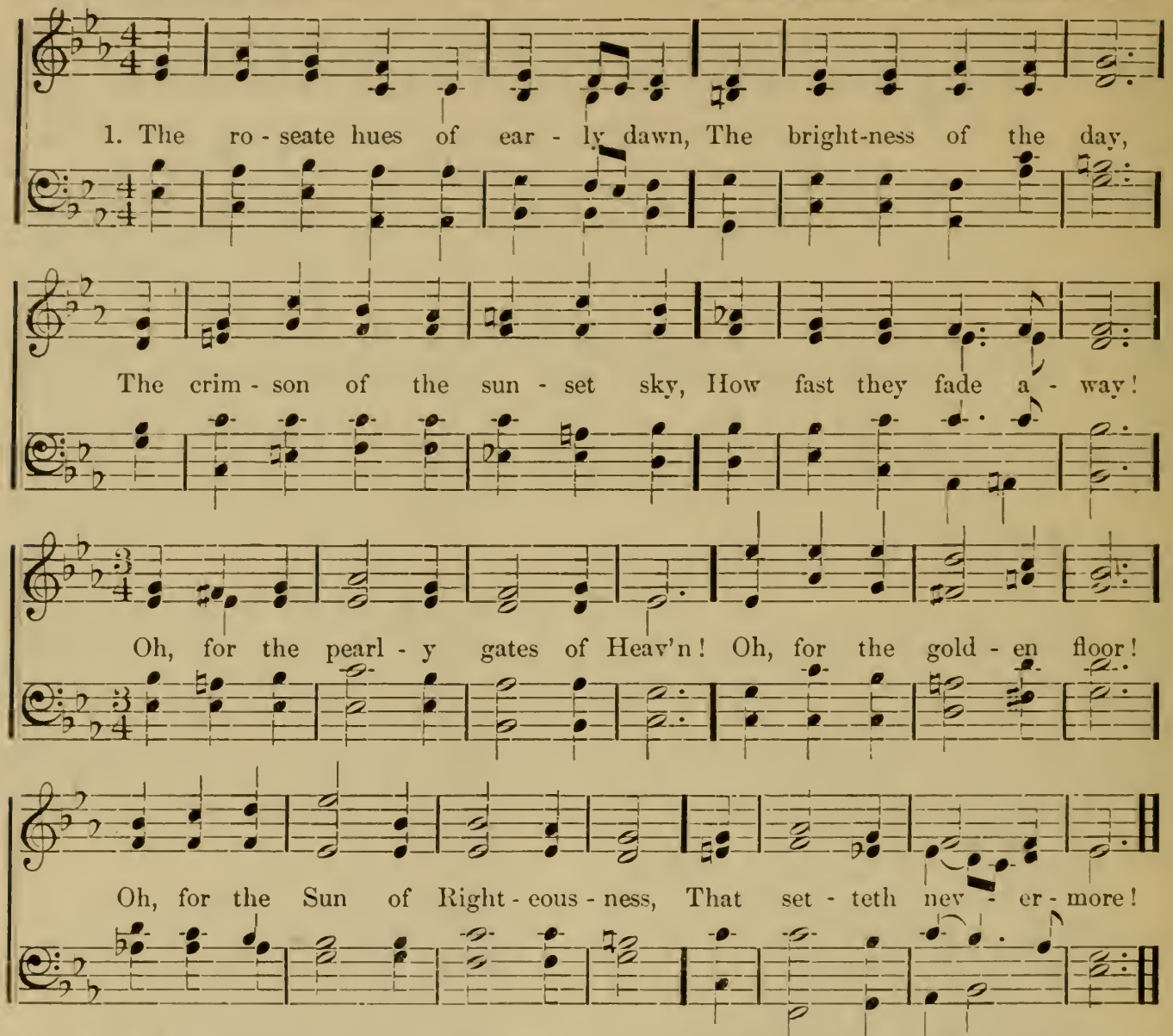
252

1 O sweet and blesséd Country!
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blesséd Country!
Shall I e'er win thy grace?—
Jesus in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145.
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale, 1851.

253 CASTLE RISING. C. M. D.

Rev. FREDERICK ALFRED JOHN HERVEY, 1867.



2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How soon they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul washed white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fail not of Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1852. Sl. alt.

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254 (DUKE STREET). L. M.

1 O God, beneath Thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshiped Thee.

2 Thou heard'st, well-pleased, the song, the prayer;
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

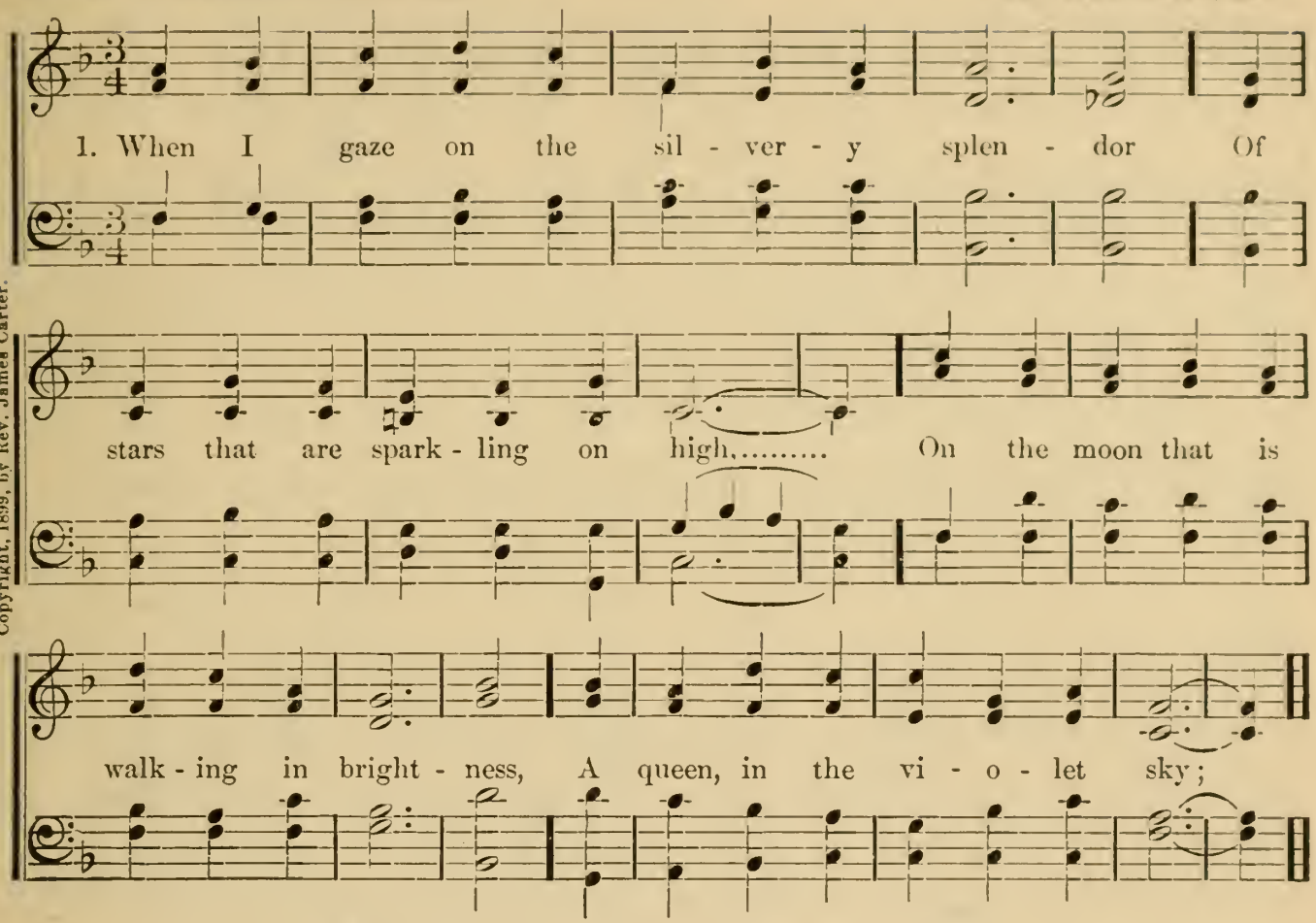
3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

4 And here Thy Name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

Rev. Leonard Bacon, 1833, 1845.

255 RYMER'S TOWER.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1898.



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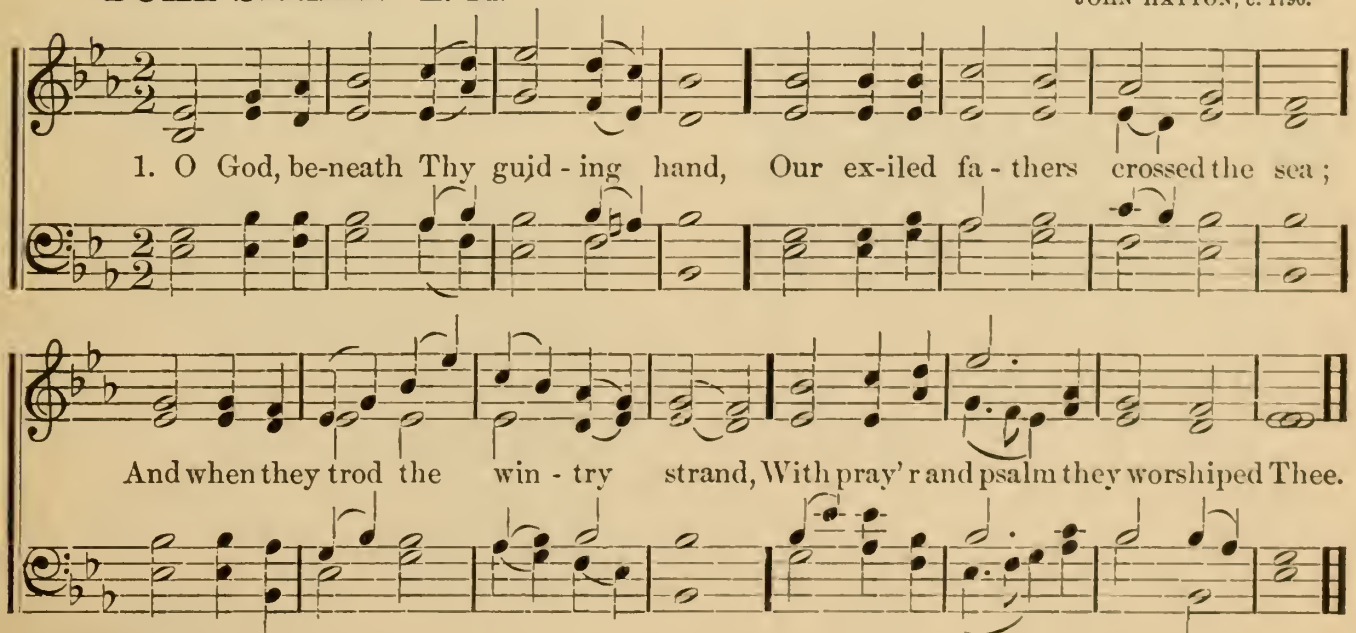
2 What is man that Thou thinkest upon him,
Great God, the Creator of light?
That Thou makest him next to the angels
And givest him honor and might?

3 For Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness;
With mercy Thou fillest our days.
Oh, forbid that we e'er should forget Thee,
Or weary of singing Thy praise.

Agnes Carter Mason, 1883.

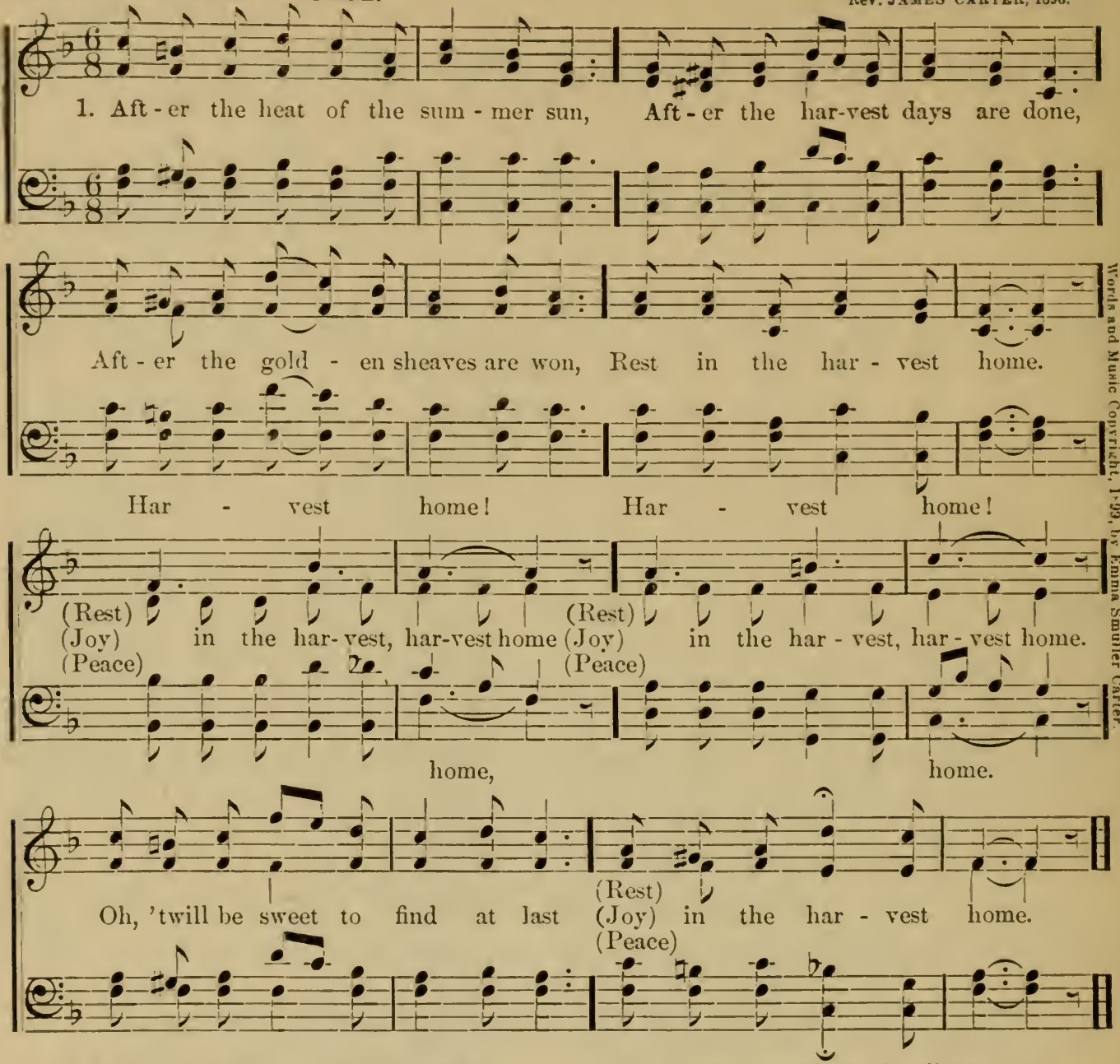
DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON, c. 1790.



256 HARVEST HOME.

Rev. JAMES CARTER, 1896.



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2 After the falterings and the fears,
After the trials and the tears,
After the waiting of weary years
Joy in the harvest home.

3 After the trouble and toil are past,
After the striving, fierce and fast,
Oh, 'twill be sweet to find at last
Peace in the harvest home.

Emma Smuller Carter, 1896.

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257 (ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL). 7. D.

1 Thou who roll'st the year around,
Crowned with mercies large and free,
Rich Thy gifts to us abound,
Warm our thanks shall rise to Thee:
Kindly to our worship bow,
While our grateful praises swell,
That, sustained by Thee, we now
Bid the parting year farewell.

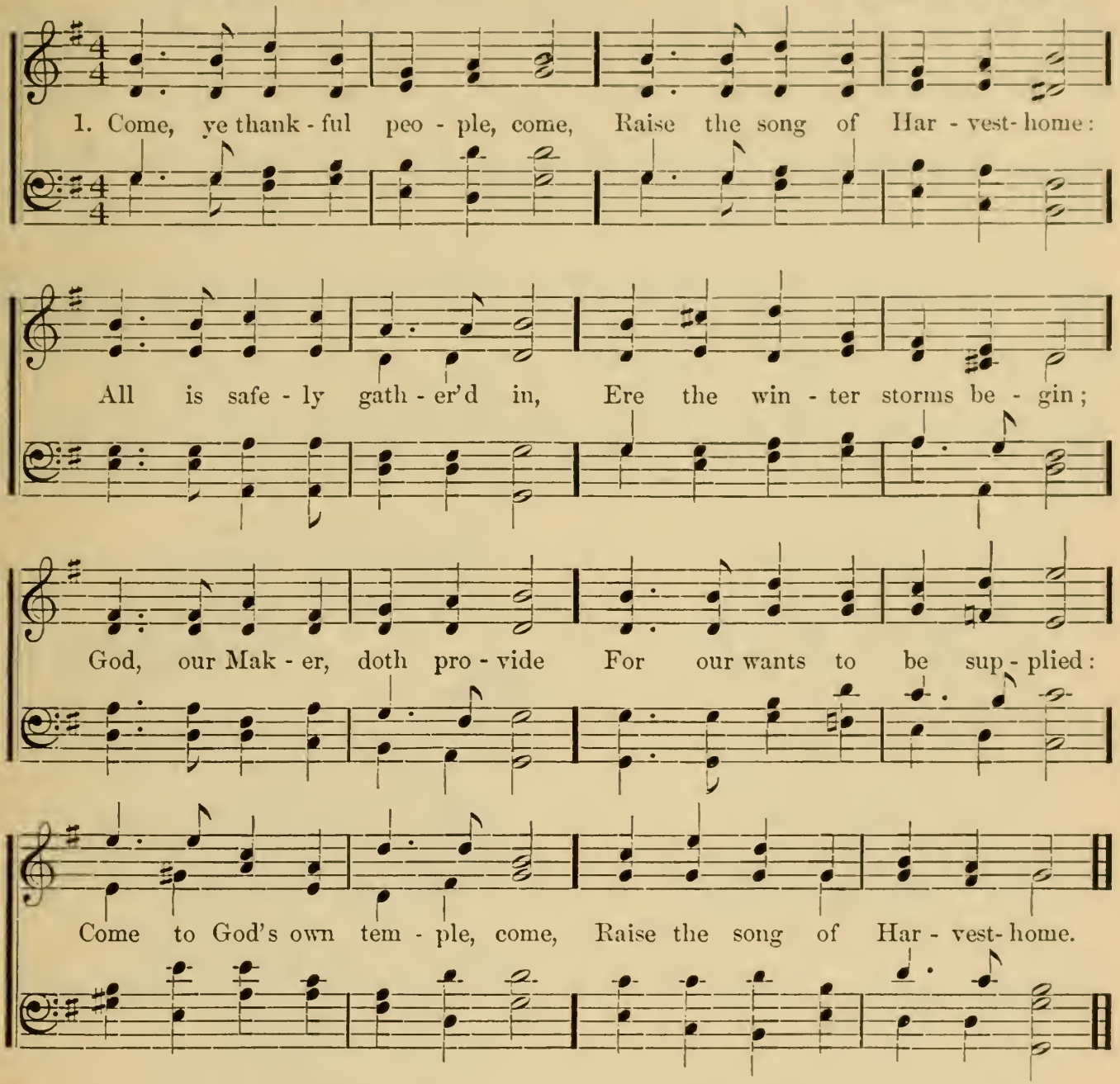
2 All its numbered days are sped,
All its busy scenes are o'er,
All its joys for ever fled,
All its sorrows felt no more:
Mingled with th' eternal past,
Its remembrance shall decay;
Yet to be revived at last
At the solemn judgment-day.

3 All our follies, Lord, forgive;
Cleanse each heart and make us Thine;
Let Thy grace within us live,
As our future suns decline;
Then, when life's last eve shall come,
Happy spirits, let us fly
To our everlasting home,
To our Father's house on high.

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1832.

258 ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL. 7. D.

Sir GEORGE JOB ELVEY, 1859.



2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of Harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

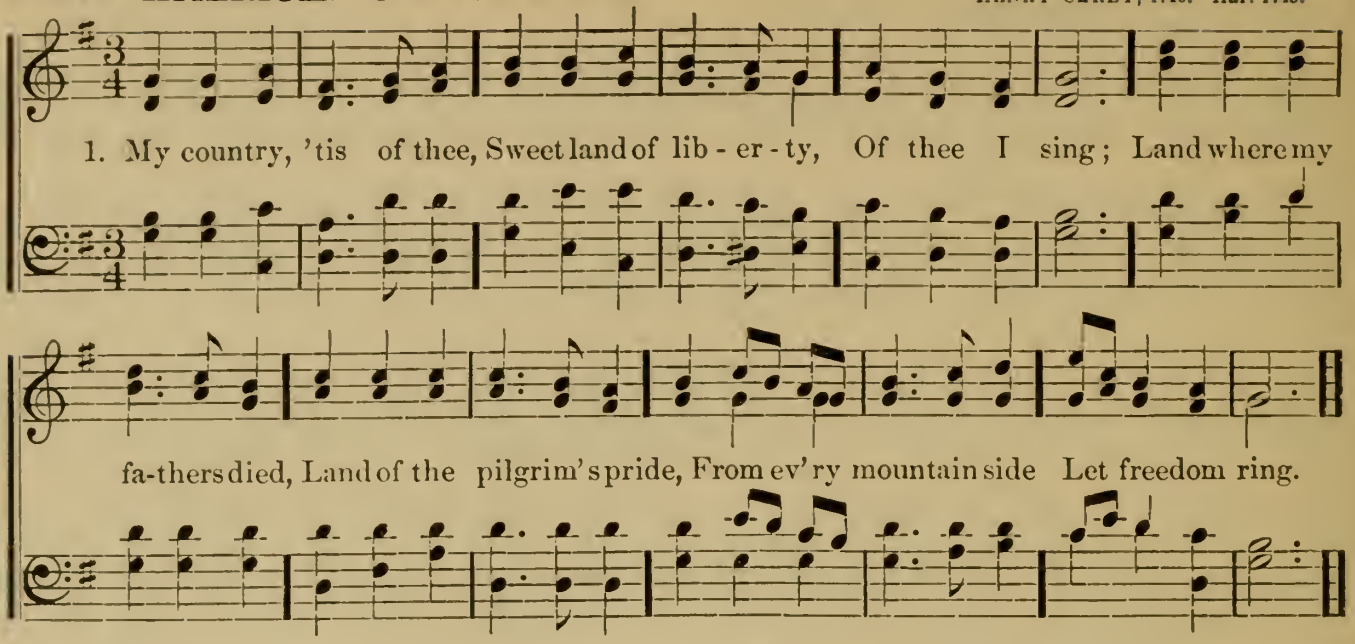
3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final Harvest home;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, forever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

Rev. Henry Alford, 1844.

259 AMERICA. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

HENRY CAREY, 1740. Har. 1745.



2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, 1832.

260

1 God bless our native land:
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State.

Rev. Charles Timothy Brooks, 1835.
Alt. by Rev. John Sullivan Dwight, 1844.

261

1 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal;
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost
From dark despair.

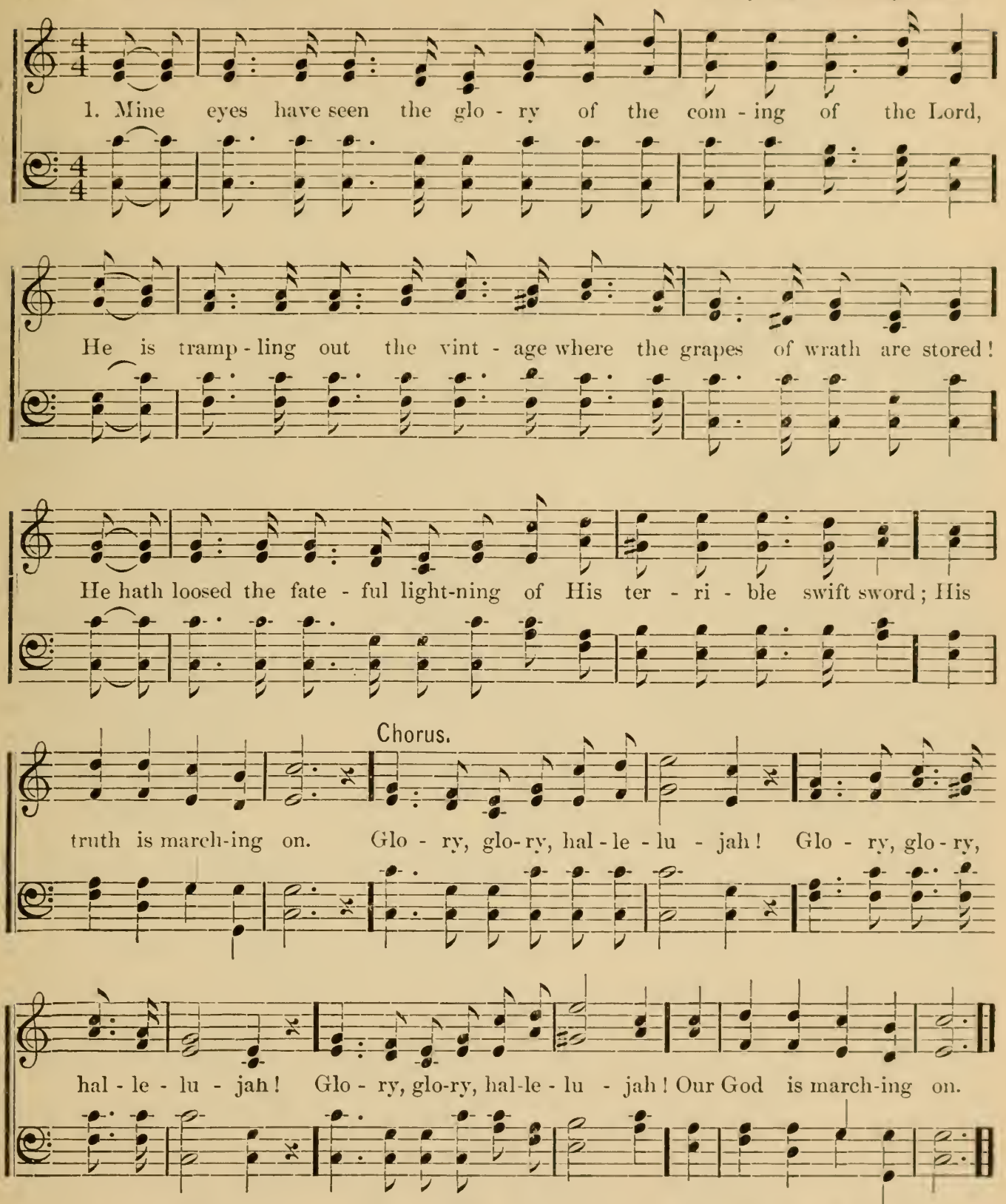
3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Rev. Samuel Wolcott, 1869.

262 REPUBLIC.

Popular Air.
Arr. by C. ARTHUR JACQUES, 1898.



2 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

3 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, 1861.

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The Manse,
✝ Church of the Covenant. ✝
Williamsport, Pa.

January 1, 1902

Dear Dr. Benson,

I venture to send you to-day by mail a copy of my hymn-book with the best wishes for a very happy new year for you and yours.

Mrs. Foster unites with me in the compliments of the season for Mrs. Benson and yourself.

Sincerely yours

James Foster